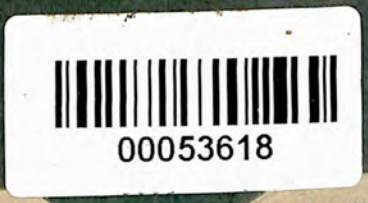
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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

REGINALD HEBER.

OF THE
BOMBAY
BRANCH
OF THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY

T. Phillips R.A. pinx.

Edwd Finden Sculp.

THE RIGHT REVD REGINALD HEBER, D.D.

LORD BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

Published by John Murray, Albemarle Street 1841.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

53618

OF

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THE Poetical Works of the late Right Reverend REGINALD HEBER, Lord Bishop of Calcutta, are now, for the first time, offered in a collected form to the Public. The greater number of these Poems are already well known, but several lighter productions of his pen are added in this volume, which tend still further to prove that, while fulfilling the various duties of an active and useful life, he yet found time to add to the innocent mirth of the fire-side, or the social meetings of the neighbourhood, while one of his highest enjoyments was derived from meditating on the goodness of his Maker as displayed in the glorious "Works of His Hand."

LONDON,
December, 1840.

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PALESTINE:

A PRIZE POEM,

RECITED IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

IN THE YEAR MDCCCIII.

PALESTINE.

REFT of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widow'd Queen, forgotten Sion, mourn!
Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone;
While suns unbless'd their angry lustre fling,
And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?—
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy view'd?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy Temple wait;
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless force, and meagre want are there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless fear,
While cold oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

Ye guardian saints! ye warrior sons of Heaven,
To whose high care Judæa's state was given!
O wont of old your nightly watch to keep,
A host of gods, on Sion's towery steep!
If e'er your secret footsteps linger still
By Siloa's fount, or Tabor's echoing hill;
If e'er your song on Salem's glories dwell,
And mourn the captive land you loved so well;
(For oft, 'tis said, in Kedron's palmy vale
Mysterious harpings swell the midnight gale,
And, blest as balmy dews that Hermon cheer,
Melt in soft cadence on the pilgrim's ear;)
Forgive, blest spirits, if a theme so high
Mock the weak notes of mortal minstrelsy!
Yet, might your aid this anxious breast inspire
With one faint spark of Milton's seraph fire,
Then should my Muse ascend with bolder flight,
And wave her eagle-plumes exulting in the light.

O happy once in Heaven's peculiar love,
Delight of men below, and saints above!
Though, Salem, now the spoiler's ruffian hand
Has loosed his hell-hounds o'er thy wasted land;
Though weak, and whelm'd beneath the storms of fate,
Thy house is left unto thee desolate;

Though thy proud stones in cumbrous ruin fall,
And seas of sand o'ertop thy mouldering wall;
Yet shall the Muse to fancy's ardent view
Each shadowy trace of faded pomp renew:
And as the seer on Pisgah's topmost brow
With glistening eye beheld the plain below,
With prescient ardour drank the scented gale,
And bade the opening glades of Canaan hail;
Her eagle eye shall scan the prospect wide,
From Carmel's cliffs to Almotana's tide;
The flinty waste, the cedar-tufted hill,
The liquid health of smooth Ardeni's rill;
The grot, where, by the watch-fire's evening blaze,
The robber riots, or the hermit prays;
Or where the tempest rives the hoary stone,
The wintry top of giant Lebanon.

Fierce, hardy, proud, in conscious freedom bold,
Those stormy seats the warrior Druses hold;
From Norman blood their lofty line they trace,
Their lion courage proves their generous race.
They, only they, while all around them kneel,
In sullen homage to the Thracian steel,
Teach their pale despot's waning moon to fear
The patriot terrors of the mountain spear.

Yes, valorous chiefs, while yet your sabres shine
The native guard of feeble Palestine,
Oh, ever thus, by no vain boast dismay'd,
Defend the birthright of the cedar shade!
What though no more for you th' obedient gale,
Swells the white bosom of the Tyrian sail;
Though now no more your glittering marts unfold
Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold;
Though not for you the pale and sickly slave
Forgets the light in Ophir's wealthy cave;
Yet yours the lot, in proud contentment blest,
Where cheerful labour leads to tranquil rest.
No robber rage the ripening harvest knows;
And unrestrain'd the generous vintage flows:
Nor less your sons to manliest deeds aspire,
And Asia's mountains glow with Spartan fire.

So when, deep sinking in the rosy main,
The western sun forsakes the Syrian plain,
His watery rays refracted lustre shed,
And pour their latest light on Carmel's head.

Yet shines your praise, amid surrounding gloom,
As the lone lamp that trembles in the tomb:
For few the souls that spurn a tyrant's chain,
And small the bounds of freedom's scanty reign.

As the poor outcast on the cheerless wild,
Arabia's parent, clasp'd her fainting child,
And wander'd near the roof, no more her home
Forbid to linger, yet afraid to roam;
My sorrowing fancy quits the happier height,
And southward throws her half-averted sight.
For sad the scenes Judæa's plains disclose,
A dreary waste of undistinguish'd woes:
See war untired his crimson pinions spread,
And foul revenge that tramples on the dead!
Lo, where from far the guarded fountains shine,
Thy tents, Nebaioth, rise, and Kedar, thine!
'Tis yours the boast to mark the stranger's way,
And spur your headlong chargers on the prey,
Or rouse your nightly numbers from afar,
And on the hamlet pour the waste of war;
Nor spare the hoary head, nor bid your eye
Revere the sacred smile of infancy.
Such now the clans, whose fiery coursers feed
Where waves on Kishon's bank the whispering reed;
And theirs the soil, where, curling to the skies,
Smokes on Samaria's mount her scanty sacrifice;
While Israel's sons, by scorpion curses driven,
Outcasts of earth, and reprobate of heaven,

Through the wide world in friendless exile stray,
Remorse and shame sole comrades of their way,
With dumb despair their country's wrongs behold,
And, dead to glory, only burn for gold.

O Thou, their Guide, their Father, and their Lord,
Loved for Thy mercies, for Thy power adored!
If at Thy Name the waves forgot their force,
And refluent Jordan sought his trembling source;
If at Thy Name like sheep the mountains fled,
And haughty Sirion bow'd his marble head;—
To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,
And raise from earth Thy long-neglected vine!
Her rifled fruits behold the heathen bear,
And wild-wood boars her mangled clusters tear.
Was it for this she stretch'd her peopled reign
From far Euphrates to the western main?
For this, o'er many a hill her boughs she threw,
And her wide arms like goodly cedars grew?
For this, proud Edom slept beneath her shade,
And o'er th' Arabian deep her branches play'd?

Oh, feeble boast of transitory power!
Vain, fruitless trust of Judah's happier hour!
Not such their hope, when through the parted main
The cloudy wonder led the warrior train:

Not such their hope, when through the fields of night
The torch of heaven diffused its friendly light:
Not, when fierce conquest urged the onward war,
And hurl'd stern Canaan from his iron car:
Nor, when five monarchs led to Gibeon's fight,
In rude array, the harness'd Amorite:
Yes—in that hour, by mortal accents stay'd,
The lingering sun his fiery wheels delay'd;
The moon, obedient, trembled at the sound,
Curb'd her pale car, and check'd her mazy round!
Let Sinai tell—for she beheld His might,
And God's own darkness veil'd her mystic height:
(He, cherub-borne, upon the whirlwind rode,
And the red mountain like a furnace glow'd);
Let Sinai tell—but who shall dare recite
His praise, His power, eternal, infinite?—
Awe-struck I cease; nor bid my strains aspire,
Or serve His altar with unhallow'd fire.
Such were the cares that watch'd o'er Israel's fate,
And such the glories of their infant state.
—Triumphant race! and did your power decay?
Fail'd the bright promise of your early day?
No:—by that sword, which, red with heathen gore,
A giant spoil, the stripling champion bore;

By him, the chief to farthest India known,
The mighty master of the ivory throne;
In Heaven's own strength, high towering o'er her foes,
Victorious Salem's lion banner rose;
Before her footstool prostrate nations lay,
And vassal tyrants crouch'd beneath her sway.
—And he, the kingly sage, whose restless mind
Through nature's mazes wander'd unconfined;
Who every bird, and beast, and insect knew,
And spake of every plant that quaffs the dew;
To him were known—so Hagar's offspring tell—
The powerful sigil and the starry spell,
The midnight call, hell's shadowy legions dread,
And sounds that burst the slumbers of the dead.
Hence all his might; for who could these oppose?
And Tadmor thus, and Syrian Balbec rose.
Yet e'en the works of toiling Genii fall,
And vain was Estakhar's enchanted wall.
In frantic converse with the mournful wind,
There oft the houseless Santon rests reclined;
Strange shapes he views, and drinks with wondering ears
The voices of the dead, and songs of other years.
Such, the faint echo of departed praise,
Still sound Arabia's legendary lays;

And thus their fabling bards delight to tell
How lovely were thy tents, O Israel!
For thee his ivory load Behemoth bore,
And far Sofala teem'd with golden ore;
Thine all the arts that wait on wealth's increase,
Or bask and wanton in the beam of peace.
When Tyber slept beneath the cypress gloom,
And silence held the lonely woods of Rome;
Or ere to Greece the builder's skill was known,
Or the light chisel brush'd the Parian stone;
Yet here fair Science nursed her infant fire,
Fann'd by the artist aid of friendly Tyre.
Then tower'd the palace, then in awful state
The Temple rear'd its everlasting gate.
No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung!
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.
Majestic silence!—then the harp awoke,
The cymbal clang'd, the deep-voiced trumpet spoke;
And Salem spread her suppliant arms abroad,
View'd the descending flame, and bless'd the present God.
Nor shrunk she then, when, raging deep and loud,
Beat o'er her soul the billows of the proud.
E'en they who, dragg'd to Shinar's fiery sand,
Till'd with reluctant strength the stranger's land;

Who sadly told the slow-revolving years,
And steep'd the captive's bitter bread with tears;—
Yet oft their hearts with kindling hopes would burn,
Their destined triumphs, and their glad return,
And their sad lyres, which, silent and unstrung,
In mournful ranks on Babel's willows hung,
Would oft awake to chant their future fame,
And from the skies their lingering Saviour claim.
His promised aid could every fear controul;
This nerved the warrior's arm, this steel'd the martyr's soul!
Nor vain their hope:—bright beaming through the sky,
Burst in full blaze the Day-spring from on high;
Earth's utmost isles exulted at the sight,
And crowding nations drank the orient light.
Lo, star-led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,
And bending Magi seek their infant King!
Mark'd ye, where, hovering o'er his radiant head,
The dove's white wings celestial glory shed?
Daughter of Sion! virgin queen! rejoice!
Clap the glad hand and lift th' exulting voice!
He comes,—but not in regal splendour drest,
The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest;
Not arm'd in flame, all-glorious from afar,
Of hosts the chieftain, and the lord of war;

Messiah comes!—let furious discord cease;
Be peace on earth before the Prince of Peace!
Disease and anguish feel His blest controul,
And howling fiends release the tortured soul;
The beams of gladness hell's dark caves illume,
And Mercy broods above the distant gloom.
Thou palsied earth, with noonday night o'erspread!
Thou sickening sun, so dark, so deep, so red!
Ye hovering ghosts, that throng the starless air,
Why shakes the earth? why fades the light? declare!
Are those His limbs, with ruthless scourges torn?
His brows, all bleeding with the twisted thorn?
His the pale form, the meek forgiving eye
Raised from the cross in patient agony?
—Be dark, thou sun,—thou noonday night arise,
And hide, oh hide, the dreadful sacrifice!
Ye faithful few, by bold affection led,
Who round the Saviour's cross your sorrows shed,
Not for His sake your tearful vigils keep;—
Weep for your country, for your children weep!
—Vengeance! thy fiery wing their race pursued;
Thy thirsty poniard blush'd with infant blood.
Roused at thy call, and panting still for game,
The bird of war, the Latian eagle came.

Then Judah raged, by ruffian Discord led,
Drunk with the steamy carnage of the dead:
He saw his sons by dubious slaughter fall,
And war without, and death within the wall.
Wide-wasting plague, gaunt famine, mad despair,
And dire debate, and clamorous strife was there:
Love, strong as death, retain'd his might no more,
And the pale parent drank her children's gore.
Yet they, who wont to roam the ensanguined plain,
And spurn with fell delight their kindred slain;
E'en they, when, high above the dusty fight,
Their burning Temple rose in lurid light,
To their loved altars paid a parting groan,
And in their country's woes forgot their own.

As 'mid the cedar courts, and gates of gold,
The trampled ranks in miry carnage roll'd,
To save their Temple every hand essay'd,
And with cold fingers grasp'd the feeble blade:
Through their torn veins reviving fury ran,
And life's last anger warm'd the dying man!

But heavier far the fetter'd captive's doom!
To glut with sighs the iron ear of Rome:
To swell, slow-pacing by the car's tall side,
The stoic tyrant's philosophic pride;

To flesh the lion's ravenous jaws, or feel
The sportive fury of the fencer's steel;
Or pant, deep plunged beneath the sultry mine,
For the light gales of balmy Palestine.

Ah! fruitful now no more,—an empty coast,
She mourn'd her sons enslaved, her glories lost:
In her wide streets the lonely raven bred,
There bark'd the wolf, and dire hyænas fed.
Yet midst her towery fanes, in ruin laid,
The pilgrim saint his murmuring vespers paid;
'Twas his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove
The chequer'd twilight of the olive grove;
'Twas his to bend beneath the sacred gloom,
And wear with many a kiss Messiah's tomb:
While forms celestial fill'd his trancèd eye,
The daylight dreams of pensive piety,
O'er his still breast a tearful fervour stole,
And softer sorrows charm'd the mourner's soul.

Oh, lives there one, who mocks his artless zeal?
Too proud to worship, and too wise to feel?
Be his the soul with wintry reason blest,
The dull, lethargic sovereign of the breast!
Be his the life that creeps in dead repose,
No joy that sparkles, and no tear that flows!

Far other they who rear'd yon pompous shrine,
And bade the rock with Parian marble shine.
Then hallow'd peace renew'd her wealthy reign,
Then altars smoked, and Sion smiled again.
There sculptured gold and costly gems were seen,
And all the bounties of the British queen;
There barbarous kings their sandal'd nations led,
And steel-clad champions bow'd the crested head.
There, when her fiery race the desert pour'd,
And pale Byzantium fear'd Medina's sword,
When coward Asia shook in trembling woe,
And bent appall'd before the Bactrian bow;
From the moist regions of the western star
The wandering hermit waked the storm of war.
Their limbs all iron, and their souls all flame,
A countless host, the red-cross warriors came:
E'en hoary priests the sacred combat wage,
And clothe in steel the palsied arm of age;
While beardless youths and tender maids assume
The weighty morion and the glancing plume.
In sportive pride the warrior damsels wield
The ponderous falchion, and the sun-like shield,
And start to see their armour's iron gleam
Dance with blue lustre in Tabaria's stream.

The blood-red banner floating o'er their van,
All madly blithe the mingled myriads ran:
Impatient Death beheld his destined food,
And hovering vultures snuff'd the scent of blood.
Not such the numbers, nor the host so dread,
By northern Brenn or Scythian Timur led;
Nor such the heart-inspiring zeal that bore
United Greece to Phrygia's reedy shore!
There Gaul's proud knights with boastful mien advance,
Form the long line, and shake the cornel lance;
Here, link'd with Thrace, in close battalions stand
Ausonia's sons, a soft inglorious band;
There the stern Norman joins the Austrian train,
And the dark tribes of late-reviving Spain;
Here in black files, advancing firm and slow,
Victorious Albion twangs the deadly bow:—
Albion,—still prompt the captive's wrong to aid,
And wield in Freedom's cause the freeman's generous blade!
Ye sainted spirits of the warrior dead,
Whose giant force Britannia's armies led!
Whose bickering falchions, foremost in the fight,
Still pour'd confusion on the Soldan's might;
Lords of the biting axe and beamy spear,
Wide-conquering Edward, lion Richard, hear!

At Albion's call your crested pride resume,
And burst the marble slumbers of the tomb!
Your sons behold, in arm, in heart the same,
Still press the footsteps of parental fame,
To Salem still their generous aid supply,
And pluck the palm of Syrian chivalry!

When he, from towery Malta's yielding isle,
And the green waters of reluctant Nile,
Th' apostate chief,—from Misraim's subject shore
To Acre's walls his trophied banners bore;
When the pale desert mark'd his proud array,
And desolation hoped an ampler sway;
What hero then triumphant Gaul dismay'd?
What arm repell'd the victor Renegade?
Britannia's champion!—bathed in hostile blood,
High on the breach the dauntless Seaman stood:
Admiring Asia saw th' unequal fight,—
E'en the pale crescent bless'd the Christian's might.
Oh day of death! Oh thirst, beyond controul,
Of crimson conquest in th' Invader's soul!
The slain, yet warm, by social footsteps trod,
O'er the red moat supplied a panting road;
O'er the red moat our conquering thunders flew,
And loftier still the grisly rampire grew.

While proudly glow'd above the rescued tower
The wavy cross that mark'd Britannia's power.
Yet still destruction sweeps the lonely plain,
And heroes lift the generous sword in vain.
Still o'er her sky the clouds of anger roll,
And God's revenge hangs heavy on her soul.
Yet shall she rise;—but not by war restored,
Not built in murder,—planted by the sword:
Yes, Salem, thou shalt rise: thy Father's aid
Shall heal the wound His chastening hand has made;
Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,
And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords away.
Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring,
Break forth, ye mountains, and ye valleys, sing!
No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,
The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn;
The sultry sands shall tenfold harvests yield,
And a new Eden deck the thorny field.
E'en now, perchance, wide-waving o'er the land,
That mighty Angel lifts his golden wand,
Courts the bright vision of descending power,
Tells every gate, and measures every tower;
And chides the tardy seals that yet detain
Thy Lion, Judah, from his destined reign.

And who is He? the vast, the awful form,
Girt with the whirlwind, sandal'd with the storm?
A western cloud around His limbs is spread,
His crown a rainbow, and a sun His head.
To highest Heaven He lifts his kingly hand,
And treads at once the ocean and the land;
And, hark! His voice amid the thunder's roar,
His dreadful voice, that time shall be no more!

Lo! cherub hands the golden courts prepare,
Lo! thrones arise, and every saint is there;
Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway,
The mountains worship, and the isles obey;
Nor sun nor moon they need,—nor day, nor night;—
God is their temple, and the Lamb their light:
And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,
Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home?
On David's throne shall David's offspring reign,
And the dry bones be warm with life again.
Hark! white-robed crowds their deep hosannas raise,
And the hoarse flood repeats the sound of praise;
Ten thousand harps attune the mystic song,
Ten thousand thousand saints the strain prolong;—
"Worthy the Lamb! omnipotent to save,
Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave!"

EUROPE:

LINES ON THE PRESENT WAR.

WRITTEN IN MDCCCIX.

ID, QVANDO. ACCIDERIT. NON. SATIS. AVDEO

EFFARI. SIQVIDEM. NON. CLARIVS. MIHI

PER. SACROS. TRIPODES. CERTA. REFERT. DEVS

NEC. SERVAT. PENITVS. FIDEM

QVOD. SI. QVID. LICEAT. CREDERE. ADHVC. TAMEN

NAM. LAEVVM. TONVIT. NON. FVERIT. PROCVL

QVAERENDVS. CELERI. QVI. PROPERET. GRADV

ET. GALLVM. REPRIMAT. FEROX

PETRVS. CRINITVS. IN. CARMINE

AD. BER. CARAPHAM.

EUROPE.

At that dread season when th' indignant North
Pour'd to vain wars her tardy numbers forth,
When Frederic bent his ear to Europe's cry,
And fann'd too late the flame of liberty;
By feverish hope oppress'd, and anxious thought,
In Dresden's grove the dewy cool I sought.
Through tangled boughs the broken moonshine play'd,
And Elbe slept soft beneath his linden shade:—
Yet slept not all;—I heard the ceaseless jar,
The rattling waggons, and the wheels of war;
The sounding lash, the march's mingled hum,
And, lost and heard by fits, the languid drum;
O'er the near bridge the thundering hoofs that trode,
And the far-distant fife that thrill'd along the road.
Yes, sweet it seems across some watery dell
To catch the music of the pealing bell;

And sweet to list, as on the beach we stray,
The ship-boy's carol in the wealthy bay:—
But sweet no less, when justice points the spear,
Of martial wrath the glorious din to hear,
To catch the war-note on the quivering gale,
And bid the blood-red paths of conquest hail.
Oh! song of hope, too long delusive strain!
And hear we now thy flattering voice again?
But late, alas! I left thee cold and still,
Stunn'd by the wrath of Heaven, on Pratzen's hill.
Oh! on that hill may no kind month renew
The fertile rain, the sparkling summer dew!
Accurs'd of God, may those bleak summits tell
The field of anger where the mighty fell.
There youthful faith and high-born courage rest,
And, red with slaughter, freedom's humbled crest;
There Europe, soil'd with blood her tresses grey,
And ancient honour's shield,—all vilely thrown away.
Thus mused my soul, as in succession drear
Rose each grim shape of wrath and doubt and fear;
Defeat and shame in grisly vision past,
And vengeance, bought with blood, and glorious death
Then as my gaze their waving eagles met, [the last.
And through the night each sparkling bayonet,

Still memory told how Austria's evil hour
Had felt on Praga's field a Frederic's power,
And Gallia's vaunting train, and Mosco's horde,
Had flesh'd the maiden steel of Brunswick's sword.
Oh! yet, I deem'd, that fate, by justice led,
Might wreathe once more the veteran's silver head;
That Europe's ancient pride would yet disdain,
The cumbrous sceptre of a single reign;
That conscious right would tenfold strength afford,
And Heaven assist the patriot's holy sword,
And look in mercy through th' auspicious sky,
To bless the saviour host of Germany.

And are they dreams, these bodings, such as shed
Their lonely comfort o'er the hermit's bed?
And are they dreams? or can the Eternal Mind
Care for a sparrow, yet neglect mankind?
Why, if the dubious battle own His power,
And the red sabre, where He bids, devour,
Why then can one the curse of worlds deride,
And millions weep a tyrant's single pride?

Thus sadly musing, far my footsteps stray'd,
Rapt in the visions of the Aonian maid.
It was not she, whose lonely voice I hear
Fall in soft whispers on my love-lorn ear;

My daily guest, who wont my steps to guide
Through the green walks of scented even-tide,
Or stretch'd with me in noonday ease along,
To list the reaper's chaunt, or throstle's song :—
But she of loftier port; whose grave controul
Rules the fierce workings of the patriot's soul;
She, whose high presence, o'er the midnight oil,
With fame's bright promise cheers the student's toil;
That same was she, whose ancient lore refin'd
The sober hardihood of Sydney's mind.
Borne on her wing, no more I seem'd to rove
By Dresden's glittering spires, and linden grove;
No more the giant Elbe, all silver bright,
Spread his broad bosom to the fair moonlight,
While the still margent of his ample flood
Bore the dark image of the Saxon wood—
(Woods happy once, that heard the carols free,
Of rustic love, and cheerful industry;
Now dull and joyless lie their alleys green,
And silence marks the track where France has been.)
Far other scenes than these my fancy view'd:
Rocks robed in ice, a mountain solitude;
Where on Helvetian hills, in godlike state,
Alone and awful, Europe's Angel sate:

Silent and stern he sate; then, bending low,
Listen'd th' ascending plaints of human woe.
And waving as in grief his towery head,
"Not yet, not yet the day of rest," he said;
"It may not be. Destruction's gory wing
Soars o'er the banners of the younger king,
Too rashly brave, who seeks with single sway
To stem the lava on its destined way.
Poor glittering warriors, only wont to know
The bloodless pageant of a martial show;
Nurselings of peace, for fiercer fights prepare,
And dread the step-dame sway of unaccustom'd war!
They fight, they bleed!—Oh! had that blood been shed
When Charles and valour Austria's armies led;
Had these stood forth the righteous cause to shield,
When victory waver'd on Moravia's field;
Then France had mourn'd her conquests made in vain,
Her backward-beaten ranks, and countless slain;—
Then had the strength of Europe's freedom stood,
And still the Rhine had roll'd a German flood!
"Oh! nursed in many a wile, and practised long
To spoil the poor, and cringe before the strong;
To swell the victor's state, and hovering near,
Like some base vulture in the battle's rear,

To watch the carnage of the field, and share
Each loathsome alms the prouder eagles spare:
A curse is on thee, Brandenburgh! the sound
Of Poland's wailing drags thee to the ground;
And, drunk with guilt, thy harlot lips shall know
The bitter dregs of Austria's cup of woe.
"Enough of vengeance! O'er th' ensanguined plain
I gaze, and seek their numerous host in vain;
Gone like the locust band, when whirlwinds bear
Their flimsy legions through the waste of air.
Enough of vengeance!—By the glorious dead,
Who bravely fell where youthful Lewis led;
By Blücher's sword in fiercest danger tried,
And the true heart that burst when Brunswick died;
By her whose charms the coldest zeal might warm,
The manliest firmness in the fairest form—
Save, Europe, save the remnant!—Yet remains
One glorious path to free the world from chains.
Why, when yon northern band in Eylau's wood
Retreating struck, and track'd their course with blood,
While one firm rock the floods of ruin stay'd,
Why, generous Austria, were thy wheels delay'd?
And Albion!"—Darker sorrow veil'd his brow—
"Friend of the friendless—Albion, where art thou?

Child of the Sea, whose wing-like sails are spread,
The covering cherub of the ocean's bed!
The storm and tempest render peace to thee,
And the wild-roaring waves a stern security.
But hope not thou in Heaven's own strength to ride,
Freedom's loved ark, o'er broad oppression's tide;
If virtue leave thee, if thy careless eye
Glance in contempt on Europe's agony.
Alas! where now the bands who wont to pour
Their strong deliverance on th' Egyptian shore?
Wing, wing your course, a prostrate world to save,
Triumphant squadrons of Trafalgar's wave.

"And thou, blest star of Europe's darkest hour,
Whose words were wisdom and whose counsels power,
Whom Earth applauded through her peopled shores!
(Alas! whom Earth too early lost deplores:—)
Young without follies, without rashness bold,
And greatly poor amidst a nation's gold!
In every veering gale of faction true,
Untarnish'd Chatham's genuine child, adieu!
Unlike our common suns, whose gradual ray
Expands from twilight to intenser day,
Thy blaze broke forth at once in full meridian sway.
O, proved in danger! not the fiercest flame
Of discord's rage thy constant soul could tame;

Not when, far striding, o'er thy palsied land,
Gigantic treason took his bolder stand;
Not when wild zeal, by murderous faction led,
On Wicklow's hills her grass-green banner spread;
Or those stern conquerors of the restless wave
Defied the native soil they wont to save.—
Undaunted patriot! in that dreadful hour,
When pride and genius own a sterner power;
When the dimm'd eyeball, and the struggling breath,
And pain, and terror, mark advancing death;—
Still in that breast thy country held her throne,
Thy toil, thy fear, thy prayer, were hers alone,
Thy last faint effort hers, and hers thy parting groan.
" Yes, from those lips while fainting nations drew
Hope ever strong, and courage ever new;—
Yet, yet, I deem'd by that supporting hand
Propp'd in her fall might Freedom's ruin stand;
And purged by fire, and stronger from the storm,
Degraded justice rear her reverend form.
Now hope adieu!—adieu the generous care
To shield the weak, and tame the proud in war!
The golden chain of realms, when equal awe
Poised the strong balance of impartial law;
When rival states as federate sisters shone,
Alike, yet various, and though many, one;

And, bright and numerous as the spangled sky,
Beam'd each fair star of Europe's galaxy—
All, all are gone, and after-time shall trace
One boundless rule, one undistinguish'd race;
Twilight of worth, where nought remains to move
The patriot's ardour, or the subject's love.

"Behold, e'en now, while every manly lore
And every muse forsakes my yielding shore;
Faint, vapid fruits of slavery's sickly clime,
Each tinsel art succeeds, and harlot rhyme!
To gild the vase, to bid the purple spread
In sightly foldings o'er the Grecian bed,
Their mimic guard where sculptured gryphons keep,
And Memphian idols watch o'er beauty's sleep;
To rouse the slumbering sparks of faint desire
With the base tinkling of the Teian lyre;
While youth's enervate glance and gloating age
Hang o'er the mazy waltz, or pageant stage;
Each wayward wish of sickly taste to please,
The nightly revel and the noontide ease—
These, Europe, are thy toils, thy trophies these!

"So, when wide-wasting hail, or whelming rain,
Have strew'd the bearded hope of golden grain,
From the wet furrow, struggling to the skies,
The tall, rank weeds in barren splendour rise;

And strong, and towering o'er the mildew'd ear,
Uncomely flowers and baneful herbs appear;
The swain's rich toils to useless poppies yield,
And Famine stalks along the purple field.

" And thou, the poet's theme, the patriot's pray
Where, France, thy hopes, thy gilded promise, where?
When o'er Montpelier's vines, and Jura's snows,
All goodly bright, young freedom's planet rose?
What boots it now, (to our destruction brave,)
How strong thine arm in war? a valiant slave!
What boots it now that wide thine eagles sail,
Fann'd by the flattering breath of conquest's gale?
What, that, high-piled within yon ample dome,
The blood-bought treasures rest of Greece and Rome?
Scourge of the Highest, bolt in vengeance hurl'd
By Heaven's dread justice on a shrinking world!
Go, vanquish'd victor, bend thy proud helm down
Before thy sullen tyrant's steely crown,
For him in Afric's sands, and Poland's snows,
Rear'd by thy toil the shadowy laurel grows;
And rank in German fields the harvest springs
Of pageant councils and obsequious kings.
Such purple slaves, of glittering fetters vain,
Link'd the wide circuit of the Latian chain;

And slaves like these shall every tyrant find,
To gild oppression, and debase mankind.
"Oh! live there yet whose hardy souls and high,
Peace bought with shame, and tranquil bonds defy?
Who, driven from every shore, and lords in vain
Of the wide prison of the lonely main,
Cling to their country's rights with freeborn zeal,
More strong from every stroke, and patient of the steel?
Guiltless of chains, to them has Heaven consign'd
Th' entrusted cause of Europe and mankind!
Or hope we yet in Sweden's martial snows
That freedom's weary foot may find repose?
No;—from yon hermit shade, yon cypress dell,
Where faintly peals the distant matin-bell;
Where bigot kings and tyrant priests had shed
Their sleepy venom o'er his dreadful head;
He wakes, th' avenger—hark! the hills around,
Untamed Asturia bids her clarion sound;
And many an ancient rock, and fleecy plain,
And many a valiant heart returns the strain:
Heard by that shore, where Calpe's armed steep
Flings its long shadow o'er th' Herculean deep,
And Lusian glades, whose hoary poplars wave
In soft, sad murmurs over Inez' grave.

They bless the call who dared the first withstand
The Moslem wasters of their bleeding land,
When firm in faith, and red with slaughter'd foes,
Thy spear-encircled crown, Asturia, rose.
Nor these alone; as loud the war-notes swell,
La Mancha's shepherd quits his cork-built cell;
Alhama's strength is there, and those who till
(A hardy race!) Morena's scorched hill;
And in rude arms through wide Gallicia's reign,
The swarthy vintage pours her vigorous train.

"Saw ye those tribes? not theirs the plumed boast,
The sightly trappings of a marshall'd host;
No weeping nations curse their deadly skill,
Expert in danger, and enured to kill:—
But theirs the kindling eye, the strenuous arm:
Theirs the dark cheek, with patriot ardour warm,
Unblanch'd by sluggard ease, or slavish fear,
And proud and pure the blood that mantles there.
Theirs from the birth is toil;—o'er granite steep,
And heathy wild, to guard the wandering sheep;
To urge the labouring mule, or bend the spear
'Gainst the night-prowling wolf, or felon bear;
The bull's hoarse rage in dreadful sport to mock,
And meet with single sword his bellowing shock.

Each martial chant they know, each manly rhyme,
Rude, ancient lays of Spain's heroic time;
Of him in Xeres' carnage fearless found,
His glittering brows with hostile spear-heads bound;)
Of that chaste king whose hardy mountain train
O'erthrew the knightly race of Charlemagne;
And chiefest him who rear'd his banner tall
(Illustrious exile!) o'er Valencia's wall;
Ungraced by kings, whose Moorish title rose
The toil-earn'd homage of his wondering foes.

"Yes; every mouldering tower and haunted flood,
And the wild murmurs of the waving wood;
Each sandy waste, and orange-scented dell,
And red Buraba's field, and Lugo, tell,
How their brave fathers fought, how thick the invaders fell.

"Oh! virtue long forgot, or vainly tried,
To glut a bigot's zeal, or tyrant's pride;
Condemn'd in distant climes to bleed and die
'Mid the dank poisons of Tlascala's sky;
Or when stern Austria stretch'd her lawless reign,
And spent in northern fights the flower of Spain;
Or war's hoarse furies yell'd on Ysell's shore,
And Alva's ruffian sword was drunk with gore,

Yet dared not then Tlascala's chiefs withstand
The lofty daring of Castilia's band;
And weeping France her captive king deplored,
And cursed the deathful point of Ebro's sword.
Now, nerved with hope, their night of slavery past,
Each heart beats high in freedom's buxom blast;
Lo! conquest calls, and beckoning from afar,
Uplifts his laurel wreath, and waves them on to war
—Woe to th' usurper then, who dares defy
The sturdy wrath of rustic loyalty!
Woe to the hireling bands, foredoom'd to feel
How strong in labour's horny hand the steel!
Behold e'en now, beneath yon Bœtic skies
Another Pavia bids her trophies rise;—
E'en now in base disguise and friendly night,
Their robber-monarch speeds his secret flight;
And with new zeal the fiery Lusians rear, [spear.
(Roused by their neighbour's worth) the long-neglected

"So when stern winter chills the April showers,
And iron frost forbids the timely flowers;
Oh, deem not thou the vigorous herb below
Is crush'd and dead beneath th' incumbent snow:
Such tardy suns shall wealthier harvests bring
Than all the early smiles of flattering spring."

Sweet as the martial trumpet's silver swell,
On my charm'd sense the unearthly accents fell:
Me wonder held, and joy chastised by fear,
As one who wish'd, yet hardly hoped to hear.
"Spirit," I cried, "dread teacher, yet declare,
In that good fight, shall Albion's arm be there?
Can Albion, brave and wise, and proud, refrain
To hail a kindred soul, and link her fate with Spain?
Too long her sons, estranged from war and toil,
Have loathed the safety of the sea-girt isle;
And chid the waves which pent their fire within,
As the stall'd war-horse wooes the battle's din.
Oh, by this throbbing heart, this patriot glow,
Which, well I feel, each English breast shall know;
Say, shall my country, roused from deadly sleep,
Crowd with her hardy sons yon western steep?
And shall once more the star of France grow pale,
And dim its beams in Roncesvalles' vale?
Or shall foul sloth and timid doubt conspire
To mar our zeal, and waste our manly fire?"

Still as I gazed, his lowering features spread,
High rose his form, and darkness veil'd his head;
Fast from his eyes the ruddy lightning broke,
To Heaven he rear'd his arm, and thus he spoke:

" Woe, trebly woe to their slow zeal who bore
Delusive comfort to Iberia's shore!
Who in mid conquest, vaunting, yet dismay'd,
Now gave, and now withdrew their laggard aid;
Who, when each bosom glow'd, each heart beat high,
Chill'd the pure stream of England's energy,
And lost in courtly forms and blind delay
The loiter'd hours of glory's short-lived day.

" O peerless island, generous, bold, and free,
Lost, ruin'd Albion, Europe mourns for thee!
Hadst thou but known the hour in mercy given
To stay thy doom, and ward the ire of Heaven;
Bared in the cause of man thy warrior breast,
And crush'd on yonder hills th' approaching pest,
Then had not murder sack'd thy smiling plain,
And wealth, and worth, and wisdom all been vain;

" Yet, yet awake! while fear and wonder wait
On the poised balance, trembling still with fate!
If aught their worth can plead, in battle tried,
Who tinged with slaughter Tajo's curdling tide;
(What time base truce the wheels of war could stay,
And the weak victor flung his wreath away;)—
Or theirs, who, doled in scanty bands afar,
Waged without hope the disproportion'd war,

And cheerly still, and patient of distress,
Led their forwasted files on numbers numberless!
"Yes, through the march of many a weary day,
As yon dark column toils it seaward way;
As bare, and shrinking from the inclement sky,
The languid soldier bends him down to die;
As o'er those helpless limbs, by murder gor'd,
The base pursuer waves his weaker sword,
And, trod to earth, by trampling thousands press'd,
The horse-hoof glances from that mangled breast;—
E'en in that hour his hope to England flies,
And fame and vengeance fire his closing eyes.
"Oh! if such hope can plead, or his, whose bier
Drew from his conquering host their latest tear;
Whose skill, whose matchless valour, gilded flight:
Entomb'd in foreign dust, a hasty soldier's rite;—
Oh! rouse thee yet to conquer and to save,
And wisdom guide the sword which justice gave!
"And yet the end is not! from yonder towers
While one Saguntum mocks the victor's powers:
While one brave heart defies a servile chain,
And one true soldier wields a lance for Spain;
Trust not, vain tyrant, though thy spoiler band
In tenfold myriads darken half the land;

(Vast as that power, against whose impious lord
Bethulia's matron shook the nightly sword;)
Though ruth and fear thy woundless soul defy,
And fatal genius fire thy martial eye:
Yet trust not here o'er yielding realms to roam,
Or cheaply bear a bloodless laurel home.

"No! by His viewless arm whose righteous care
Defends the orphan's tear, the poor man's prayer;
Who, Lord of Nature, o'er this changeful ball
Decrees the rise of empires, and the fall;
Wondrous in all His ways, unseen, unknown,
Who treads the wine-press of the world alone;
And rob'd in darkness, and surrounding fears,
Speeds on their destin'd road the march of years!
No!—shall yon eagle, from the snare set free,
Stoop to thy wrist, or cower his wing for thee?
And shall it tame despair, thy strong controul,
Or quench a nation's still reviving soul?—
Go, bid the force of countless bands conspire
To curb the wandering wind, or grasp the fire!
Cast thy vain fetters on the troublous sea!—
But Spain, the brave, the virtuous, shall be free."

THE

PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

THE

PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

With heat o'erlabour'd and the length of way,
On Ethan's beach the bands of Israel lay.
'Twas silence all, the sparkling sands along;
Save where the locust trill'd her feeble song,
Or blended soft in drowsy cadence fell
The wave's low whisper or the camel's bell.—
'Twas silence all!—the flocks for shelter fly
Where, waving light, the acacia shadows lie;
Or where, from far, the flattering vapours make
The noon-tide semblance of a misty lake:
While the mute swain, in careless safety spread,
With arms enfolded, and dejected head,
Dreams o'er his wondrous call, his lineage high,
And, late reveal'd, his children's destiny.—
For, not in vain, in thraldom's darkest hour,
Had sped from Amram's sons the word of power;

Nor fail'd the dreadful wand, whose god-like sway
Could lure the locust from her airy way;
With reptile war assail their proud abodes,
And mar the giant pomp of Egypt's Gods.
Oh helpless Gods! who nought avail'd to shield
From fiery rain your Zoan's favour'd field!—
Oh helpless Gods! who saw the curdled blood
Taint the pure lotus of your ancient flood,
And fourfold-night the wondering earth enchain,
While Memnon's orient harp was heard in vain!—
Such musings held the tribes, till now the west
With milder influence on their temples prest;
And that portentous cloud which, all the day,
Hung its dark curtain o'er their weary way,
(A cloud by day, a friendly flame by night,)
Roll'd back its misty veil, and kindled into light!—
Soft fell the eve:—But, ere the day was done,
Tall, waving banners streak'd the level sun;
And wide and dark along the horizon red,
In sandy surge the rising desert spread.—
"Mark, Israel, mark!"—On that strange sight intent,
In breathless terror, every eye was bent;
And busy faction's fast-increasing hum
And female voices shriek, "They come, they come!"

They come, they come! in scintillating show
O'er the dark mass the brazen lances glow;
And sandy clouds in countless shapes combine,
As deepens or extends the long tumultuous line;—
And fancy's keener glance ev'n now may trace
The threatening aspects of each mingled race:
For many a coal-black tribe and cany spear,
The hireling guards of Misraim's throne, were there.
From distant Cush they troop'd, a warrior train,
Siwah's green isle and Sennaar's marly plain:
On either wing their fiery coursers check
The parch'd and sinewy sons of Amalek:
While close behind, inured to feast on blood,
Deck'd in Behemoth's spoils, the tall Shangalla strode.
'Mid blazing helms and bucklers rough with gold
Saw ye how swift the scythed chariots roll'd?
Lo, these are they whom, lords of Afric's fates,
Old Thebes hath pour'd through all her hundred gates,
Mother of armies!—How the emeralds glow'd,
Where, flush'd with power and vengeance, Pharaoh rode!
And stoled in white, those brazen wheels before,
Osiris' ark his swarthy wizards bore;
And still responsive to the trumpet's cry
The priestly sistrum murmur'd—Victory!—

Why swell these shouts that rend the desert's gloom?
Whom come ye forth to combat?—warriors, whom?—
These flocks and herds—this faint and weary train—
Red from the scourge and recent from the chain?—
God of the poor, the poor and friendless save!
Giver and Lord of freedom, help the slave!—
North, south, and west, the sandy whirlwinds fly,
The circling horns of Egypt's chivalry.
On earth's last margin throng the weeping train:
Their cloudy guide moves on:—"And must we swim the main?"
'Mid the light spray their snorting camels stood,
Nor bathed a fetlock in the nauseous flood—
He comes—their leader comes?—the man of God
O'er the wide waters lifts his mighty rod,
And onward treads—The circling waves retreat,
In hoarse deep murmurs, from his holy feet;
And the chased surges, inly roaring, show
The hard wet sand and coral hills below.

With limbs that falter, and with hearts that swell,
Down, down they pass—a steep and slippery dell—
Around them rise, in pristine chaos hurl'd,
The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world;
And flowers that blush beneath the ocean green,
And caves, the sea-calves' low-roof'd haunt are seen.

Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread;
The beetling waters storm above their head:
While far behind retires the sinking day,
And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.
Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,
Or dark to them, or cheerless came the night.
Still in their van, along that dreadful road,
Blazed broad and fierce the brandish'd torch of God.
Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave
On the long mirror of the rosy wave:
While its blest beams a sunlike heat supply,
Warm every cheek, and dance in every eye—
To them alone—for Misraim's wizard train
Invoke for light their monster-gods in vain:
Clouds heap'd on clouds their struggling sight confine,
And tenfold darkness broods above their line.
Yet on they fare by reckless vengeance led,
And range unconscious through the ocean's bed:
Till midway now—that strange and fiery form
Show'd his dread visage lightening through the storm;
With withering splendour blasted all their might,
And brake their chariot-wheels, and marr'd their coursers' flight,
"Fly, Misraim, fly!"—The ravenous floods they see,
And, fiercer than the floods, the Deity.

"Fly, Misraim, fly!"—From Edom's coral strand
Again the prophet stretch'd his dreadful wand:—
With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,
And all is waves—a dark and lonely deep—
Yet o'er those lonely waves such murmurs past,
As mortal wailing swell'd the nightly blast:
And strange and sad the whispering breezes bore
The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore.

Oh! welcome came the morn, where Israel stood
In trustless wonder by th' avenging flood!
Oh! welcome came the cheerful morn, to show
The drifted wreck of Zoan's pride below;
The mangled limbs of men—the broken car—
A few sad relics of a nation's war:
Alas, how few!—Then, soft as Elim's well,
The precious tears of new-born freedom fell.
And he, whose harden'd heart alike had borne
The house of bondage and th' oppressor's scorn,
The stubborn slave, by hope's new beams subdued,
In faltering accents sobb'd his gratitude—
Till kindling into warmer zeal, around
The virgin timbrel waked its silver sound:
And in fierce joy, no more by doubt suppress,
The struggling spirit throbb'd in Miriam's breast.

She, with bare arms, and fixing on the sky
The dark transparence of her lucid eye,
Pour'd on the winds of heaven her wild sweet harmony.
"Where now," she sang, "the tall Egyptian spear?
On's sunlike shield, and Zoan's chariot, where?
Above their ranks the whelming waters spread.
Shout Israel, for the Lord hath triumphed!"—
And every pause between, as Miriam sang,
From tribe to tribe the martial thunder rang,
And loud and far their stormy chorus spread,—
"Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphed!"

HYMNS.

ADVENT SUNDAY.

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let Heaven, Hosanna sing!
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound;
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Oh, Saviour! with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer!
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim!
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid Thy spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee!
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and Heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

NO. I.

THE Lord will come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruis'd, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind!

Can this be He who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway;
By power oppress'd, and mock'd by pride?
Oh God! is this the crucified?

Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain!
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come!

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

NO. II.

In the sun and moon and stars
Signs and wonders there shall be;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Toss'd with stronger tempests, rise;
Darker storms the mountain sweep,
Redder lightning rend the skies.

Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
Racking doubt and restless fear;
And, amid the thunder-cloud,
Shall the Judge of men appear.

But though from that awful face
Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye, His chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh!

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Oh Saviour, is Thy promise fled?
Nor longer might thy grace endure,
To heal the sick and raise the dead,
And preach Thy Gospel to the poor?

Come, Jesus! come! return again;
With brighter beam Thy servants bless,
Who long to feel Thy perfect reign,
And share Thy kingdom's happiness!

A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to Heaven,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home!

Yet, 'mid the wild and wintry gale,
When Death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength and earthly daring fail,
Our prayers, Redeemer! rest on Thee!

Come, Jesus! come! and, as of yore
The prophet went to clear Thy way,
A harbinger Thy feet before,
A dawning to Thy brighter day:

So now may grace with heavenly shower
Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come and reap Thy harvest there!

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

THE world is grown old, and her pleasures are past;
The world is grown old, and her form may not last;
The world is grown old, and trembles for fear;
For sorrows abound, and judgment is near!

The sun in the heaven is languid and pale;
And feeble and few are the fruits of the vale;
And the hearts of the nations fail them for fear,
For the world is grown old, and judgment is near!

The king on his throne, the bride in her bower,
The children of pleasure all feel the sad hour;
The roses are faded, and tasteless the cheer,
For the world is grown old, and judgment is near!

The world is grown old!—but should we complain,
Who have tried her and know that her promise is vain?
Our heart is in Heaven, our home is not here,
And we look for our crown when judgment is near!

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Oh Saviour, whom this holy morn
Gave to our world below;
To mortal want and labour born,
And more than mortal woe!

Incarnate Word! by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Who lived to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us died!

If gaily clothed and proudly fed,
In dangerous wealth we dwell;
Remind us of Thy manger bed,
And lowly cottage cell!

If prest by poverty severe,
In envious want we pine,
Oh may the Spirit whisper near,
How poor a lot was Thine!

Through fickle fortune's various scene
From sin preserve us free!
Like us Thou hast a mourner been,
May we rejoice with Thee!

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar!
Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train!

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong!
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mock'd the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bow'd their necks the death to feel!
Who follows in their train?

A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light array'd.

They climb'd the steep ascent of Heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain!
Oh God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S DAY.

Oh God! who gav'st Thy servant grace,
Amid the storms of life distrest,
To look on thine incarnate face,
And lean on Thy protecting breast:

To see the light that dimly shone,
Eclipsed for us in sorrow pale,
Pure Image of the Eternal One!
Through shadows of Thy mortal veil!

Be ours, O King of Mercy! still
To feel Thy presence from above,
And in Thy word, and in Thy will,
To hear Thy voice, and know Thy love:

And when the toils of life are done,
And nature waits Thy dread decree,
To find our rest beneath Thy throne,
And look, in humble hope, to Thee.

INNOCENTS' DAY.

Oh weep not o'er thy children's tomb,
O Rachel, weep not so!
The bud is cropt by martyrdom,
The flower in heaven shall blow!

Firstlings of faith! the murderer's knife
Has miss'd its deadliest aim:
The God for whom they gave their life,
For them to suffer came!

Though feeble were their days and few,
Baptized in blood and pain,
He knows them, whom they never knew,
And they shall live again.

Then weep not o'er thy children's tomb,
O Rachel, weep not so!
The bud is cropt by martyrdom,
The flower in heaven shall blow!

EPIPHANY.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

NO. I.

ABASH'D be all the boast of age!
Be hoary learning dumb!
Expounder of the mystic page,
Behold an Infant come!

Oh Wisdom, whose unfading power
Beside the Eternal stood,
To frame, in nature's earliest hour,
The land, the sky, the flood:

Yet didst not Thou disdain awhile
An infant form to wear;
To bless Thy mother with a smile,
And lisp Thy falter'd prayer.

But, in Thy Father's own abode,
With Israel's elders round,
Conversing high with Israel's God,
Thy chiefest joy was found.

So may our youth adore Thy name!
And, Saviour, deign to bless
With fostering grace the timid flame
Of early holiness!

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

NO. II.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God!

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage!

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine!
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike Divine;

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own!

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

NO. 1.

Oh hand of bounty, largely spread,
By whom our every want is fed,
Whate'er we touch, or taste, or see,
We owe them all, oh Lord! to Thee;
The corn, the oil, the purple wine,
Are all Thy gifts, and only Thine!

The stream Thy word to nectar dyed,
The bread Thy blessing multiplied,
The stormy wind, the whelming flood,
That silent at Thy mandate stood,
How well they knew Thy voice Divine,
Whose works they were, and only Thine!

Though now no more on earth we trace
Thy footsteps of celestial grace,
Obedient to Thy word and will
We seek Thy daily mercy still;
Its blessed beams around us shine,
And Thine we are, and only Thine!

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

NO. II.

INCARNATE Word, who, wont to dwell
In lowly shape and cottage cell,
Didst not refuse a guest to be,
At Cana's poor festivity:

Oh, when our soul from care is free,
Then, Saviour, may we think on Thee,
And, seated at the festal board,
In fancy's eye behold the Lord.

Then may we seem, in fancy's ear,
Thy manna-dropping tongue to hear,
And think,—even now, Thy searching gaze
Each secret of our soul surveys!

So may such joy, chastised and pure,
Beyond the bounds of earth endure;
Nor pleasure in the wounded mind
Shall leave a rankling sting behind!

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

NO. III.

When on her Maker's bosom
The new-born earth was laid,
And Nature's opening blossom
Its fairest bloom display'd;

When all with fruit and flowers
The laughing soil was drest,
And Eden's fragrant bowers
Received their human guest;

No sin his face defiling,
The heir of nature stood,
And God, benignly smiling,
Beheld that all was good!

Yet, in that hour of blessing,
A single want was known;
A wish the heart distressing;
For Adam was alone!

Oh God of pure affection!
By men and saints adored,
Who gavest Thy protection
To Cana's nuptial board;

May such Thy bounties ever
To wedded love be shown,
And no rude hand dissever
Whom Thou hast link'd in one!

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

LORD! whose love, in power excelling,
Wash'd the leper's stain away,
Jesus! from Thy heavenly dwelling,
Hear us, help us, when we pray!

From the filth of vice and folly,
From infuriate passion's rage,
Evil thoughts and hopes unholy,
Heedless youth and selfish age;

From the lusts whose deep pollutions
Adam's ancient taint disclose,
From the Tempter's dark intrusions,
Restless doubt and blind repose;

From the miser's cursed treasure,
From the drunkard's jest obscene,
From the world, its pomp and pleasure,
Jesus! Master! make us clean!

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

NO. L.

WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seamen to cherish,
We fly to our Maker—"Help, Lord! or we perish!"

Oh Jesus! once toss'd on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
Now, seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his danger—"Help, Lord! or we perish!"

And oh, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When hell in our heart his wild warfare is waging,
Arise in Thy strength Thy redeemed to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer—"Help, Lord! or we perish!"

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

NO. II.

THE winds were howling o'er the deep,
Each wave a wat'ry hill,
The Saviour waken'd from His sleep,
He spake and all was still.

The madman in a tomb had made
His mansion of despair;
Woe to the traveller who stray'd
With heedless footstep there!

The chains hung broken from his arm,
Such strength can hell supply,
And fiendish hate, and fierce alarm
Flash'd from his hollow eye.

He met that glance so thrilling sweet,
He heard those accents mild,
And, melting at Messiah's feet,
Wept like a weaned child.

Oh madder than the raving man!
Oh deafer than the sea;
How long the time since Christ began
To call in vain on me?

He call'd me when my thoughtless prime
Was early ripe to ill;
I pass'd from folly on to crime,
And yet He call'd me still.

He call'd me in the time of dread,
When death was full in view,
I trembled on my feverish bed,
And rose to sin anew!

Yet could I hear Him once again,
As I have heard of old,
Methinks He should not call in vain
His wanderer to the fold.

Oh Thou that every thought canst know,
And answer every prayer;
Oh give me sickness, want, or woe,
But snatch me from despair!

My struggling will by grace controul,
Renew my broken vow!
What blessed light breaks on my soul?
O God! I hear Thee now.

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

THE God of Glory walks His round,
From day to day, from year to year,
And warns us each with awful sound,
"No longer stand ye idle here!

"Ye whose young cheeks are rosy bright,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,
Waste not of hope the morning light!
Ah fools! why stand ye idle here?

"Oh, as the griefs ye would assuage
That wait on life's declining year,
Secure a blessing for your age,
And work your Maker's business here!

"And ye, whose locks of scanty grey
Foretell your latest travail near,
How swiftly fades your worthless day!
And stand ye yet so idle here?

"One hour remains, there is but one!
But many a shriek and many a tear
Through endless years the guilt must moan
Of moments lost and wasted here!"

Oh Thou, by all Thy works adored,
To whom the sinner's soul is dear,
Recall us to Thy vineyard, Lord!
And grant us grace to please Thee here!

SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

Oh God! by whom the seed is given;
By whom the harvest blest;
Whose word, like manna shower'd from Heaven,
Is planted in our breast;

Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care!

Though buried deep or thinly strewn
Do Thou Thy grace supply;
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky!

QUINQUAGESIMA.

LORD of Mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher infinite,
Jesus, hear and save!

Who, when sin's primæval doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn a Virgin's womb,
Jesus, hear and save!

Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save!

Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save!

Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesus, hear and save!

THIRD SUNDAY IN LEN..

VIRGIN-born! we bow before Thee!
Blessed was the womb that bore Thee!
Mary, mother meek and mild,
Blessed was she in her child!

Blessed was the breast that fed Thee!
Blessed was the hand that led Thee!
Blessed was the parent's eye
That watch'd Thy slumbering infancy!

Blessed she by all creation,
Who brought forth the world's Salvation!
And blessed they, for ever blest,
Who love Thee most and serve Thee best!

"Virgin-born! we bow before Thee!
Blessed was the womb that bore Thee!
Mary, mother meek and mild,
Blessed was she in her child!

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

On King of earth and air and sea!
The hungry ravens cry to Thee;
To Thee the scaly tribes that sweep
The bosom of the boundless deep;

To Thee the lions roaring call,
The common Father, kind to all!
Then grant Thy servants, Lord! we pray,
Our daily bread from day to day!

The fishes may for food complain;
The ravens spread their wings in vain;
The roaring lions lack and pine;
But, God! Thou carest still for Thine!

Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and lonely wilderness;
And Thou hast taught us, Lord! to pray
For daily bread from day to day!

And oh, when through the wilds we roam
That part us from our heavenly home;
When lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow;

Do Thou Thy gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul may live;
And grant Thy servants, Lord! we pray,
The bread of life from day to day!

FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

Oh Thou whom neither time nor space
Can circle in, unseen, unknown,
Nor faith in boldest flight can trace,
Save through Thy Spirit and Thy Son!

And Thou that from Thy bright abode,
To us in mortal weakness shown,
Didst graft the manhood into God,
Eternal, co-eternal Son!

And Thou, whose unction from on high
By comfort, light, and love is known!
Who, with the Parent Deity,
Dread Spirit! art for ever one!

Great First and Last! Thy blessing give!
And grant us faith, Thy gift alone,
To love and praise Thee while we live,
And do whate'er Thou wouldst have done!

SIXTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

The Lord of might, from Sinai's brow,
Gave forth His voice of thunder;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretch'd in fear and wonder.
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And, at His left hand and His right,
The rocks were rent asunder!

The Lord of Love, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to Heaven His languid eye,
In nature's hour of danger.
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

The Lord of Love, the Lord of Might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated;
With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
And hallelujahs loud and long
O'er death and hell defeated!

GOOD FRIDAY.

Oh more than merciful! whose bounty gave
Thy guiltless self to glut the greedy grave!
Whose heart was rent to pay Thy people's price;
The great High-priest at once and sacrifice!
Help, Saviour, by Thy cross and crimson stain,
Nor let Thy glorious blood be spilt in vain!

When sin with flowery garland hides her dart,
When tyrant force would daunt the sinking heart,
When fleshly lust assails, or worldly care,
Or the soul flutters in the fowler's snare,—
Help, Saviour, by Thy cross and crimson stain,
Nor let Thy glorious blood be spilt in vain!

And, chiefest then, when Nature yields the strife,
And mortal darkness wraps the gate of life;
When the poor spirit from the tomb set free,
Sinks at Thy feet and lifts its hope to Thee,—
Help, Saviour, by Thy cross and crimson stain,
Nor let Thy glorious blood be spilt in vain.

EASTER DAY.

God is gone up with a merry noise
Of saints that sing on high,
With His own right hand and His holy arm
He hath won the victory!

Now empty are the courts of death,
And crush'd thy sting, despair;
And roses bloom in the desert tomb,
For Jesus hath been there!

And He hath tamed the strength of Hell,
And dragg'd him through the sky,
And captive behind His chariot wheel,
He hath bound captivity.

God is gone up with a merry noise
Of saints that sing on high;
With His own right hand and His holy arm
He hath won the victory!

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

LIFE nor Death shall us dissever
From His love who reigns for ever:
Will He fail us? Never! never!
When to Him we cry!

Sin may seek to snare us,
Fury Passion tear us!
Doubt and fear, and grim Despair,
Their fangs against us try;

But His might shall still defend us,
And His blessed Son befriend us,
And his Holy Spirit send us
Comfort ere we die!

ASCENSION DAY AND SUNDAY AFTER.

"Sit Thou on my right hand, my Son!" saith the Lord.
"Sit Thou on my right hand, my Son!
Till in the fatal hour
Of my wrath, and my power,
Thy foes shall be a footstool to Thy throne!"

"Prayer shall be made to Thee, my Son!" saith the Lord.
"Prayer shall be made to Thee, my Son!
From earth and air and sea,
And all that in them be,
Which Thou for Thine heritage hast won!"

"Daily be Thou praised, my Son!" saith the Lord.
"Daily be Thou praised, my Son!
And all that live and move,
Let them bless Thy bleeding love,
And the work which Thy worthiness hath done!

WHITSUNDAY.

SPIRIT of Truth! on this Thy day
To Thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

We ask not, Lord! Thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long Thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.

We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more;
Enough for us to trace Thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

We neither have nor seek the power
Ill demons to controul;
But Thou, in dark temptation's hour,
Shalt chase them from the soul.

No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share!
Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near
And bless Thee in our prayer.

When tongues shall cease and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay
With Faith, with Hope, with Love!

TRINITY SUNDAY.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be!

Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty! [and sea.
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

NO. I.

Room for the proud! Ye sons of clay,
From far his sweeping pomp survey,
Nor, rashly curious, clog the way
His chariot wheels before!

Lo! with what scorn his lofty eye
Glances o'er age and poverty,
And bids intruding conscience fly
Far from his palace door!

Room for the proud! but slow the feet
That bear his coffin down the street:
And dismal seems his winding-sheet
Who purple lately wore!

Ah! where must now his spirit fly
In naked, trembling agony;
Or how shall he for mercy cry,
Who show'd it not before!

Room for the proud! in ghastly state
The lords of hell his coming wait,
And flinging wide the dreadful gate
That shuts to ope no more,

'Lo here with us the seat," they cry,
'For him who mock'd at poverty,
And bade intruding conscience fly
Far from his palace door."

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

NO. II.

THE feeble pulse, the gasping breath,
The clenched teeth, the glazed eye,
Are these thy sting, thou dreadful death?
O grave, are these thy victory?

The mourners by our parting bed,
The wife, the children weeping nigh,
The dismal pageant of the dead,—
These, these are not thy victory!

But, from the much-loved world to part,
Our lust untamed, our spirit high,
All nature struggling at the heart,
Which, dying, feels it dare not die!

To dream through life a gaudy dream
Of pride and pomp and luxury,
Till waken'd by the nearer gleam
Of burning boundless agony;

To meet o'er-soon our angry King,
Whose love we pass'd unheeded by;
Lo this, O death, thy deadliest sting!
O grave, and this thy victory!

O Searcher of the secret heart,
Who deign'd for sinful man to die!
Restore us ere the spirit part,
Nor give to hell the victory!

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here:
Weary and weak Thy grace we pray:
Turn not, O Lord! Thy guests away!

Long have we roam'd in want and pain,
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain;
Wilder'd in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord! Thy guests away!

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THERE was joy in Heaven!
There was joy in Heaven!
When this goodly world to frame
The Lord of might and mercy came:
Shouts of joy were heard on high,
And the stars sang from the sky—
"Glory to God in Heaven!"

There was joy in Heaven!
There was joy in Heaven!
When the billows, heaving dark
Sank around the stranded ark,
And the rainbow's watery span
Spake of mercy, hope to man,
And peace with God in Heaven!

There was joy in Heaven!
There was joy in Heaven!
When of love the midnight beam
Dawn'd on the towers of Bethlehem;
And along the echoing hill
Angels sang—"On earth good will,
And glory in the Heaven!"

There is joy in Heaven!
There is joy in Heaven!
When the sheep that went astray
Turns again to virtue's way;
When the soul, by grace subdued,
Sobs its prayer of gratitude,
Then is there joy in Heaven!

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green;
I praised the sea whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And earth and ocean seem'd to say
"Our beauties are but for a day!"

I praised the sun, whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky!
And moon and sun in answer said,
"Our days of light are numbered!"

O God! O Good beyond compare!
If thus Thy meaner works are fair!
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee!

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

CREATOR of the rolling flood!
On whom Thy people hope alone;
Who cam'st by water and by blood,
For man's offences to atone;

Who from the labours of the deep
Didst set Thy servant Peter free,
To feed on earth Thy chosen sheep,
And build an endless church to Thee.

Grant us, devoid of worldly care,
And leaning on Thy bounteous hand,
To seek Thy help in humble prayer,
And on Thy sacred rock to stand:

And when, our livelong toil to crown,
Thy call shall set the spirit free,
To cast with joy our burthen down,
And rise, O Lord! and follow Thee!

SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

When spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil;
When summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil;
When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood,
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade;
The winds that sweep the mountain or lull the drowsy glade,
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way,
The moon and stars, their Master's name in silent pomp display.

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Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,
Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny?
No, let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease
to be,
Thee, Master, must we always love, and, Saviour, honour
Thee.

The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of Summer
fade,
The autumn droop in winter, the birds forsake the
shade;
The winds be lull'd—the sun and móon forget th
decree,
But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord! will cling to
Thee.

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

JERUSALEM, Jerusalem! enthroned once on high,
Thou favour'd home of God on earth, thou Heaven below the sky!
Now brought to bondage with thy sons, a curse and grief to see,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem! our tears shall flow for thee.

Oh! hadst thou known thy day of grace, and flock'd beneath the wing
Of Him who call'd thee lovingly, thine own anointed King,
Then had the tribes of all the world gone up thy pomp to see,
And glory dwelt within thy gates, and all thy sons been free.

"And who art thou that mournest me?" replied the ruin grey,
"And fear'st not rather that thyself may prove a cast-away?
I am a dried and abject branch, my place is given to thee;
But woe to every barren graft of thy wild olive-tree!

"Our day of grace is sunk in night, our time of mercy spent,
For heavy was my children's crime, and strange their punishment;
Yet gaze not idly on our fall, but, sinner, warned be,
Who spared not His chosen seed may send His wrath on thee!

"Our day of grace is sunk in night, thy noon is in its prime;
Oh turn and seek thy Saviour's face in this accepted time!
So, Gentile, may Jerusalem a lesson prove to thee,
And in the new Jerusalem thy home for ever be!"

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

"Who yonder on the desert heath,
Complains in feeble tone?"
—"A pilgrim in the vale of death,
Faint, bleeding, and alone!"

"How cam'st thou to this dismal strand
Of danger, grief, and shame?"
—"From blessed Sion's holy land,
By Folly led, I came!"

"What ruffian hand hath stript thee bare?
Whose fury laid thee low?"
—"Sin for my footsteps twined her snare,
And death has dealt the blow!"

"Can art no medicine for thy wound,
Nor nature strength supply?"
—"They saw me bleeding on the ground,
And pass'd in silence by!"

"But, sufferer! is no comfort near
Thy terrors to remove?"
—"There is to whom my soul was dear,
But I have scorn'd His love."

"What if His hand were nigh to save
From endless Death thy days!"
—"The soul He ransom'd from the grave
Should live but to His praise!"

"Rise then, oh rise! His health embrace,
With heavenly strength renew'd;
And, such as is thy Saviour's grace,
Such be thy gratitude!"

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lo the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to Nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of Heaven!

Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy;
"Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow!

"Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we, poor citizens of air?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily.
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow!
God provideth for the morrow!

"One there lives whose Guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny;
One there lives who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall:
Pass we blithely then, the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow!"

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

WAKE! not, oh mother! sounds of lamentation!
Weep not, oh widow! weep not hopelessly!
Strong is His arm, the Bringer of Salvation,
Strong is the Word of God to succour thee!

Bear forth the cold corpse, slowly, slowly bear him:
Hide his pale features with the sable pall:
Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near him:
Widow'd and childless, she has lost her all!

Why pause the mourners? Who forbids our weeping?
Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delay'd?
"Set down the bier,—he is not dead but sleeping!
Young man, arise!"—He spake, and was obey'd!

Change then, oh sad one! grief to exultation:
Worship and fall before Messiah's knee.
Strong was His arm, the Bringer of Salvation;
Strong was the Word of God to succour thee!

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Oh blest were the accents of early creation,
When the Word of Jehovah came down from above;
In the clods of the earth to infuse animation,
And wake their cold atoms to life and to love?

And mighty the tones which the firmament rended,
When on wheels of the thunder, and wings of the wind,
By lightning, and hail, and thick darkness attended,
He utter'd on Sinai His laws to mankind.

And sweet was the voice of the First-born of Heaven,
(Though poor His apparel, though earthly His form,)
Who said to the mourner, "Thy sins are forgiven!"
"Be whole!" to the sick,—and "Be still!" to the storm,

Oh Judge of the world! when, array'd in Thy glory,
Thy summons again shall be heard from on high,
While nature stands trembling and naked before Thee,
And waits on Thy sentence to live or to die;

When the Heaven shall fly fast from the sound of Thy
thunder,
And the sun, in Thy lightnings, grow languid and
pale,
And the sea yield her dead, and the Tomb cleave
asunder,
In the hour of Thy terrors, let mercy prevail!

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE sound of war? In earth and air
The volleying thunders roll:
Their fiery darts the fiends prepare,
And dig the pit, and spread the snare,
Against the Christian's soul.
The tyrant's sword, the rack, the flame,
The scorner's serpent tone,
Of bitter doubt the barbed aim,
All, all conspire his heart to tame:
Force, fraud, and hellish fires assail
The rivets of his heavenly mail,
Amidst his foes alone.

Gods of the world! ye warrior host
Of darkness and of air,
In vain is all your impious boast,
In vain each missile lightning tost,
In vain the tempter's snare!

Though fast and far your arrows fly,
Though mortal nerve and bone
Shrink in convulsive agony,
The Christian can your rage defy:
Towers o'er his head Salvation's crest,
Faith like a buckler, guards his breast,
Undaunted, though alone.

'Tis past! 'tis o'er! in foul defeat
The Demon host are fled!
Before the Saviour's mercy-seat,
(His live-long work of faith complete),
Their conqueror bends his head.
"The spoils Thyself hast gained, Lord!
I lay before Thy throne:
Thou wert my rock, my shield, my sword;
My trust was in Thy name and word:
'Twas in Thy strength my heart was strong;
Thy spirit went with mine along;
How was I then alone?"

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Oh God! my sins are manifold, against my life they cry,
And all my guilty deeds foregone, up to Thy temple fly;
Wilt Thou release my trembling soul, that to despair is driven?
"Forgive!" a blessed voice replied, "and thou shalt be forgiven!"

My foemen, Lord! are fierce and fell, they spurn me in their pride,
They render evil for my good, my patience they deride;
Arise, oh King; and be the proud to righteous ruin driven!
"Forgive!" an awful answer came, "as thou wouldst be forgiven!"

Seven times, O Lord! I pardon'd them, seven times
they sinn'd again:
They practise still to work me woe, they triumph in my
pain;
But let them dread my vengeance now, to just resent-
ment driven!
"Forgive!" the voice of thunder spake, "or never be
forgiven!"

TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

From foes that would the land devour;
From guilty pride, and lust of power;
From wild sedition's lawless hour;
From yoke of slavery:
From blinded zeal by faction led;
From giddy change by fancy bred;
From poisonous error's serpent head,
Good Lord, preserve us free!

Defend, O God! with guardian hand
The laws and ruler of our land,
And grant our church Thy grace to stand
In faith and unity!
The Spirit's help of Thee we crave,
That Thou whose blood was shed to save,
May'st at Thy second coming, have
A flock to welcome Thee!

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

To conquer and to save, the Son of God
Came to His own in great humility,
Who wont to ride on cherub-wings abroad,
And round Him wrap the mantle of the sky.
The mountains bent their necks to form His road;
The clouds dropt down their fatness from on high;
Beneath His feet the wild waves softly flow'd,
And the winds kiss'd His garment tremblingly!

The grave unbolted half his grisly door,
(For darkness and the deep had heard His fame,
Nor longer might their ancient rule endure;)
The mightiest of mankind stood hush'd and tame:
And, trooping on strong wing, His angels came
To work His will, and kingdom to secure:
No strength He needed save His Father's name;
Babes were His heralds, and His friends the poor!

FOR ST. JAMES'S DAY.

THOUGH sorrows rise, and dangers roll
In waves of darkness o'er my soul,
Though friends are false and love decays,
And few and evil are my days,
Though conscience, fiercest of my foes,
Swells with remember'd guilt my woes,
Yet ev'n in nature's utmost ill,
I love Thee, Lord! I love Thee still!

Though Sinai's curse, in thunder dread,
Peals o'er mine unprotected head,
And memory points, with busy pain,
To grace and mercy given in vain,
Till nature, shrinking in the strife,
Would fly to hell to 'scape from life,
Though every thought has power to kill
I love Thee, Lord! I love Thee still!

Oh, by the pangs Thyself hast borne,
The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn;
By Sinai's curse, whose dreadful doom
Was buried in Thy guiltless tomb:
By these my pangs, whose healing smart,
Thy grace hath planted in my heart;
I know, I feel, Thy bounteous will!
Thou lovest me, Lord, Thou lovest me still!

MICHAELMAS DAY.

Oh Captain of God's host, whose dreadful might
Led forth to war the armed seraphim,
And from the starry height,
Subdued in burning fight,
Cast down that ancient dragon, dark and grim!

Thine angels, Christ! we laud in solemn lays,
Our elder brethren of the crystal sky,
Who, 'mid Thy glory's blaze,
The ceaseless anthem raise,
And gird Thy throne in faithful ministry!

We celebrate their love, whose viewless wing
Hath left for us so oft their mansion high,
The mercies of their King
To mortal saints to bring,
Or guard the couch of slumbering infancy.

But Thee, the First and Last, we glorify,
Who, when Thy world was sunk in death and sin,
Not with Thine hierarchy,
The armies of the sky,
But didst with Thine own arm the battle win.

Alone didst pass the dark and dismal shore,
Alone didst tread the wine-press, and alone,
All glorious in Thy gore,
Didst light and life restore,
To us who lay in darkness and undone!

Therefore, with angels and archangels, we
To Thy dear love our thankful chorus raise,
And tune our songs to Thee
Who art, and art to be,
And, endless as Thy mercies, sound Thy praise!

IN TIMES OF DISTRESS AND DANGER.

Oh God that madest earth and sky, the darkness and the day,
Give ear to this Thy family, and help us when we pray!
For wide the waves of bitterness around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart to view the rocky shore!

The cross our Master bore for us, for Him we fain would bear,
But mortal strength to weakness turns, and courage to despair!
Then mercy on our failings, Lord! our sinking faith renew!
And when Thy sorrows visit us, oh send Thy patience too!

BEFORE A COLLECTION MADE FOR THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain!

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone!

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With Wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name!

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole!
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

BEFORE THE SACRAMENT.

Bread of the world in mercy broken!
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed!
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead!

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed!

EVENING HYMN.

God that madest Earth and Heaven,
Darkness and light!
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night!
May Thine Angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night!

AT A FUNERAL.

Beneath our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the Heaven!

Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is gone,
Ourselves may be as they.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour!

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And Fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb,
And yet shall earth our hearts engage
And dreams of days to come?

Turn mortal, turn! thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie
Shall live for Hell or Heaven!

AN INTROIT, TO BE SUNG BETWEEN THE LITANY AND COMMUNION SERVICE.

Oh most merciful!
Oh most bountiful!
God the Father Almighty!
By the Redeemer's
Sweet intercession
Hear us, help us when we cry!

AT A FUNERAL.

THOU art gone to the Grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb:
Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom!

Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the SINLESS has died!

Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long;
But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heardst was the Seraphim's song!

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide;
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died!

ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

OH. Saviour of the faithful dead,
With whom Thy servants dwell,
Though cold and green the turf is spread
Above their narrow cell,—

No more we cling to mortal clay,
We doubt and fear no more,
Nor shrink to tread the darksome way
Which Thou hast trod before!

'Twas hard from those I loved to go,
Who knelt around my bed,
Whose tears bedew'd my burning brow,
Whose arms upheld my head!

As fading from my dizzy view,
I sought their forms in vain,
The bitterness of death I knew,
And groan'd to live again.

'Twas dreadful when th' Accuser's power
Assail'd my sinking heart,
Recounting every wasted hour,
And each unworthy part.

But Jesus! in that mortal fray,
Thy blessed comfort stole,
Like sunshine in a stormy day,
Across my darken'd soul!

When soon or late, this feeble breath
No more to Thee shall pray,
Support me through the vale of death,
And in the darksome way!

When cloth'd in fleshly weeds again
I wait thy dread decree, ...
Judge of the world! bethink Thee then
That Thou hast died for me.

FRAGMENT OF A POEM

ON

THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair.
Gen. vi. 2.

FRAGMENT OF A POEM

ON

THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

THERE came a spirit down at eventide
To the city of Enoch, and the terrac'd height
Of Jared's palace. On his turret top
There Jared sate, the king, with lifted face
And eyes intent on Heaven, whose sober light
Slept on his ample forehead, and the locks
Of crisped silver; beautiful in age,
And, (but that pride had dimm'd, and lust of war,
Those reverend features with a darker shade,)
Of saintly seeming,—yet no saintly mood,
No heavenward musing fix'd that steadfast eye,
God's enemy, and tyrant of mankind.
To whom that demon herald, from the wing
Alighting, spake: "Thus saith the prince of air,

Whose star flames brightest in the van of night,
Whom gods and heroes worship, all who sweep
On sounding wing the arch of nether heaven,
Or walk in mail the earth,—'Thy prayers are heard,
And the rich fragrance of thy sacrifice
Hath not been wafted on the winds in vain.
Have I not seen thy child, that she is fair?
Give me thine Ada, thy beloved one,
And she shall be my queen; and from her womb
Shall giants spring, to rule the seed of Cain,
And sit on Jared's throne!' " Then Jared rose,
And spread his hands before the Evil power,
And lifted up his voice and laugh'd for joy.
" Say to my Lord, thus saith the king of men,—
Thou art my god,—thy servant I,—my child
Is as thine handmaid!—Nay, abide awhile,
To taste the banquet of an earthly hall,
And leave behind thy blessing!" But, in mist,
And like a vision from a waken'd man,
The cloudy messenger dissolved away,
There melting where the moonbeam brightest fell.
Then Jared turn'd, and from the turret top
Call'd on his daughter—" Haste, my beautiful!
Mine Ada, my beloved! bind with flowers

Thy coal-black hair, and heap the sacred pile
With freshest odours, and provoke the dance
With harp and gilded organ, for this night
We have found favour in immortal eyes,
And the great gods have bless'd us." Thus he spake,
Nor spake unheeded; in the ample hall
His daughter heard, where, by the cedar fire,
Amidst her maidens, o'er the ivory loom
She pass'd the threads of gold. They hush'd the song
Which, wafted on the fragrant breeze of night,
Swept o'er the city like the ringdove's call;
And forth with all her damsels Ada came,
As mid the stars the silver-mantled moon,
In stature thus and form pre-eminent,
Fairest of mortal maids. Her father saw
That perfect comeliness, and his proud heart
In purer bliss expanded. Long he gaz'd,
Nor wonder deem'd that such should win the love
Of Genius or of Angel; such the cheek
Glossy with purple youth, such the large eye,
Whose broad black mirror, through its silken fringe,
Glisten'd with softer brightness, as a star
That nightly twinkles o'er a mountain well:
Such the long locks, whose raven mantle fell

Athwart her ivory shoulders, and o'erspread
Down to the heel her raiment's filmy fold.
She, bending first in meekness, rose to meet
Her sire's embrace, than him alone less tall,
Whom, since primeval Cain, the sons of men
Beheld unrivall'd; then, with rosy smile,
"What seeks," she said, "my father? Why remain
On thy lone tower, when from the odorous hearth
The sparkles rise within, and Ada's hand
Hath deck'd thy banquet?" But the king replied,—
"O fairest, happiest, best of mortal maids,
My prayer is heard, and from yon western star
Its lord hath look'd upon thee; as I sate
Watching the Heavens, a Heavenly spirit came
From him whom chiefest of the host of Heaven
Our fathers honour'd,—whom we nightly serve
(Since first Jehovah scorn'd such sacrifice)
With frankincense and flowers and oil and corn,
Our bloodless offering; him whose secret strength
Hath girded us to war, and given the world
To bow beneath our sceptre. He hath seen
My child, that she is fair, and from her womb
Shall giants spring, to rule the seed of Cain,
And sit on Jared's throne. What, silent! nay,

Kneel not to me; in loud thanksgiving kneel
To him whose choice—Now by the glorious stars
She weeps, she turns away! Unhappy child!
And lingers yet thy mother's boding lore
So deeply in thy soul? Curse on the hour
That ever Jared bore a bride away
From western Eden! Have I train'd thy youth
Untouch'd by mortal love, by mortal eyes
Seen and adored far off, and in the shrine
Of solemn majesty reserved, a flower
Of guarded paradise, whom men should praise,
But angels only gather? Have I toil'd
To swell thy greatness, till our brazen chain
From furthest Ararat to ocean's stream
Hath bound the nations? And when all my vows
At length are crown'd, and Heaven with earth conspires
To yield thee worship, dost thou then rebel,
And hate thy happiness? Bethink thee, maid,
Ere yet thine answer, not to be recall'd,
Hath pass'd those ivory gates—bethink thee well.
Who shall recount the blessings which our gods
Have richly lavish'd on the seed of Cain?
And who, if stung by thine ingratitude,
Can meet their vengeance?" Then the maiden rose,

And folding on her breast her ivory arms,
"Father," she said, "thou deem'st thy warrior gods
Are mighty,—One above is mightier:
Name Him, they tremble. Kind, thou call'st them;
Lavish of blessings. Is that blessedness
To sin with them? to hold a hideous rule,
Water'd with widows' tears and blood of men,
O'er those who curse our name? Thy bands went forth,
And brought back captives from the palmy side
Of far Euphrates. One thou gavest me,
A woman for mine handmaid; I have heard
Her mournful songs as, in the strangers' land
She wept and plied the loom. I question'd her:
Oh, what a tale she told! And are they good,—
The gods whose work these are! They are not good,—
And, if not good, not gods. But there is One,
I know, I feel, a good, a Holy One,
The God who fills my heart, when, with glad tears,
I think upon my mother; when I strive
To be like her, like her to soothe thy cares
With perfect tenderness. O father, king,
Most honour'd, most belov'd, than Him alone
Who gives us all less worshipp'd! at thy feet
I lowly cast me down; I clasp thy knees,

And, in her name who most of womankind
Thy soul hath blessed, by whose bed of death
In short-lived penitence thy sorrow vow'd
To serve her God alone,—forgive me now
If I resemble her!" But in fierce wrath
The king replied,—"And know'st thou not, weak girl,
Thy God hath cast us off? hath scorn'd of old
Our father's offering, driven us from His face,
And mark'd us for destruction? Can thy prayer
Pierce through the curse of Cain—thy duty please
That terrible One, whose angels are not free
From sin before Him?" Then the maiden spake:
"Alas! I know mine own unworthiness,
Our hapless race I know. Yet God is good;
Yet is He merciful: the sire of Cain
Forgiveness found, and Cain himself, though steep'd
In brother's blood, had found it, if his pride
Had not disdain'd the needful sacrifice,
And turn'd to other masters. One shall be,
In after times, my mother wont to tell,
Whose blood shall help the guilty. When my soul
Is sick to death, this comfort lingers here,
This hope survives within me; for His sake,
Whose name I know not, God will hear my prayer,

And, though He slay me, I will trust in Him."
Here Ada ceased, for from her father's eye
The fire flash'd fast, and on his curling lip
The white foam trembled. "Gone," he cried, "all gone!
My heart's desire, the labour of my youth,
Mine age's solace gone! Degenerate child,
Enemy of our gods, chief enemy
To thine own glory! What forbids my foot
To spurn thy life out, or this dreadful hand
To cast thee from the tower a sacrifice
To those whom thou hast scorn'd? Accurs'd be thou
Of Him thou seek'st in vain! accursed He,
Whose hated worship hath entic'd thy feet
From the bright altars of the host of Heaven!
I curse Him—mark me well—I curse Him, Ada!
And, lo! He smiteth not!" But Ada bow'd
Her head to earth, and hid her face, and wept
In agony of prayer. "Yea," cried the king,
"Yea, let Him smite me now, for what hath life
Left worth the keeping? Yet, I thank the stars,
Vengeance may yet be mine! Look up and hear
Thy monarch, not thy father! Till this hour
I have spared thy mother's people; they have pray'd
And hymn'd, and have blasphem'd the prince of air;

And, as thou saidest, they have curs'd my reign;
And I have spar'd them! But no longer—no!
Thyself hast lit the fire, nor Lucifer
Shall longer tax my sword for tardy zeal,
And thou shalt live to see it!" From his path
He spurn'd his prostrate child, and groaning, wrapt
The mantle round his face, and pass'd away
Unheard of her whom, stretch'd in seeming death,
Her maidens tended. Oh, that, in this hour
Her soul had fled indeed, nor wak'd again
To keener suffering! Yet shall man refuse
The bitter cup whose dregs are blessedness?
Or shall we hate the friendly hand which guides
To nobler triumph through severer woe?
Thus Ada murmur'd, thus within her spake
(In answer to such impious murmurings)
A spirit not her own. Stretch'd on her couch
She silent lay. The maidens had retir'd
Observant of her rest. Her nurse alone,
Shaking and muttering with a parent's fear,
Knelt by her side, and watch'd her painful breath,
And the wild horror of her fixed eye,
And long'd to hear her voice. "Peninnah! thou!
My mother, is it thou?" the princess cried;

And that old woman kiss'd her feet and wept
In rapturous fondness. "Oh my child! my child!
The blessing of thy mother's mighty God
Rest on thine innocent head, and 'quite thy love
For those kind accents. All, my lovely one,
All may be well. Thy father doats on thee;
And, when his wrath is spent, his love, be sure,
Will grant thee all thy will. Oh lamps of Heaven!
Can ye behold her thus nor pity her!
Is this your love, ye gods!"—"Name not the gods,"
The princess cried, "the wretched gods of Cain;
My mother's God be mine; they are no gods
Whose fleshly fancy doats on mortal clay,
Whose love is ruin! Thinkest thou this night
I have first withstood their tempting? first have proved
Their utter weakness?"—"Have the angels, then,
Visited thee of old?" the nurse inquired,
"Or hath thy father told thee of their love
And thou hast kept it from me?" As she spake
A bright and bitter glance of lofty scorn
Shot from the virgin's eyes. A mantling blush
Of hallow'd courage darken'd on her cheek;
She waved her arm as one whose kingly state
Repels intrusion from his privacy,

And answer'd, with a calm but painful smile:
"They are beside us now! Nay quake not thus,
I fear them not; yet they are terrible—
But they are past, resist them and they flee,
And all is peace again; yet have I groan'd
Beneath such visitation, till my faith
In Him I serve hath almost pass'd away."
With that she rose, and wrapt in silent thought,
Gaz'd through the portal long,—then pac'd awhile
The marble pavement, now from side to side
Tossing her restless arms, now clasping close
Her hands in supplication, lifting now
Her eloquent eyes to Heaven,—then sought again
Her lowly couch, and, by the nurse's side,
Resum'd the wondrous tale. "Oh friend," she cried,
"And only mother now, yon silver moon
Has twenty times renew'd her course in Heaven,
Since, as my bosom o'er its girlish zone
With painful tightness rose, I bade thee change
Th' imprisoning cincture. Canst thou yet recal
Thy playful words of praise—thy prophecies
Of one to loose ere long that golden clasp,
A royal bridegroom? Strange to me, thy words
Sunk in my soul, and busy fancy strove

To picture forth that unknown visitant,
His form and bearing. Musing thus, and lost
In troubl'd contemplation, o'er my soul
A heavy slumber fell; I sank not down;
I saw, I heard, I mov'd; the spell was laid
Within me, and from forth my secret heart
A stranger's accents came: 'Oh! blessed maid!
Most beautiful, most honour'd! not for thee
Be mortal marriage, nor the feeble love
Of those whose beauty is a mortal dream,
Whose age a shadow. What is man, whose day,
In the poor circuit of a thousand years,
Reverts again to dust? Thee, maiden! thee
The Gods have seen: the never-dying stars
Gaze on thy loveliness, and thou shalt reign
A new Astarte. Bind thy flowing hair,
Brace on thy sandals, seek the myrtle grove
West of the city, and the cavern well,
Whose clear black waters from their silent spring
Ripple with ceaseless stir: thy lover there
Waits thee in secret, and thy soul shall learn
The raptures of a god! But cast away
That peevish bauble which thy mother gave,
Her hated talisman.' That word recall'd

My straggling senses and her dying prayer
Pass'd through my soul like fire; the tempter fell
Abash'd before it, and a living voice
Of most true consolation o'er me came,
'Nor love nor fear them, Ada; love not them
Who hate thy mother's memory; fear not them
Who fear thy mother's God; for this she gave,
Prophetic of this hour, that graven gold,
Which bears the title of the Eternal One,
And binds thee to His service: guard it well,
And guard the faith it teaches; safer so
Than girt around by brazen walls, and gates
Of seven-fold cedar.' Since that hour, my heart
Hath kept its covenant, nor shrunk beneath
The spirits of evil; yet, not so repell'd,
They watch me in my walks, spy out my ways,
And still with nightly whispers vex my soul,
To seek the myrtle thicket. Bolder now,
They speak of duty—of a father's will,
Now first unkind—a father's kingly power,
Tremendous when oppos'd. My God, they say,
Bids me revere my parent; will He guard
A rebel daughter? Wiser to comply,
Ere force compels me to my happiness,

And to my lover yield that sacrifice
Which else my foe may seize. Oh God! great God!
Of whom I am, and whom I serve alone,
Be Thou my strength in weakness—Thou my guide,
And save me from this hour!" Thus, as she spake,
With naked feet and silent, in the cloud
Of a long mantle wrapt, as one who shuns
The busy eyes and babbling tongues of men,
A warrior enter'd; o'er his helm
The casque was drawn * * *

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TRANSLATIONS OF PINDAR.

TRANSLATIONS OF PINDAR.

THE FIRST OLYMPIC ODE.

TO HIERO OF SYRACUSE, VICTOR IN THE HORSE-RACE.

CAN earth, or fire, or liquid air,
With water's sacred stream compare?
Can aught that wealthy tyrants hold
Surpass the lordly blaze of gold?—
Or lives there one, whose restless eye
Would seek along the empty sky,
Beneath the sun's meridian ray,
A warmer star, a purer day?—
O thou, my soul, whose choral song
Would tell of contests sharp and strong,
Extol not other lists above
The circus of Olympian Jove;

Whence, borne on many a tuneful tongue,
To Saturn's seed the anthem sung,
With harp, and flute, and trumpet's call,
Hath sped to Hiero's festival.—

Over sheep-clad Sicily
Who the righteous sceptre beareth,
Every flower of Virtue's tree
Wove in various wreath he weareth.—
But the bud of Poesy
Is the fairest flower of all;
Which the bards, with social glee,
Strew round Hiero's wealthy hall.—
The harp on yonder pin suspended,
Seize it boy, for Pisa's sake;
And that good steed's, whose thought will wake
A joy with anxious fondness blended;—
No sounding lash his sleek side rended:—
By Alpheus' brink, with feet of flame,
Self-driven to the goal he tended:
And earn'd the olive wreath of fame
For that dear lord, whose righteous name
The sons of Syracusa tell:—
Who loves the generous courser well:

Belov'd himself by all who dwell
In Pelops' Lydian colony.—
—Of earth-embracing Neptune, he
The darling, when, in days of yore,
All lovely from the cauldron red
By Clotho's spell delivered,
The youth an ivory shoulder bore.—

—Well!—these are tales of mystery!—
And many a darkly-woven lie
With men will easy credence gain;
While truth, calm truth, may speak in vain:—
For eloquence, whose honey'd sway
Our frailer mortal wits obey,
Can honour give to actions ill,
And faith to deeds incredible;—
And bitter blame, and praises high,
Fall truest from posterity.—

But, if we dare the deeds rehearse
Of those that aye endure,
'T were meet that in such dangerous verse
Our every word were pure.—

Then, son of Tantalus, receive
A plain unvarnish'd lay!—
My song shall elder fables leave,
And of thy parent say,
That, when in heaven a favour'd guest,
He call'd the gods in turn to feast
On Sipylus, his mountain home;
The sovereign of the ocean foam,
—Can mortal form such favour prove?—
Rapt thee on golden car above
To highest house of mighty Jove;
To which, in after day,
Came golden-haired Ganymede,
As bards in ancient story read,
The dark-wing'd eagle's prey.—

And when no earthly tongue could tell
The fate of thee, invisible;—
Nor friends, who sought thee wide in vain,
To soothe the weeping mother's pain,
Could bring thy wanderer home again;
Some envious neighbour's spleen,
In distant hints, and darkly, said,

That in the cauldron hissing red,
And on the gods' great table spread,
Thy mangled limbs were seen.—

But who shall tax, I dare not, I,
The blessed gods with gluttony?—
Full oft the slanderous tongue has felt
By their high wrath the thunder dealt;—
And sure, if ever mortal head
Heaven's holy watchers honoured,
That head was Lydia's lord.—
Yet, could not mortal heart digest
The wonders of that heavenly feast;
Elate with pride, a thought unblest
Above his nature soar'd.—
And now condemn'd to endless dread,—
(Such is the righteous doom of fate,)
He eyes, above his guilty head,
The shadowy rock's impending weight:—
The fourth, with that tormented three
In horrible society!—

For that, in frantic theft,
The nectar cup he reft,

And to his mortal peers in feasting pour'd,
For whom a sin it were
With mortal life to share
The mystic dainties of th' immortal board:
And who by policy
Can hope to 'scape the eye
Of him who sits above by men and gods adored?—

For such offence, a doom severe,
Sent down the son to sojourn here
Among the fleeting race of man;—
Who, when the curly down began
To clothe his cheek in darker shade,
To car-borne Pisa's royal maid
A lover's tender service paid.—
But, in the darkness first he stood
Alone, by ocean's hoary flood,
And rais'd to him the suppliant cry,
The hoarse earth-shaking deity.—

Nor call'd in vain, through cloud and storm
Half-seen, a huge and shadowy form,
The god of waters came,—

He came, whom thus the youth address'd—
"Oh thou, if that immortal breast
Have felt a lover's flame,
A lover's prayer in pity hear,
Repel the tyrant's brazen spear
That guards my lovely dame!—
And grant a car whose rolling speed
May help a lover at his need;
Condemn'd by Pisa's hand to bleed,
Unless I win the envied meed
In Elis' field of fame!—

For youthful knights thirteen
By him have slaughter'd been,
His daughter vexing with perverse delay—
Such to a coward's eye
Were evil augury;—
Nor durst a coward's heart the strife essay!
Yet, since alike to all
The doom of death must fall,
Ah! wherefore, sitting in unseemly shade,
Wear out a nameless life,
Remote from noble strife,
And all the sweet applause to valour paid?—

Yes!—I will dare the course! but, thou,
Immortal friend, my prayer allow!"—

Thus not in vain, his grief he told,—
The ruler of the watery space
Bestow'd a wondrous car of gold,
And tireless steeds of winged pace.—
So, victor in the deathful race,
He tamed the strength of Pisa's king,
And, from his bride of beauteous face,
Beheld a stock of warriors spring,
Six valiant sons, as legends sing.—
And now, with fame and virtue crown'd,
Where Alpheus' stream, in wat'ry ring,
Encircles half his turfy mound,
He sleeps beneath the piled ground,
Near that blest spot where strangers move
In many a long procession round
The altar of protecting Jove.—
Yet chief, in yonder lists of fame,
Survives the noble Pelops' name;
Where strength of hands and nimble feet
In stern and dubious contest meet;
And high renown and honey'd praise,

And following length of honour'd days,
The victor's weary toil repays.—

But what are past or future joys?—
The present is our own;—
And he is wise who best employs
The passing hour alone.—
To crown with knightly wreath the king,
(A grateful task,) be mine;—
And on the smooth Æolian string
To praise his ancient line!—
For ne'er shall wand'ring minstrel find
A chief so just,—a friend so kind;
With every grace of fortune blest;
The mightiest, wisest, bravest, best!—
God, who beholdeth thee and all thy deeds,
Have thee in charge, king Hiero!—so again
The bard may sing thy horny-hoofed steeds
In frequent triumph o'er the Olympian plain!—
Nor shall the bard awake a lowly strain,
His wild notes flinging o'er the Cronian steep;
Whose ready muse, and not invoked in vain,
For such high mark her strongest shaft shall keep.—

Each hath his proper eminence!—
To kings indulgent Providence
(No farther search the will of Heaven,)
The glories of the earth hath given.—
Still may'st thou reign! enough for me
To dwell with heroes like to thee,
Myself the chief of Grecian minstrelsy.—

II.

TO THERON OF AGRAGAS, VICTOR IN THE CHARIOT RACE.

O SONG! whose voice the harp obeys,
Accordant aye with answering string;
What god, what hero wilt thou praise,
What man of godlike prowess sing?—
Lo, Jove himself is Pisa's king;
And Jove's strong son the first to raise
The barriers of th' Olympic ring.—
And now, victorious on the wing
Of sounding wheels, our bards proclaim
The stranger Theron's honour'd name,
The flower of no ignoble race,
And prop of ancient Agragas!—
His patient sires, for many a year,
Where that blue river rolls its flood,
'Mid fruitless war and civil blood
Essay'd their sacred home to rear.—

Till time assign'd, in fatal hour,
Their native virtues, wealth and power;
And made them from their low degree,
The eye of warlike Sicily.

And, may that power of ancient birth,
From Saturn sprung, and parent Earth,
Of tall Olympus' lord,
Who sees with still benignant eye
The games' long splendour sweeping by
His Alpheus' holy ford:—
Appeas'd with anthems chanted high,
To Theron's late posterity
A happier doom accord!—
Or good or ill, the past is gone,
Nor time himself, the parent one,
Can make the former deeds undone;—
But who would these recal,—
When happier days would fain efface
The memory of each past disgrace,
And, from the gods, on Theron's race
Unbounded blessings fall?—

Example meet for such a song,
The sister queens of Laius' blood;
Who sorrow's edge endured long,
Made keener by remember'd good!—
Yet now, she breathes the air of Heaven
(On earth by smouldering thunder riven)
Long-haired Semele:—
To Pallas dear is she;—
Dear to the sire of gods, and dear
To him, her son, in dreadful glee
Who shakes the ivy-wreathed spear.—

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And thus, they tell that deep below
The sounding ocean's ebb and flow,
Amid the daughters of the sea,
A sister nymph must Ino be,
And dwell in bliss eternally:—
But, ignorant and blind,
We little know the coming hour!
Or if the latter day shall lower;
Or if to nature's kindly power
Our life in peace resign'd,
Shall sink like fall of summer eve,

And on the face of darkness leave
A ruddy smile behind.—
For grief and joy with fitful gale
Our crazy bark by turns assail,
And, whence our blessings flow,
That same tremendous Providence
Will oft a varying doom dispense,
And lay the mighty low.—

To Theban Laius that befel,
Whose son, with murder dyed,
Fulfill'd the former oracle,
Unconscious parricide!—
Unconscious!—yet avenging hell
Pursued the offender's stealthy pace,
And heavy, sure, and hard it fell,
The curse of blood, on all his race!
Spared from their kindred strife,
The young Thersander's life,
Stern Polynices' heir, was left alone:
In every martial game,
And in the field of Fame,
For early force and matchless prowess known:

Was left, the pride and prop to be
Of good Adrastus' pedigree.
And hence, through loins of ancient kings,
The warrior blood of Theron springs;
Exalted name! to whom belong
The minstrel's harp, the poet's song,
In fair Olympia crown'd;
And where, 'mid Pythia's olives blue,
An equal lot his brother drew;
And where his twice-twain coursers flew
The isthmus twelve times round.—
Such honour, earn'd by toil and care,
May best his ancient wrongs repair,
And wealth, unstain'd by pride,
May laugh at fortune's fickle power,
And blameless in the tempting hour
Of syren ease abide:—
Led by that star of heavenly ray,
Which best may keep our darkling way
O'er life's unsteady tide!—

For, whoso holds in righteousness the throne,
He in his heart hath known

How the foul spirits of the guilty dead,
In chambers dark and dread,
Of nether earth abide, and penal flame:
Where he whom none may name,
Lays bare the soul by stern necessity;
Seated in judgment high;
The minister of God whose arm is there,
In heaven alike and hell, almighty everywhere!—
But, ever bright, by day, by night,
Exulting in excess of light;
From labour free and long distress,
The good enjoy their happiness.—
No more the stubborn soil they cleave,
Nor stem for scanty food the wave;
But with the venerable gods they dwell:—
No tear bedims their thankful eye,
Nor mars their long tranquillity;
While those accursed howl in pangs unspeakable.—

But, who the thrice-renew'd probation
Of either world may well endure;
And keep with righteous destination
The soul from all transgression pure;

To such and such alone is given,
To walk the rainbow paths of heaven,
To that tall city of almighty time,
Where ocean's balmy breezes play,
And, flashing to the western day,
The gorgeous blossoms of such blessed clime,
Now in the happy isles are seen
Sparkling through the groves of green;
And now, all glorious to behold,
Tinge the wave with floating gold.—

Hence are their garlands woven—hence their hands
Fill'd with triumphal boughs;—the righteous doom
Of Rhadamanthus, whom, o'er these his lands,
A blameless judge in every time to come,
Chronos, old Chronos, sire of gods, hath placed;
Who with his consort dear,
Dread Rhea, reigneth here
On cloudy throne with deathless honour graced.—

And still they say, in high communion,
Peleus and Cadmus here abide;
And, with the blest in blessed union,
(Nor Jove has Thetis' prayer denied)

The daughter of the ancient sea
Hath brought her warrior boy to be;
Him whose stern avenging blow
Laid the prop of Ilium low,
Hector, train'd to slaughter fell,
By all but him invincible;—
And sea-born Cycnus tamed; and slew
Aurora's knight of Ethiop hue.—

Beneath my rattling belt I wear
A sheaf of arrows keen and clear,
Of vocal shafts, that wildly fly,
Nor ken the base their import high,
Yet to the wise they breathe no vulgar melody.
Yes, he is wise whom nature's dower
Hath raised above the crowd.—
But, train'd in study's formal hour,
There are who hate the minstrel's power,
As daws who mark the eagle tower,
And croak in envy loud!—
So let them rail! but thou! my heart,
Rest on the bow thy levell'd dart;
Nor seek a worthier aim
For arrow sent on friendship's wing,

Than him the Agragantine king
Who best thy song may claim.—
For, by eternal truth I swear,
His parent town shall scantly bear
A soul to every friend so dear,
A breast so void of blame;
Though twenty lustres rolling round,
With rising youth her nation crown'd,
In heart, in hand, should none be found
Like Theron's honour'd name.—
Yes! we have heard the factious lie!—
But let the babbling vulgar try
To blot his worth with tyranny.—
Seek thou the ocean strand!—
And when thy soul would fain record
The bounteous deeds of yonder lord,
Go—reckon up the sand!—

III.

TO THE SAME.

May my solemn strain ascending
Please the long-hair'd Helen well,
And those brave twins of Leda's shell
The stranger's holy cause defending!—
With whose high name the chorus blending
To ancient Agragas shall rise,
And Theron for the chariot prize
Again, and not in vain, contending.—
The muse, in numbers bold and high,
Hath taught my Dorian note to fly,
Worthy of silent awe, a strange sweet harmony.—

Yes!—as I fix mine eager view
On yonder wreath of paly blue,
That olive wreath, whose shady round
Amid the courser's mane is bound;

I feel again the sacred glow
That bids my strain of rapture flow,
With shrilly breath of Spartan flute,
The many-voiced harp to suit;
And wildly fling my numbers sweet,
Again mine ancient friend to greet.—

Nor, Pisa, thee I leave unsung;
To men the parent of renown.
Amid whose shady ringlets strung,
Etolia binds her olive crown;
Whose sapling root from Scythian dow
And Ister's fount Alcides bare,
To deck his parent's hallow'd town;
With placid brow and suppliant prayer
Soothing the favour'd northern seed,
Whose horny-hoofed victims bleed
To Phœbus of the flowing hair.

A boon from these the Hero pray'd:
One graft of that delightful tree;
To Jove's high hill a welcome shade,
To men a blessed fruit to be,
And crown of future victory.—

For that fair moon, whose slender light
With inefficient horn had shone,
When late on Pisa's airy height
He rear'd to Jove the altar stone;
Now, through the dappled air, alone,
In perfect ring of glory bright,
Guided her golden-wheeled throne;
The broad and burning eye of night.—
And now the days were told aright,
When Alpheus, from his sandy source,
Should judge the champion's eager might,
And mark of wheels the rolling force.—
Nor yet a tree to cheer the sight
The Cronian vale of Pelops bore!—
Obnoxious to the noonday weight
Of summer suns, a naked shore.—
But she who sways the silent sky,
Latona's own equestrian maid
Beheld how far Alcides stray'd,
Bound on adventure strange and high;
Forth from the glens of Arcady
To Istrian rocks in ice array'd
He urged the interminable race,
(Such penance had Eurystheus laid,)

The golden-horned hind to chase,
Which, grateful for Diana's aid,
By her redeem'd from foul embrace,
Old Atlas' daughter hallowed.—
Thus, following where the quarry fled,
Beyond the biting north he pass'd,
Beyond the regions of the blast,
And, all unknown to traveller's tread,
He saw the blessed land at last.—
He stopp'd, he gazed with new delight
When that strange verdure met his sight;
And soft desire inflamed his soul
(Where twelve-times round the chariots roll,)
To plant with such the Pisan goal.

But now, unseen to mortal eyes,
He comes to Theron's sacrifice;
And with him brings to banquet there
High-bosom'd Leda's knightly pair.—
Himself to high Olympus bound,
To these a latest charge he gave,
A solemn annual feast to found,
And of contending heroes round
To deck the strong, the swift, the brave.—

Nor doubt I that on Theron's head,
And on the good Eumenides,
The sons of Jove their blessing shed;
Whom still, with bounteous tables spread,
That holy tribe delight to please;
Observing with religious dread
The hospitable god's decrees.
But, wide as water passeth earthy clay,
Or sun-bright gold transcendeth baser ore:
Wide as from Greece to that remotest shore
Whose rock-built pillars own Alcides' sway;
Thy fame hath past thine equals!—To explore
The further ocean all in vain essay,
Or fools or wise;—here from thy perilous way
Cast anchor here, my bark! I dare no more!—

IV.

TO PSAUMIS OF CAMARINA.

Oh, urging on the tireless speed
Of thunder's elemental steed,
Lord of the world, Almighty Jove!
Since these thine hours have sent me forth
The witness of thy champion's worth,
And prophet of thine olive grove;—
And since the good thy poet hear,
And hold his tuneful message dear;—
Saturnian Lord of Etna hill!—
Whose storm-cemented rocks encage
The hundred-headed rebel's rage;
Accept with favourable will
The Muses' gift of harmony;
The dance, the song, whose numbers high
Forbid the hero's name to die,
A crown of life abiding still!—

Hark! round the car of victory,
Where noble Psaumis sits on high,
The cheering notes resound;
Who vows to swell with added fame
His Camarina's ancient name;
With Pisan olive crown'd.—
And thou, oh father, hear his prayer!—
For much I praise the knightly care
That trains the warrior steed:
Nor less the hospitable hall
Whose open doors the stranger call;
Yet, praise I Psaumis most of all
For wise and peaceful rede,
And patriot love of liberty.—
—What?—do we weave the glozing lie?—
Then whoso list my truth to try,
The proof be in the deed!—

To Lemnos' laughing dames of yore,
Such was the proof Ernicus bore,
When, matchless in his speed,
All brazen-arm'd the racer hoar,
Victorious on the applauding shore,
Sprang to the proffer'd meed;—

Bow'd to the queen his wreathed head;—
"Thou seest my limbs are light," he said;
"And, lady, mayst thou know,
That every joint is firmly strung,
And hand and heart alike are young;
Though treacherous time my locks among
Have strew'd a summer snow!"—

V.

TO THE SAME.

Accept of these Olympian games the crown,
Daughter of Ocean, rushy Camarine!—
The flower of knightly worth and high renown,
Which car-borne Psaumis on thy parent shrine,
(Psaumis, the patriot, whom thy peopled town
Its second author owns,) with rite divine
Suspends!—His praise the twice six altars tell
Of the great gods whom he hath feasted well
With blood of bull; the praise of victory,
Where cars and mules and steeds contest the prize:
And that green garland of renown to thee
He hallows, virgin daughter of the sea!
And to his sire and household deities.—
Thee too, returning home from Pelops' land,
Thee, guardian Pallas, and thy holy wood,
He hails with song; and cool Oanus flood;

And of his native pool the rushy strand;
And thy broad bed, refreshing Hipparis,
Whose silent waves the peopled city kiss;
That city which hath blest his bounteous hand
Rearing her goodly bowers on high.—
That now, redeem'd from late disgrace,
The wealthy mother of a countless race,
She lifts her front in shining majesty.—

'Tis ever thus! by toil, and pain,
And cumbrous cost, we strive to gain
Some seeming prize whose issues lie
In darkness and futurity.
And yet, if conquest crown our aim,
Then foremost in the rolls of fame,
Even from the envious herd a forced applause we claim.
O cloud-enthron'd, protecting Jove,
Who sits the Cronian cliffs above,
And Alpheus' ample wave,
And that dark gloom hast deign'd to love
Of Ida's holy cave!
On softest Lydian notes to thee

I tune the choral prayer,
That this thy town, the brave, the free,
The strong in virtuous energy,
May feel thine endless care.

And, victor, thou, whose matchless might
The Pisan wreath hath bound;
Still, Psaumis, be thy chief delight
In generous coursers found.—
Calm be thy latter age, and late
And gently fall the stroke of fate,
Thy children standing round!—
And know, when favouring gods have given
A green old age, a temper even,
And wealth and fame in store,
The task were vain to scale the heaven;—
—Have those immortals more?—

VI.

TO AGESIAS OF SYRACUSE.

Who seeks a goodly bower to raise,
Conspicuous to the stranger's eye,
With gold the lintel overlays,
And clothes the porch in ivory.
So bright, so bold, so wonderful,
The choicest themes of verse I cull,
To each high song a frontal high!—
But, lives there one, whose brows around
The green Olympian wreath is bound;
Prophet and priest in those abodes
Where Pisans laud the sire of gods;
And Syracusa's denizen?—
Who, 'mid the sons of mortal men,
While envy's self before his name
Abates her rage, may fitlier claim
Whate'er a bard may yield of fame?—

For sure, to no forbidden strife,
In hallow'd Pisa's field of praise,
He came, the priest of blameless life!—
Nor who in peace hath past his days,
Marring with canker sloth his might,
May hope a name in standing fight
Nor in the hollow ship to raise!—

By toil, illustrious toil alone,
Of elder times the heroes shone;
And, bought by like emprize, to thee,
Oh warrior priest, like honour be!—
Such praise as good Adrastus bore
To him, the prophet chief of yore,
When, snatch'd from Thebes' accursed fight,
With steed and car and armour bright,
Down, down he sank to earthy night.—

When the fight was ended,
And the sevenfold pyres
All their funeral fires
In one sad lustre blended,
The leader of the host
Murmur'd mournfully,

"I lament the eye
Of all mine army lost!—
To gods and mortals dear,
Either art he knew;
Augur tried and true.
And strong to wield the spear
And, by the powers divine,
Such praise is justly thine,
Oh Syracusian peer.—
For of a gentle blood thy race is sprung,
As she shall truly tell, the muse of honey'd tongue.

Then yoke the mules of winged pace,
And, Phintis, climb the car with me;
For well they know the path to trace
Of yonder victor's pedigree!—
Unbar the gates of song, unbar!—
For we to-day must journey far,
To Sparta and to Pitane.—

She, mournful nymph, and nursing long
Her silent pain and virgin wrong,
To Neptune's rape a daughter fair,
Evadne of the glossy hair,

(Dark as the violet's darkest shade,)
In solitary sorrow bare.
Then to her nurse the infant maid
She weeping gave, and bade convey
To high Phersana's hall away;
Where woman-grown, and doom'd to prove
In turn a god's disastrous love,
Her charms allured the Lord of day.—

Nor long the months, ere, fierce in pride,
The painful tokens of disgrace
Her foster-father sternly eyed,
Fruit of the furtive god's embrace.—
He spake not, but, with soul on flame,
He sought th' unknown offender's name,
At Phœbus' Pythian dwelling place.—

But she, beneath the greenwood spray,
Her zone of purple silk untied;
And flung the silver clasp away
That rudely prest her heaving side;
While, in the solitary wood,
Lucina's self to aid her stood,
And fate a secret force supplied.—

But, who the mother's pang can tell,
As sad and slowly she withdrew,
And bade her babe a long farewell,
Laid on a bed of violets blue?—
When, ministers of Heaven's decree,
(Dire nurses they and strange to see,)
Two scaly snakes of azure hue
Watch'd o'er his helpless infancy,
And, rifled from the mountain bee,
Bare on their forky tongues a harmless honey dew.—

Swift roll the wheels! from Delphos home
Arcadia's car-borne chief is come:
But, ah, how changed his eye!—
His wrath is sunk, and past his pride,
"Where is Evadne's babe," he cried,
"Child of the Deity?
'Twas thus the augur god replied,
Nor strove his noble seed to hide;
And to his favour'd boy, beside,
The gift of prophecy,
And power beyond the sons of men
The secret things of fate to ken,
His blessing will supply."—

But, vainly, from his liegemen round,
He sought the noble child;
Who, naked on the grassy ground,
And nurtured in the wild,
Was moisten'd with the sparkling dew
Beneath his hawthorn bower;
Where morn her wat'ry radiance threw
Now golden bright, now deeply blue,
Upon the violet flower.—

From that dark bed of breathing bloom
His mother gave his name;
And Iämus, through years to come,
Will live in lasting fame;
Who, when the blossom of his days
Had ripen'd on the tree,
From forth the brink where Alpheus strays,
Invoked the god whose sceptre sways
The hoarse resounding sea;
And, whom the Delian isle obeys,
The archer deity.—
Alone amid the nightly shade,
Beneath the naked heaven he pray'd,
And sire and grandsire call'd to aid;

When lo, a voice that loud and dread
Burst from the horizon free;
"Hither!" it spake, "to Pisa's shore!
My voice, oh son, shall go before,
Beloved, follow me!"

So, in the visions of his sire, he went
Where Cronium's scarr'd and barren brow
Was red with morning's earliest glow
Though darkness wrapt the nether element.—
There in a lone and craggy dell,
A double spirit on him fell,
Th' unlying voice of birds to tell,
And, (when Alcmena's son should found
The holy games in Elis crown'd,)
By Jove's high altar evermore to dwell,
Prophet and priest!—From him descend
The fathers of our valiant friend,
Wealthy alike and just and wise,
Who trod the plain and open way;
And who is he that dared despise
With galling taunt the Cronian prize,
Or their illustrious toil gainsay,

Whose chariots whirling twelve times round
With burning wheels th' Olympian ground
Have gilt their brow with glory's ray?
For, not the steams of sacrifice
From cool Cyllene's height of snow,
Nor vainly from thy kindred rise
The heaven-appeasing litanies
To Hermes, who, to men below,
Or gives the garland or denies:—
By whose high aid, Agesias, know,
And his, the thunderer of the skies,
The olive wreath hath bound thy brow!—

Arcadian! Yes a warmer zeal
Shall whet my tongue thy praise to tell!
I feel the sympathetic flame
Of kindred love;—a Theban I,
Whose parent nymph from Arcady
(Metope's daughter, Thebe) came.—
Dear fountain goddess, warrior maid,
By whose pure rills my youth hath play'd;
Who now assembled Greece among,
To car-borne chiefs and warriors strong,
Have wove the many-colour'd song.—

Then, minstrel! bid thy chorus rise
To Juno, queen of deities,
Parthenian lady of the skies!
For, live there yet who dare defame
With sordid mirth our country's name;
Who tax with scorn our ancient line,
And call the brave Bœotians swine;—
Yet, Æneas, sure thy numbers high
May charm their brutish enmity;
Dear herald of the holy muse,
And, teeming with Parnassian dews,
Cup of untasted harmony!
That strain once more!—The chorus raise
To Syracusa's wealthy praise,
And his the lord whose happy reign
Controls Trinacria's ample plain,
Hiero, the just, the wise,
Whose steamy offerings rise
To Jove, to Ceres, and that darling maid,
Whom, rapt in chariot bright,
And horses silver-white,
Down to his dusky bower the lord of hell convey'd!

Oft hath he heard the Muses' string resound
His honour'd name; and may his latter days,

With wealth and worth, and minstrel garlands crown'd,
Mark with no envious ear a subject praise,
Who now from fair Arcadia's forest wide
To Syracusa, homeward, from his home
Returns, a common care, a common pride,—
(And, whoso darkling braves the ocean's foam,
May safeliest moor'd with twofold anchor ride;)
Arcadia, Sicily on either side
Guard him with prayer;—and thou who rul'st the deep,
Fair Amphitrite's lord! in safety keep
His tossing keel,—and evermore to me
No meaner theme assign of poesy!

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

A Fragment.

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CANTO I.

It was the blessed morn of Whitsuntide,
And Carduel echoed to the festive call,
As his shrill task the clear-voiced herald plied,
And shriller trumpet shook the castle wall.

I.

YE whom the world has wrong'd, whom men despise,
Who sadly wander through this vale of tears,
And lift in silent dread your wistful eyes
O'er the bleak wilderness of future years,
Where from the storm no sheltering bourn appears;
Whom genius, moody guide, has led astray,
And pride has mock'd, and want with chilling fears,
Quench'd of each youthful hope the timid ray;
Yet envy not the great, yet envy not the gay!

II.

Say, can the silken bed refreshment bring,
When from the restless spirit sleep retires?
Or, the sharp fever of the serpent's sting,
Pains it less shrewdly for his burnish'd spires?
Oh, worthless is the bliss the world admires,
And helpless whom the vulgar mightiest deem;
Tasteless fruition, impotent desires,
Pomp, pleasure, pride, how valueless ye seem
When the poor soul awakes, and finds its life a dream!

III.

And those, if such may ponder o'er my song,
Whose light heart bounds to pleasure's minstrelsy;
To whom the faëry realms of love belong;
And the gay motes of young prosperity,
Dance in thy sunshine and obscure thine eye;
Suspect of earthly good the gilded snare,
When sorrow wreathes her brow with revelry,
And friendship's hollow smiles thy wreck prepare!
Alas! that demon forms should boast a mask so fair!

IV.

See'st thou yon flutterer in the summer sky,
Wild as thy glance, and graceful as thy form?
Yet, lady, know, yon beauteous butterfly
Is parent of the loathsome canker-worm,
Whose restless tooth, worse than December's storm,
Shall mar thy woodbine bower with greedy rage.
Fair was her face as thine, her heart as warm,
Whose antique story marks my simple page;
Yet luckless youth was hers, and sorrowful old age!

V.

'Twas merry in the streets of Carduel,
When Pentecost renew'd her festive call,
And the loud trumpet's clang and louder bell
The moss-grown abbey shook and banner'd wall;
And still, from bower to mass, from mass to hall,
A sea of heads throughout the city flowed;
And, robed in fur, in purple, and in pall,
Of knights and dames the gaudy pageant yode,
And conquering Arthur last, and young Ganora rode.

VI.

Still as they pass'd, from many a scaffold high,
And window-lattice scatter'd roses flew,
And maidens, leaning from the balcony,
Bent their white necks the stranger bride to view,
Whom that same morn, or ere the sparkling dew
Had from his city's herb-strewn pavement fled,
A village maid, who rank nor splendour knew,
To Mary's aisle the conqueror's hand had led,
To deck her monarch's throne, to bless her monarch's bed.

VII.

Who then was joyful but the Logrian king?
Not that his hand a five-fold sceptre bore;
Not that the Scandian raven's robber wing
Stoop'd to his dragon banner, and the shore
Of peopled Gallia, and where ocean hoar
Girds with his silver ring the island green
Of saints and heroes; not that paynim gore
Clung to his blade, and, first in danger seen,
In many a forward fight his golden shield had been.

VIII.

Nor warrior fame, it was, nor kingly state
That swell'd his heart, though in that thoughtful eye
And brow that might not, even in mirth, abate
Its regal care and wonted majesty,
Unlike to love, a something seem'd to lie;
Yet love's ascendant planet rul'd the hour.
And as he gaz'd with lover's ecstacy,
And blended pride upon that beauteous flower,
Could fame, could empire vie with such a paramour?

IX.

For many a melting eye of deepest blue,
And many a form of goodliest mould were there,
And ivory necks and lips of coral hue,
And many an auburn braid of glossy hair.
But ill might all those gorgeous dames compare
With her in flowers and bridal white array'd;
Was none so stately form nor face so fair
As hers, whose eyes, as mournful or afraid,
Were big with heavy tears, the trembling village maid.

Yet whoso list her dark and lucid eye,
And the pure witness of her cheek to read,
Might written mark in nature's registry,
That this fair rustic was not such indeed,
But high-born offspring of some ancient seed.
And, sooth, she was the heir of Carmelide,
And old Ladugan's blood, whose daring deed
With rebel gore Lancastrian meadows dyed,
Or ere that Uther's son his mightier aid supplied.

XI.

But, when the murderous Ryence' archer band,
With broad destruction swept the Ribble side,
Ladugan forth from that devoted land
His daughter sent, a smiling babe, to bide
Where Derwent's lonely mirror dark and wide
Reflects the dappled heaven and purple steep,
Unhonour'd there, unown'd and undescried,
Till fate compell'd her from her tended sheep,
In Arthur's kingly bower to wear a crown and weep.

XII.

There are who teach such crystal drops express
(So near is each extreme of joy or woe)
Alike, the burst of painful happiness,
And the still smart of misery's inward throe.
From man's perturbed soul alike they flow,
Where bitter doubt and recollected sorrow
Blend with the cup of bliss, and none can know
From human grief how short a space to borrow,
Or how the fairest eve may bring the darkest morrow.

XIII.

Say, fared it thus with young Ganora's heart?
Did hope, did Hymen call the rapturous tear
Or mourn'd perchance the village maid to part
From all the humble joys her heart held dear?
And, turning from that kingly front severe,
Roam'd her sad memory o'er each milder grace
Of him her earliest love, the forestere?
Ah lost for ever now! yet sweet to trace
The silver studded horn, green garb, and beardless face.

XIV.

The chanted anthem's heaven-ascending sound
Her spirit mov'd not with its sacred swell;
And, all in vain, for twenty steeples round
Crash'd with sonorous din the festive bell;
Upon her tranced ear in vain it fell!
As little mark'd she, that the monarch's tongue
Would oft of love in courtly whisper tell;
While from the castle bridge a minstrel throng,
To many a gilded harp attun'd the nuptial song.

XV.

"Ah see," 'twas thus began the lovely lay,
"The warrior-god hath laid his armour by,
And doft his deadly sword, awhile to play
In the dark radiance of Dione's eye;
Snared in her raven locks behold him lie,
And on her lap his dreadful head reclined;
May every knight such silken fetters try,
Such mutual bands may every lady bind!
How blest the soldier's life if love were always kind!

XVI.

" Oh Goddess of the soul-entrancing zone,
Look down and mark a fairer Venus here,
Call'd from her hamlet to an empire's throne,
As meet of womankind the crown to wear,
And of a nobler Mars the consort dear!
Oh fairest, mildest, best, by heaven design'd
With soothing smiles his kingly toil to cheer,
Still may thy dulcet chain the conqueror bind.
Sure earth itself were heaven if love were always kind!"

XVII.

So sang they till the gaudy train had past
The sullen entrance of that ancient tower,
Which o'er the trembling wave its shadow cast,
Grim monument of Rome's departed power.
That same, in Albion's tributary hour,
The Latian lords of earth had edified,
Which all unharm'd in many a martial stour,
Might endless as the steadfast hills abide,
Or as the eternal stream that crept its base beside.

XVIII.

And Arthur here had fix'd his kingly see,
And hither had he borne his destin'd bride,
Amid those civil storms secure to be
That rock'd the troublous land on every side.
For not the fell balista, bristling wide
With barbed death, or whirling rocks afar,
Nor aught by that Trinacrian artist tried,
To save his leagured town such strength could mar.
How easy then to mock the barbarous Saxon war.

XIX.

Austere and stern, a warrior front it wore,
The long dim entrance to that palace pile,
And crisped moss, and lichen ever hoar,
Trail'd their moist tresses in the portal aisle.
But, past the gate, like some rude veteran's smile
Kindly, through dark, a milder grace it show'd;
And music shook the courts, and all the while
Fair stripling youths along the steepy road,
Fresh flowers before their feet and myrtle branches strew'd.

XX.

By them they pass, and now the giant hall
Bids to the train its oaken valves unfold,
From whose high rafter'd roof and arched wa
Five hundred pennons, prize of war, unroll'
In various silk display'd and waving gold,
The armories of many a conquer'd knight;
And some of Arthur's sword the fortune told,
Of Gawain some, but most were redde aright,
"These Lancelot du Lake achieved in open fight."

XXI.

Here might I sing (what many a bard has sung)
Each gorgeous usage of that kingly hall;
How harp, and voice, and clashing goblet rung,
Of page and herald, bard and seneschall.
But antique times were rude and homely all;
And ill might Arthur's nuptial banquet vie,
With theirs who nature's kindly fruits forestall,
And brave the seas for frantic gluttony,
And every various bane of every clime supply,

XXII.

Nor car'd the king, a soldier tried and true,
For such vain pampering of impure delight.
His toys, his gauds, were all of manlier hue, [bright;
Swift steeds, keen dogs, sharp swords, and armour
Yet wanted nought that well became a knight
Of seemly pomp; the floor with rushes green,
And smooth bright board with plenteous viands dight,
That scant the load might bear, though well be seen
With ribs and rafters strong, and ponderous oak between.

XXIII.

And shame it were to pass the warrior state
Of those, the favour'd few, whose table round,
Fast by their sovereign and his beauteous mate,
Apart from all the subject train, was crowned,
Whose manly locks with laurel wreaths were bound,
And ermine wrapt their limbs; yet on the wall
Their helms, and spears, and painted shields were found,
And mails, and gilded greaves, at danger's call,
Aye prompt for needful use whatever chance might fall.

XXIV.

And bounded high the monarch's heart of pride,
Who gazed exulting on that noble crew;
And leaning to his silent spouse, he cried,
"Seest thou, Ganore, thy band of liegemen true?
Lo, these are they whose fame the liquid blue
Of upper air transcends; nor lives there one
Of all who gaze on Phœbus' golden hue,
From earth's cold circle to the burning zone,
To whom of Arthur's knights the toil remains unknown.

XXV.

"Yes, mark him well, the chief whose auburn hair
So crisply curls above his hazel eye,
And parted leaves the manly forehead bare.
That same is Gawain, flower of courtesy;
Yet few with him in listed field may vie.
Gahriet the next, in blood the next and might;
And Carados whose lady's loyalty
The mantle gain'd and horn of silver bright;
And stout Sir Kay, stout heart, but not so strong in fight,

XXVI.

"But he, the best of all and bravest peer
That drinks this hour the crystal air of day;
The most renowned and to me most dear,
As ill befalls, is journey'd far away,
A strange and stern adventure to essay,
Whom Heaven defend, and to his friend's embrace
Again resistless Lancelot convey!"
So spake the king, and more his words to grace,
An unsuspected tear stole down his manly face.

XXVII.

To whom with faltering voice Ganora spake,
"Oh happy knights of such a king," she said,
"And happy king for whose revered sake
So valiant knights unsheathe the deadly blade!
And worthless I, an untaught village maid,
In Arthur's court to fill the envied throne,
Who meeter far in russet weeds array'd,
Had fed my flock on Skiddaw's summit lone,
Unknowing of mankind and by mankind unknown."

XXVIII.

The monarch smiled, a proud protecting smile,
That spoke her lovelier for her lowliness;
And, bending from his loftier seat the while,
Hung o'er her heaving form, yet ill could guess
What terror strove within, what deep distress
Rose in her painful throat, while struggling there,
A stronger awe the sob would fain repress;
Nor other cause he sought than maiden fear
To chill the shrinking hand, to call the trickling tear.

XXIX.

"Mine own Ganore!" he said, "my gentle maid!
Oh deem not of thyself unworthily;
By charms like thine a king were well repaid,
Who yielded up for love his royalty.
And heroes old, and they that rule the sky,
Have sought in lowly cot, as fables tell,
A purer love than gems or gold can buy,
And beauty oftener found in mountain cell,
Than with the lofty dames in regal court who dwell.

XXX.

"Go, ask the noblest of my knightly power,
Ask of Sir Lancelot, what secret pain
So oft hath drawn him forth at twilight hour,
To woods and wilds, his absent love to plain,
Whom many a courtly fair hath sought in vain?
Oh, he will tell thee that the greenwood tree
Recalls the hour of happier youth again,
When blithe he wont to range the forest free,
With her, his earliest choice, the maid of low degree."

XXXI.

He ceased, to whom the maiden nought replied,
But in the patience of her misery
Possess'd her secret soul, and inly sigh'd.
"Why ponder thus on what no more may be?
Why think on him who never thinks on thee?
For now seven autumns have with changing hue
Embrown'd the verdure of our trysting-tree,
Since that shrill horn the wonted signal blew,
Or that swift foot was heard brushing the twilight dew.

XXXII.

"Then rouse thee yet thy silent griefs to bear,
And rein the troublous thoughts so far that rove:
Faithless or dead, he little needs thy care;
And ill such thoughts a wedded wife behove;
Then turn to him who claims thy plighted love;
Nor weeping thus, thine inward shame confess,
Whom knightly worth nor regal state may move;
Nor he whom Albion's sister-islands bless,
Can tame thy stubborn grief and minion frowardness!'

XXXIII.

So sadly past the festal eve away,
While at each courteous word her bosom bled,
And every glance her heart could ill repay,
Through the chill conscience like a dagger sped.
Yet still with secret prayer her soul she fed,
And burst with holier thoughts each inward snare,
Which in that wither'd heart, where hope was dead,
Yet hopeless passion wove, and darkest there,
The dreadful whisper crept of comfortless despair.

XXXIV.

And softer seem'd her silent grief to flow,
And sweeter far her unrestrained tear,
While soft and sweet, a tale of tender woe
Iölo wove, the bard, whose harp to hear
Even the rude warder, leaning on his spear,
Prest to the further door; and squire, and knight,
And lingering pages on those accents dear,
Paus'd round the unserved board; and ladies bright,
Breathless, with lips unclos'd, drank in the wild delight.

XXXV.

A strange and melancholy tale it was,
"Of one who, for a tyrant uncle's right,
Lay bleeding, breathless, on the crimson grass,
All vainly victor in th' unequal fight;
And who is she whose hands of lily white,
Too beauteous leech! his festering hurt would bind?
Ah, fly thee, princess, from the Cornish knight,
Who, now preserv'd, a sorer fate must find,
By guilt, and late remorse, and hopeless passion pin'd.

XXXVI.

"Yet pleasant was the dawn of early love,
And sweet the faery bowl of magic power!
But following mists the early heat reprove,
And April frosts abash the timid flower.
Behold him now at midnight's harmful hour,
His pale cheek pillow'd on his trembling knees,
Whose frantic brain rejects the shelt'ring bower,
Whose parched bosom woos the autumnal breeze,
And whose poor broken heart sighs with the sighing trees.

XXXVII.

"Ah, sweet it seem'd when, through the livelong day,
'Mid tall Ierne's forest dark and wide,
In hunter garb he took his tireless way,
Love in his breast and Yseult at his side!
Gone are those days! Oh Yseult, oft he cried,
Relentless Yseult, beauteous enemy!
May happier fate thy gentle life betide,
Nor ever may'st thou waste a tear on me,
Nor guess the nameless tomb of him who pined for thee!

XXXVIII.

"And Lancelot! (for, Lordings, well ye know
How Tristan aye to Lancelot was dear)
Sir Lancelot! he sung, of all below
The best, the bravest, and the worthiest peer!
To thee my helm I leave, and shield and spear,
That not from harm their wretched lord might save.
Yet, noblest friend, my last petition hear,
By thine own secret love a boon I crave,
Defend mine Yseult's fame when I am laid in grave."

XXXIX.

Here ceas'd the harp; but o'er its trembling chord
In silent grief the minstrel's sorrow fell,
And silence hush'd the throng where all deplor'd
The recent woes of knight who lov'd so well,
And most had known the heir of Lionelle;
And sweet it seem'd for others' woe to weep
To her whose secret anguish none could tell;
Yet nigh such strain could lull her pangs to sleep;
And now the star of eve beam'd o'er the twilight deep.

"When, in that sober light and sadness still,
Arose a madd'ning hubbub hoarse and rude,
Like hunters on the brow of dewy hill,
And panting deer by nearer hounds pursued:
And a cold shudder thrill'd the multitude,
As, at the breath of that mysterious horn,
Each with inquiring gaze his neighbour view'd,
For never peal on woodland echoes borne,
So ghastly and so shrill awoke the spangled morn.

XLI.

At once the steely bars in twain were rent;
At once the oaken valves asunder flew;
And warrior breasts, in iron corslets pent,
Their tighten'd breath with painful effort drew;
For louder, louder far the tumult grew,
That earth's firm planet quaked at the din,
And the thick air assumed a browner hue,
Such as on Nilus' bank hath whilom bin,
When Amram's mighty son rebuked the tyrant's sin.

XLII.

And through the portal arch that open'd wide
(How came she or from whence no thought could tell)
The wedding-guests with fearful wonder eyed,
A hind of loveliest mould, whose snowy fell
Was dyed, alas! with dolorous vermeill.
For down her ruffled flank the current red,
From many a wound issued in fatal well,
As staggering faint with feeble haste she sped,
And on Ganora's lap reclin'd her piteous head. ...

XLIII.

With claws of molten brass, and eyes of flame,
A grisly troop of hell-hounds thronging near,
And on her foamy steed a damsel came,
A damsel fair to see, whose maiden cheer
But ill beseem'd the ruthless hunting spear;
Whose golden locks in silken net were twin'd,
And pure as heaving snow her bosom dear;
Yet ceased she not that dreadful horn to wind,
And strain'd a quivering dart for fatal use design'd.

XLIV.

Reckless of loathed life, and free from stain
Of deep transgression, could Ganora fear!
Forlorn herself, she felt for others' pain,
And cast her sheltering robe around the deer.
To whom that magic maid with brow severe
And glaring eye, "Oh, doom'd to lasting woe,
Waste not, unhappy queen, thy pity here,
Nor bid my righteous rage its prey forego,
Who keener pangs thyself, Ganora, soon shalt know!

XLV.

"Poor wither'd heart, that hid'st from human eye
The bitter secret of thine inward wound,
Go, doff the cumbrous garb of royalty,
And seek betimes the cloister's sacred bound!
Ah, warn'd in vain! I hear the clarion sound;
Rings to the charger's tread the shadowy glen;
For thee, for thee, the guarded list is crown'd;
For thee dark treason quits her snaky den;
The battle's roar resounds for thee, and groans of mangled men!

XLVI.

" Heap high the wood, and bid the flames aspire !
Bind her long tresses to th' accursed tree !
A queen, a queen, must feed the funeral fire !
Ah, hope not thou, though love shall set thee free,
With that restored love in peace to be:
And shall my country bend her awful head
To lick the bitter dust of slavery ?
Illustrious isle ! is all thy glory fled ?
How soon thy knightly boast is number'd with the dead !

XLVII.

" Yet art thou safe, and Arthur's throne may stand."
(Down from the lofty saddle, bending low,
The dart she proffer'd to Ganora's hand ;)
" Nay, shrink not, maiden, from the needful blow,
Nor spare, in yonder hind, thy fiercest foe,
Whose secret hate from forth her dark recess,
Besets thy guiltless life with snares of woe.
Take, take the steel ! thy wrongs and mine redress !
Mercy were impious here !—be strong, be merciless !"

XLVIII.

Giddy and faint, unknowing where she was,
Or if, indeed, were sooth that ghastly view,
Pale as some wintry lake, whose frozen glass
Steals from the snow-clad heaven a paler hue,
Ganora sate; but still, to pity true,
Her milk-white arms around the quarry spread,
Then rais'd to Heaven her eyes of mildest blue,
And to her cheek return'd a dawning red,
As, with collected soul, she bow'd herself and said:—

XLIX.

"And I can suffer! let the storm descend;
Let on this helpless head the thunder break;
Yet, exercis'd in grief, yet, God to friend,
I can endure the worst for mercy's sake!
No, wretched suppliant!" (to the hind she spake
That lick'd her hand, and with large tearful eye
Dwelt on her gentle face:) "thy fears forsake!
Be thou my friend, I doom thee not to die,
And thy mute love shall cheer my joyless royalty."

L.

" Have then thy wish !" the spectre damsel cried,
And call'd her dogs, and wheel'd her courser round,
And with the javelin smote his quivering side;
When, swifter than the rocket's fiery bound,
Aloft they sprang, huntress, and horse, and hound,
And, dimly mixing with the horizon grey,
Fled like a winged dream, yet traces found
Of gore and talons told their recent way;
And still before the queen that wounded quarry lay.

LI.

How fares the knightly court of Carduel?
How fare the wedding guests and warrior throng,
Where all conspired the nuptial mirth to swell,
The dance, the feast, the laugh, the wine, the song?
Oh they are silent all! the nimble tongue
Of him, whose craft, by motley kirtle known,
Had graver wits with seeming folly stung;
The vaunting soldier and the simpering crone,
And breath'd in beauty's ear the sighs of softest tone.

LII.

As one who, stretch'd upon a battle-field,
Looks to the foeman's hand who laid him low,
And, with faint effort, rears his broken shield,
And dreads, where needeth none, a second blow.—
Or, likest him who, where the surges' flow
Bares the bleak surface of some wave-beat steep,
A shipwreck'd man, expects in breathless woe,
Till the returning wave, with giant sweep,
Unlock his desperate hold, and whelm him in the deep.

LIII.

So blended fears, the future and the past,
The past yet seen by terror's glazed eye,
That, tearless still and wild, those phantoms traced,
Peopling the twilight's dismal vacancy
With fancied shapes, and shades of fiendish dye;
The future wildest, darkest, unexprest,
Danger untry'd, unfancy'd agony,
In the mute language of dismay confest,
Thrill'd in the bristling hair, throbb'd in th'expanded breast.

LIV.

Sternly the monarch rose, and o'er his brow
A horrent pang of dark anxiety
Shot like the stormy shadow, scudding low
Along the surface of the purple sea.
A smile succeeded. Not to mine, or me,
Be that portentous smile of hate and scorn,
Which each strong furrow, stronger made to be,
By toil, and care, and ruthless passion worn,
And recollected guilt of youth's tempestuous morn!

LV.

"Sister!" he spake, (half-utter'd, half-represt,
From his shut teeth the sullen accents stole;)
"And deem'st thou, sister, that thine arts unblest
Can tame the settled bent of Arthur's soul?
No; let the stars their fiery circles roll;
Let dreams of woe disturb the prophet's breast:
Can these, or those, the warrior's will controul?
'Tis chance, 'tis errour all!—Oh, trusted best!
Be thou mine omen, sword! I reck not of the rest!"

LVI.

The wedded pair are to their chamber gone,
While minstrel sounds of breath, and beat, and string
Pour on the dewy breeze their blended tone;
And wreathed maidens, link'd in jocund ring,
"Hymen" around them, "Io Hymen" sing.
So, trampling roses in their path, they sped,
The veiled bride and the triumphant king,
A festal glare while hundred torches shed,
Tinging the cheek of night with all unwonted red.

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

A Fragment.

CANTO II.

I.

BLEST is the midnight of the cradl'd boy,
Along whose dimply cheek in slumbers mild
The warm smile basks of visionary joy!
And blest is she, who by her sleeping child
Has the long hours in watchful love beguil'd;
And blest the weary man whose wistful eyes
From his tall frigate scan the ocean wild,
When the fair beacon paints the ruddy skies,
And on his tearful heart the thoughts of home arise.

II.

And dear to faithful love that lovely hour,
And dear to him beyond the beam of day,
Who tracks the footsteps of eternal power,
Where the broad Heavens their starry map display.
Guilt, only guilt detests the silent ray
Of that soul-searching moon, whose lustre sad
Restores neglected conscience to her sway,
And bitter memory of all things bad,
In crowds forgotten erst, or drown'd in revel mad.

III.

The harp was silent, and the tapers' light
Had faded from the walls of Carduel,
Which late, through many a window's latticed height,
On the dark wave in fitful lustre fell;
And far and faintly peal'd the drowsy bell
That wakes the convent to unwilling prayer;
When she, that seeming hind of snowy fell,
Erect upstarted from her secret lair,
Erect, in awful grace, a woman goodly fair.

IV.

Dark o'er her neck the glossy curls descending
Half hid and half reveal'd her ivory breast;
And dark those eyes, where pride with sorrow blending
Of hate and ruth a mingled tale confest.
Her wreath was nightshade, and her sable vest
All spangled o'er with magic imagery,
In tighter fold her stately form exprest,
As when the empress of the silent sky
Explores her sleeping love on Latmos' summit high.

V.

Or likest her whose melancholy feet
In Stygian valleys wander lonelily,
Singing sad airs, and culling flowers sweet,
(Yet sweeter flowers in Enna wont to be)
Daughter of Ceres, sad Persephone!
Oh, not of hell the adamantine throne
Nor golden bough from Acherusian tree,
Can for the balmy breeze of Heaven atone,
Or match the common light of earth's supernal zone!

VI.

So sad, so beautiful, so sternly bright,
Skimming the silent air with magic tread,
And fairer seen beneath the fair moonlight,
That elfin lady stood by Arthur's bed.
A tear, in spite of strong disdain, she shed;
One little tear, as o'er the sleeping twain
Her dark eye glanc'd; then, with averted head,
"Ye whom I serve forgive this transient pain;
I little thought," she sigh'd, "that Morgue would weep again."

VII.

Again she gazed, again a softer dew
Dimm'd of her lucid eye the fiery ray,
As sad remembrance waken'd at the view
Of those who wrapt in dewy slumber lay.
Nor could the Chian's mimic art display
A goodlier pair; yet did Ganora's cheek
A hectic flush unlike to joy display;
And from her half-clos'd lips, in accent weak,
Would ever and anon a mournful murmur break.

VIII.

" Oh brother once most dear," the faery said,
" A little while sleep on, a little while
On that warm breast pillow thy careless head,
And bless thy waking eyes with beauty's smile.
But danger hovers near, and thorny guile
And jealous love that borders close on hate,
And angry doubt in impotent turmoil,
Whose murderous purpose not for proof shall wait,
With following sorrow join'd and penitence too late!

IX.

" And thou, poor victim of another's crime,
Hell knows I hate not thee,—thy simple breast
Sought not to so sad eminence to climb!
Yet can I bear to see Ganora blest,
Who blesses him my foe? Oh dire unrest!
Oh Morgue condemn'd with frustrate hope to groan!
I sought to lure her from her cottage nest;
I sought to plant her on an empire's throne;
I sought and I obtain'd; would it were all undone!

x.

"For this, alas, I watch'd those op'ning charms,
In the cool covert of her native grove;
And with a mother's hope, for Modred's arms
Foredoom'd Ganora's crown compelling love!
Now shall that spell bound life a bulwark prove
To Arthur's reign! Ah me, whose feeble power
In fate's perplexing maze with Merlin strove,
And with my rival of the watery bower,
Of that too potent Mage the elfin paramour!

xi.

"What yet remains?—to blast with mutter'd spell
The budding promise of their nuptial bed;
Of jealous doubt to wake the inward hell,
And evil hopes of wandering fancy bred!"
She spake, and from her dewy chaplet shed
Pernicious moisture o'er each dewy limb,
And such strange words of imprecation said,
That Heaven's own everburning lamp grew dim,
And shuddering, ceased a while the saints' triumphal hymn.

XII.

But all in vain o'er young Ganora's breast,
Guarded by prayer, the demon whisper stole;
Sorrow, not sin disturb'd that tranquil rest;
Yet 'gan her teeth to grind and eyes to roll,
As troublous visions shook her sleeping soul;
And scalding drops of agony bedew'd
Her feverish brow more hot than burning coal.
Whom with malignant smile the faery view'd,
And through the unopen'd door her nightly track pursued.

XIII.

Like as that evil dame whose sullen spell,
To love dire omen, and to love's delight,
(If all be sooth that ancient rabbins tell,)
With death and danger haunts the nuptial night,
Since Adam first her airy charms could slight;
Her Judah's daughters scare with thrilling cry,
Lilith! fell Lilith! from her viewless flight,
What time with flowers their jetty locks they tie,
And swell the midnight dance with amorous harmony.

XIV.

With slope flight winnowing the winds of Heaven,
So sped king Uther's child, till her dark eye
Glanc'd on a stately knight, whose steps uneven
And folded arms might inward grief imply,
Or love's wild sting, or canker'd jealousy.
Above whose lucid mail and shoulders strong,
The furred mantle flow'd of royalty,
And, coil'd around his crest, a dragon long
Upwreath'd its golden spires the wavy plumes among.

XV.

Alone he paced, from all the band afar
Who kept with equal watch their sovereign's bower.
Alone with gloomy mien and visage bare,
Courting the cool breeze of that early hour.
Of sterner eye than Arthur's, and the flower
Of youth as yet on his dark features glow'd;
Yet seem'd like Arthur's brows his brows to lower;
The same of giant height his stature show'd,
His raven locks the same, but not with silver strow'd.

XVI.

'Modred!" in accent low and bending near,
"Modred, my son!" the beauteous faery said,
'Ah, wherefore, at my voice that glance severe,
And that dear cheek suffus'd with angry red?
Yes, I deserve thy frown, thy mother's head,
Child of my pangs, thy keenest curse shall bear,
Who with warm hope thy young ambitic · fed
And weaved the secret spell with nightly care,
Vain hopes, and empty spells to win thy promis'd fair!

XVII.

"And com'st thou yet, mother unfortunate!
To mock with dreams of transport and of power
My gloomy path, whom, with a common hate,
Since first thy shame disgrac'd my natal hour,
Of Heaven the curses, and of hell devour!
What spell-bound virgin may thy charms pursue?
What hovering diadems in golden shower
Shall mock mine oft-defeated hopes anew?"
He ceas'd, and o'er his eyes his hollow beaver drew.

XVIII.

To whom, deep sighing, Uther's daughter spake,
" Ah, never more may mother hope to find,
Who weeps and watches for her infant's sake,
The boy obedient, or the warrior kind!
Our toil, our hope is theirs, our heart, our mind;
For them we meditate, for them we pray;
The soul for them in sinful chain we bind;
And for their weal we cast our own away;
Yet when did filial love a parent's grief repay?

XIX.

" O thou, for whom of mortal things alone,
Unthankful as thou art, yet ever dear,
My soul bends downwards from its cloudy zone,
And on mine elfin cheek a mortal tear
Warm ling'ring, tells me of the times that were!
Accursed for whose sake, my restless wing
And more than mother's pangs condemn'd to bear,
(Till time and fate mine hour of torment bring,)
Circles the arch of Heaven in melancholy ring!

XX.

"My Son! by all I feel, by all I dread,
If either parent's fate thy sorrow move,
(A father slain, a mother worse than dead,)
Grudge not the little payment of thy love!
Nor scorn my power! though spell unfaithful prove,
Though Merlin's mightier skill my hope have crost,
Yet not the fiends below, nor saints above,
Nor elfin tribes in airy tempests tost,
Can tame my stedfast will. All, Modred, is not lost!"

XXI.

"Then tell me," cried the youth, "who was my sire,
And wherefore thou, estrang'd from mortal clay,
Bearest so dark a doom of penal fire,
A wretched wanderer on the Heavens' high way,
Once Albion's princess, now an elfin grey?
Too long thou tir'st with boding saws my breast,
Mocking thy son with phantoms of dismay,
Whose ardent soul by feverish doubt opprest,
Burns o'er the unfinish'd tale, and longs to hear the rest."

XXII.

The faery grasp'd his mailed hand, and led
Where the deep waters rolling silently,
Beneath the western gate their mirror spread,
And on the giant walls and arches high,
A lonely horrour sate continually.
No warder there with beacon flaming bright,
Needed with weary pace his watch to ply,
But cold and calm the sinking stars of night,
Play'd on the rippling wave with ineffectual light.

XXIII.

There, where adown the solitary steep,
With foxglove twin'd, and mosses silver grey,
A trickling runnel seem'd the fate to weep
Of one whose rustic tomb beside it lay,
That lovely sorceress bent her mournful way;
And gathering strength—"Behold the honours here
Bestow'd by Arthur on thy parent's clay!
Behold! forgive, my boy, this coward tear;
Blood, blood alone should soothe the ghost who wanders near!

XXIV.

" He, when of downy youth the vernal light
Play'd on thy mother's cheek now wan with care,
And many a peer of fame, and many a knight,
To Britain's princess pour'd the tender prayer,
He, only he, the valiant and the fair,
To this weak heart an easy entrance found;
An humble squire; but not an empire's hëir
Could vie with Paladore on listed ground;
With every manly grace, and every virtue crown'd.

XXV.

" Oh days of bliss, oh hope chastis'd by fear,
When on my lap reclin'd the careless boy,
Chid my faint sighs, and kiss'd my falling tear!
He knew not, he, what bitter doubts annoy
Of unpermitted love the trembling joy;
He knew not till my brother's thirsty blade
Flash'd o'er his head, impetuous to destroy.
I clasp'd the tyrant's knees, I wept, I pray'd;
Oh God, on Arthur's soul be all my griefs repay'd!

XXVI.

"When from a trance of senseless agony
I woke to keener pangs, by frenzy stung,
Reckless of Arthur's late repentant cry,
Fire in my brain and curses on my tongue,
From yonder cliff my wretched frame I flung;
Alas, th' enchanted wind my weight upbore,
While in mine ears an elvish chorus rung,
—'Come, kindred spirit, to our cloudy shore!
With fays, thyself a fay, come wander evermore!'

XXVII.

"Since, on the rolling clouds or ocean blue,
Or 'mid the secrets of our nether sphere,
The goblin leader of a goblin crew,
I wander wide; but ill may mortal ear
Of faery land the mystic revels hear!
Short be my tale! one earthly thing alone,
One helpless infant to my heart was dear,
Bright in whose eyes his either parent shone,
Rear'd by their pitying foe, my son, my blessed son!"

XXVIII.

She ceas'd, and round his linked hauberk threw
Her mother arms, and on his iron breast
(The rough mail moistening with tender dew)
A kiss, the seal of bitter love, imprest.
He, stern and dark, no kindly glow confest,
With face averted and with frozen eye,
Where softer passion never dared to rest,
But cunning seem'd with sullen pride to vie,
Calm, calculating hate, and damned cruelty.

XXIX.

"How I have train'd thee, with what potent charms
My magic care thy tender frame imbu'd,
How nurs'd thy youth for empire and for arms,
And how in Derwent's mountain solitude
I rear'd thy destin'd bride," the fay pursu'd,
"And what strange chance o'erthrew mine airy skill,
Alas, thou know'st it all! yet to delude
The force we cannot stem is triumph still,
And from reluctant fate t' extort our good or ill.

XXX.

"Oh earth! how many wonders wonderful,
In thy large lap and parent bosom lie,
Which whoso knows (few know them all) to cull,
May drag the struggling planets from on high,
And turn the land to sea, the sea to dry;
Yea, not man's will, by God created free,
Can match their strange mysterious potency,
Nor love nor hate so firmly fixed be,
But love must yield and hate to magic's dark decree.

XXXI.

"A ring there is of perfect diamond stone,
Such as no mining slave is train'd to seek,
Nor Soldan numbers on his orient throne,
Nor diving Ethiop from his sultry creek
Has borne so rich a prize; for who shall speak
What unseen virtues in its orbit dwell?
Press it, the fiends attend in homage meek;
Turn it, the bearer walks invisible;
Ah who the hidden force of smallest things may tell?

XXXII.

"That same to one of regal race I lent,
Who now perforce must render back the prize,
For of his stars the danger imminent,
And guiltless blood loud crying to the skies
Alarm all hell; do thou as I desire;
This self-same morn depart for Scottish land,
There Urgan seek, king Pellea's uncle wise,
And bid him yield to thy deputed hand
That ring of diamond stone, for such is Morgue's command.

XXXIII.

"Have we not heard how shepherd Gyges bare,
By like deceit from old Candaule's bed,
In naked beauty seen, the Lydian fair,
And kingly circle from his dotard head,
Thenceforth himself a king?"—"No more!" he said—
"Mother, no more! or ere the sun's bright round
Have tinged yon eastern cloud with lively red,
My fiery steed shall paw the spangled ground,
And on the Cattraeth's side my clashing arms resound."

XXXIV.

Like as the hawk from hidden durance free
Springs from the falc'ner's wrist, the eager knight,
His dark cheek warm with savage ecstacy,
Burst from his parent's hold. She with delight
His warrior mien beheld and giant height,
Awhile beheld, then, rapt in mist away,
Back to the bridal turret bent her flight,
There closely couch'd amid the rushes grey,
O power of wicked spells!—a seeming hind she lay.

XXXV.

By this the fiery wheeled charioteer
Had raised above the fringed hills his head,
And o'er the skies in molten amber clear
A flood of life and liquid beauty shed,
When sun-like, rising from his fragrant bed,
All glorious in his bliss, the bridegroom king
Pass'd to the common hall, and with him led,
Blushing and beauteous as that morn of spring,
The fair foredoomed cause of Albion's sorrowing.

XXXVI.

The mass was ended, and the silver tone
Of shawm and trumpet bade the courtier crew
In martial pastime round their monarch's throne,
That livelong day their mimic strife pursue,
As each the thirst of various pleasure drew;
Some launch'd the glossy bowl in alleys green,
Some the stiff bar with sturdy sinews threw,
Some in bright arms and wavy plumage seen,
Wielded the quivering lance the guarded lists between.

XXXVII.

So was there mirth in stately Carduel;
Till in the midst a stranger dame was seen,
Whose snowy veil in graceful wimple fell
Above the sable garb of velvet sheen;
Als in her hand, of metal deadly keen,
A sheathed sword and studded belt she bare.
Golden the hilt, the sheath of silver clean,
Whose polish'd mirror back reflected fair
Her cheeks of vermeil tinge, her auburn length of hair.

XXXVIII.

Stately she rode along, and keen her eye
That scann'd with eager glance that warrior crew;
Yet was her blush so meek and maidenly,
That never village lass in apron blue
With purer roses caught the passing view.
Stately she rode along, and in her train,
With floating locks and beards of silver hue,
Two goodly squires array'd in mourning grain,
On either side controul'd her palfrey's silken rein.

XXXIX.

Like as that lovely month to lovers dear,
Unlocks the green bud on the scented spray,
And laps in freshest flowers the tender year,
And tunes the songs of nature,—blessed May;
Such was the joy this damsel to survey.
But that deceitful hind who by the bride,
Licking her hand, in treacherous fondness lay,
Arose, and skulking to the farther side
In guilty darkness sought her harmful head to hide.

XL.

Alighting from her steed, some little space
Propt on that antique sword the maiden leant;
While silence gave her blushing cheek more grace,
And her warm tears touchingly eloquent,
Through warrior hearts a pleasing anguish sent.
Then, with collected voice she told her grief,
Of bitter wrong, and treason imminent
Done to her kindred by a Scottish chief,
'Gainst whom at Arthur's court she, suppliant, sought relief.

XLI.

Her lands he wasted, and with tortuous wrong
Herself had banish'd from her native right;
A felon warrior, neither bold nor strong,
But safe and reckless of all human might
By charms impregnable and magic sleight.
"For, as some evil thought, he walks unseen
Scattering around in murderous despight
From viewless bow his arrows deadly keen,
That strength and courage fail t' oppose so fatal teen."

XLII.

"Alas," said Arthur, "and can mortal wight
With trenchant steel a viewless life invade,
Or probe with dagger point his pall of night?"
"Who," she replied, "can draw this charmed blade
Worn by my sire, on him my doom is laid.
But now seven years through many a distant land,
Patient of ill, my weary course has stray'd,
Nor knight is found so brave whose stainless hand
Can from its burnish'd sheath unlock my fatal brand."

XLIII.

She ceas'd, and through the crowded fort there spread
A deep hoarse murmur, as th' autumnal sound
In hazel bower, when Sherwood's rustling head
Shakes in the blast, and o'er the dusty ground,
And in mid sky the falling leaves abound.
Beneath her bramble screen the crouching hare
Erects her ears, and quaking as astound,
Shrinks from the breath of that inclement air,
And the fast driving sleet that strips the branches bare.

XLIV.

Then sudden from a hundred tongues arose
Harsh words and high, and hand to hilt was laid,
And taunt and threat portended deadly blows,
Each claiming for himself that charmed blade,
And envied guidance of the noble maid.
But Arthur, rising from his gilded throne,
"Back, on your lives, presumptuous subjects!" said,
"For this adventure I resign to none,
Not Lancelot himself of knights the paragon!"

XLV.

Awed, yet reluctant, back the crowd withdrew
While Arthur from the maid her sword required,
And poising in his hands with curious view,
Its antique frame and massy weight admired.
Then, bending low, with gripple might, desired
Forth from its silver sheath the blade to strain,
Which, following for a space, again retired,
Mocking with magic sleight his fruitless pain;
Seven times the king essay'd, seven times essay'd in vain

XLVI.

As some stout churl by sinewy toil embrown'd,
Foil'd by a stranger in the wrestler's play
Arises, mourning, from the plashy ground,
His batter'd limbs and face deform'd with clay,
And cursing oft that luckless holiday;
So Arthur back the charmed steel restor'd,
And turn'd with sullen scowl his eyes away,
As many a knight of fame, and warlike lord
In long succession strove to drag that fatal sword.

XLVII.

But not Sir Carados thine iron arm,
Nor Kay's stout heart and vaunted pedigree,
Nor Gahriet's youthful grace could break the charm,
Nor Gawain's force and faith and courage free;
Though when he strove, the knight of courtesy,
The conscious sword awhile his hand obey'd,
That men a span's length of its edge might see,
As sunbeam radiant and with gold inlaid;
Yet would not all suffice to bear that stubborn blade.

XLVIII.

Whereat the damsel made exceeding moan,
Shedding salt tears; nor did her sorrow spare
Her breast more lovely white than marble stone,
Nor the long radiance of her sunny hair;
That not the rudest groom such sight could bear:
But a sudden murmur through the palace spread
"Alas the while that Lancelot were there!
Then had not Arthur's court been shamed"—they said,
"Nor those love-darting eyes so bitter fountains shed."

XLIX.

A knight there was, whose erring hardihood
And fiery soul, that insult ill could bear,
Had bath'd his falchion in Cucullin's blood,
Who yearly made to Britain's court repair;
(Haughty Cucullin, Erin's haughty heir,)
Condemn'd for this (such vengeance Arthur vow'd)
To the chill dungeon's damp and stony lair;
Through the close-grated loop he call'd aloud,
And what that tumult meant, besought the passing crowd.

L.

"Which, when he heard, so strangely confident,
With such warm hope he crav'd his chance to try,
That through the court a louder murmur went,
As pity kindled into mutiny;
And Arthur, yielding to his people's cry,
"Let him come forth!—his doom in sooth was hard;
A soldier's fault!" he mutter'd carelessly;
"And knight so long in listless prison barr'd,
Has well such fault aton'd—Go bring him hitherward!"

LI.

So was Sir Balin brought before the throne,
A gaunt and meagre man, of hue forlorn;
For forty months of lingering care were gone,
Since on his flinty couch the smile of morn
Had rested, or, on dewy pinions borne,
The fragrant summer blest his solitude.
His limbs were with the linked iron worn,
And his long raven hair in tresses rude
Hung o'er his hollow cheeks with prison damps embued.

LII.

Around him wildly gazing, (for his sight
Shrank from th' unwonted beam of perfect day,
And those embattled guards whose armour bright
Flash'd in the sunshine, like the torch's ray,)
He to the stranger damsel bent his way.
And, "Lady, scorn me not! the time has been
Or ere this bondage," he began to say,
"That gayer robes, and knights of statelier mien,
Have felt mine arm as strong, my lance as deadly keen."

LIII.

"I pray thee give the sword!"—the sword she gave;
"Long, very long it seems," the captive cried,
"Since these poor hands have felt a battle glaive!"
Yet as the pommel's wieldy grasp he tried,
Dawn'd on his hollow cheek a martial pride,
And the dark smile of warrior ecstacy
Across his care-worn visage seem'd to glide;
And, flashing like a meteor to the sky,
Forth sprang the charmed blade, the blade of victory!

LIV.

Say, have ye mark'd what winged moments fall
Between the distant cannon's flash and roar?
Such was the pause ensued, and such the swell
Of following rapture shook the ocean shore.
Rung every vaulted gate and turret hoar;
Rung the far abbey spires, and cloister'd bound;
While, as they sail'd the moss-grown rampart o'er,
The sea-bird reel'd on giddy pinions round,
And the wood-fringed rocks return'd a hollow sound.

LV.

When all was hush'd, the not unmindful king
From Balin bade the guard unloose his chain,
While robes of knightly blue the pages bring,
And furred mantle of majestic train.
He, with a settl'd smile of calm disdain,
Receiv'd the gifts; but when his well-known mail,
And shield, and rusted helm were brought again,
Quak'd his dark lip, and voice began to fail,
And the fast-falling tear bedew'd his features pale.

LVI.

So when the feast was ended in the hall,
Nor longer would remain th' impatient maid,
Though Arthur much, and much his nobles all,
But most her presence young Ganora pray'd;
To each with courtly smile her thanks she paid,
And graceful on that docile palfrey sprung;
While close beside, in wonted steel array'd,
Victorious Balin's clashing armour rung,
Whom many a knight beheld, with serpent envy stung.

LVII.

But while o'er many a wood-fringed hill
And heath of purple tint their journey lay,
That seeming hind, fair architect of ill,
In Arthur's palace sojourn'd many a day,
Expert in fraud, and watchful to betray.
Expert with pliant limb, and bounding high
Before the queen, her gambols to display;
Or fond and flattering at her feet to lie,
And mirror every thought in her large lucid eye.

LVIII.

So past the day; but when the seven-fold team,
That fear to tinge their feet in ocean deep,
Shot from the topmost north their twinkling beam,
And over mortal lids the dews of sleep
(To weary man blest visitation) creep,
Forth in the silence of the world she sped,
A nymph of air her unblest watch to keep;
Or, wrapt in mist, beside the bridal bed
Of poor Ganora's heart the wandering wishes read.

LIX.

The early trace of youthful love was there,
And airy hope that flatter'd to betray;
But disappointment, with salt smarting tear,
Had blotted half the simple lines away;
The other half too deeply graven lay,
And, though contending with that earthly flame,
Celestial ardours sent their purer ray,
Though late—Ah, female heart, of feeble frame,
Of pomp, and rank, and power, the novel rapture came.

LX.

Yet in the midst, and sov'reign o'er her breast,
Cadwal, young Cadwal, held his fatal throne,
And, e'en to wakeful conscience unconfest,
Her fear, her grief, her joy were his alone:
Yes, every sigh that heav'd her silken zone,
From hapless love a dearer sorrow drew,
And, to Ganora's secret self unknown,
Arose before the faery's eager view;
Ah me! what airy spies our silent thoughts pursue!

LXI.

And think'st thou, man, thy secret wish to shroud
In the close bosom's sealed sepulchre?
Or, wrapt in saintly mantle from the crowd,
To hug thy darling sin that none may see?
A thousand, thousand eyes are bent on thee;
And where thy bolts the babbling world exclude,
And in the darkness where thou lov'st to be,
A thousand, thousand busy sprites intrude;
Earth, air, and heaven are full, there is no solitude.

ROYAL

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

A Fragment.

CANTO III.

I.

When I rehearse each gorgeous festival,
And knightly pomp of Arthur's elder day,
And muse upon these Celtic glories all,
Which, save some remnant of the minstrel's lay,
Are melted in oblivious stream away,
(So deadly bit the Saxon blade and sore)
Perforce I rue such perilous decay,
And, reckless of my race, almost deplore
That ever northern keel deflower'd the Logrian shore.

II.

Oh thou the ancient genius of the land,
Who wont on old Belusium's sunny steep,
And nigh the holy mount, with armed hand,
In vision dimly seen, thy watch to keep,
Our angel guard, whose eagle pinions sweep
In circling flight around his rock-built nest,
Now soaring high, now dark'ning half the deep,
The broad wave bursting with his shadowy breast,
Oh did not his lament foreshow the nearer pest?

III.

Say, did not he when Hengist plough'd the main,
With gathering mist the conqueror's track dismay,
And smite his radiant brows in parent pain
And sadly rend his samphire wreath away?
No, brighter beam'd his prescient eye that day,
And as the proud bark swept the waters free,
He bade the rustling waves around it play.
While softly stole across the sunny sea,
From many a twisted shell the mermaid's harmony.

IV.

Now forty times the golden-haired dawn
Had sprung from old Tithonus' dewy bed,
And forty times across the fading lawn,
Had summer eve her filmy mantle spread,
Since young Ganore to Mary's aisle was led
A pensive bride; and yet, I wot not why,
But those who best could read her blushes said,
Not now so much she droop'd the timid eye,
Nor paid her Arthur's warmth with so cold courtesy.

V.

She was his wife! for this she strove to bear
Of that portentous eye the tawny glow;
And those deep indents of ambitious care
That mapp'd his dark and melancholy brow;
She was belov'd; for well the fair might know
How that stern heart was fix'd on her alone,
When, melted all in love's delirious flow,
The vanquish'd victor at her feet was thrown;
And she was inly vain to feel such power her own.

VI.

So was she pleas'd herself who sought to please;
Till on a day when all the court would ride
To drink in Cattraeth's woods the cooler breeze,
And rouse the dun deer from Terwathlin's side,
It chanced the queen within her bower to bide,
As one in boisterous pastime rarely seen;
Who little loved the hunter's cruel pride,
Or maddening shout that rends the forest green,
Or their poor quarry's groan the bugle notes between.

VII.

Loth was her lord to miss that livelong day,
Her soft sweet glances and her converse sweet;
Yet cared he not to cross her purposed stay;
And forth he fared, but still with ling'ring feet
And backward look, and "Oh when lovers meet
How blest," he thought "the evening's tranquil hour,
From care and cumbrous pomp a glad retreat."
Not since his youth first quaff'd the cup of power,
Had Arthur praised before the calm sequester'd bower.

VIII.

And forth he fared; while from her turret high
That smiling form beheld his hunter crew;
Pleased she beheld, whose unacquainted eye
Found in each varying scene a pleasure new.
Nor yet had pomp fatigued her sated view,
Nor custom pall'd the gloss of royalty.
Like some gay child a simple bliss she drew
From every gaud of feudal pageantry,
And every broider'd garb that swept in order by.

IX.

And, sooth, it was a brave and antic sight,
Where plume, and crest, and tassel wildly blending,
And bended bow, and javelin flashing bright,
Mark'd the gay squadron through the copse descending;
The greyhound, with his silken leash contending,
Wreath'd the lithe neck; and, on the falconer's hand
With restless perch and pinions broad depending,
Each hooded goshawk kept her eager stand,
And to the courser's tramp loud rang the hollow land.

x.

And over all, in accents sadly sweet,
The mellow bugle pour'd its plaintive tone,
That echo joy'd such numbers to repeat,
Who, from dark glade or rock of pumice-stone,
Sent to the woodland nymphs a softer moan;
While listening far from forth some fallow brown,
The swinked ploughman left his work undone;
And the glad schoolboy from the neighbouring town,
Sprang o'er each prisoning rail, nor reck'd his master's frown.

xi.

Her warm cheek pillow'd on her ivory hand,
Her long hair waving o'er the battlement,
In silent thought Ganora kept her stand,
Though feebly now the distant bugle sent
Its fading sound; and, on the brown hill's bent,
Nor horse, nor hound, nor hunter's pomp was seen.
Yet still she gaz'd on empty space intent,
As one, who spell-bound on some haunted green
Beholds a faery show, the twilight elms between.

XII.

That plaintive bugle's well remember'd tone
Could search her inmost heart with magic sway;
To her it spoke of pleasures past and gone,
And village hopes, and friends far, far away,
While busy memory's scintillating play
Mock'd her weak heart with visions sadly dear,
The shining lakelet, and the mountain grey,
And who is he, the youth of merriest cheer,
Who waves his eagle plume and grasps his hunting spear?

XIII.

As from a feverish dream of pleasant sin,
She, starting, trembled, and her mantle blue,
With golden border bright, and silver pin,
Round her wet cheek and heaving bosom drew;
Yet still with heavy cheer and downcast view,
From room to room she wander'd to and fro,
Till chance or choice her careless glances threw
Upon an iron door, whose archway low,
And valves half open flung, a gorgeous sight might show.

XIV.

It was a hall of costliest garniture,
With arras hung in many a purple fold;
Whose glistening roof was part of silver pure,
And silken part, and part of twisted gold,
With arms embroider'd and achievements old;
Where that rich metal caught reflected day,
As in the hours of harvest men behold
Amid their sheaves a lurking adder play,
Whose burnish'd back peeps forth amid the stubble grey.

XV.

And, in the midst, an altar richly dight
With ever-burning lamps of silver pale,
And silver cross, and chalice heavenly bright,
Before whose beam a sinful heart might quail,
And sinful eye to bear its beauty fail.
It was, to ween, that gracious implement
Of heavenly love, the three-times hallow'd Grayle
To Britain's realm awhile in mercy lent,
Till sin defil'd the land, and lust incontinent.

XVI.

Strange things of that time-honour'd urn were told,
For youth it wont in aged limbs renew,
And kindle life in corpses deadly cold;
Yea palsy warmth, and fever coolness drew,
While faith knelt gazing on its heavenly hue.
For not with day's reflected beam it shone,
Nor fiery radiance of the taper's blue;
But from its hollow rim around was thrown
A soft and sunny light, eternal and its own.

XVII.

And many a riven helm around was hung,
And many a shield revers'd, and shivered spear,
And armour to the passing footsteps rung,
And crowns that paynim kings were wont to wear;
Rich crowns, strange arms, but shatter'd all and sere;
Lo! this the chapel of that table round,
And shrine of Arthur and his warriors dear;
Where vent'rous knights by secret oaths were bound,
And blest by potent prayers their foemen to confound.

XVIII.

Nor less the scene such solemn use became,
Whose every wall in freshest colours dight,
Display'd in form, in feature, and in name,
The lively deeds of many a faithful knight;
And told of many a hardly foughten fight
Against the heathen host in gory field;
Of those who reap renown with falchion bright,
Or list in war the ponderous axe to wield,
Or press the courser's flank with spear and shield.

XIX.

The stripling conqueror of a giant foe,
Belov'd of Heaven, was David there to see,
And wallowing wide the headless bulk below;
And there the self-devoted Maccabee,
Content in death to leave his Israel free,
Sustain'd unmov'd the towered elephant,
With javelin planted firm, and bended knee;
And grimly smiling on the monster's vaunt,
Slaying, was nobly slain, a martyr militant.

XX.

There too, she mark'd, in blood-red colours writ,
The Christian conqueror of British line,
Who seem'd aloft in golden car to sit,
Rais'd on the ruins of an idol shrine,
Lord of the earth, resistless Constantine!
And, blazing high above his chosen head,
The meteor cross shed forth its light divine;
That that great dragon shook with guilty dread,
And all his countless host from forth the heaven fled.

XXI.

Nor less her own paternal Carmelide,
With arms begirt, and warrior faces round;
Nor less the queen with greedy wonder eyed
The giant form, whose uncouth mantle, bound
With beards of captive monarchs, swept the ground.
Vain-glorious Ryence! him the Christian host
With plunging spears in Mersey's current drown'd;
Who, wading through the river depths, almost
Had stemm'd th' indignant wave, and reach'd the farther coast.

XXII.

But oh, what rage of war! what ghastly blows!
Where silver Avon ran with sanguine hue;
And fierce in fight the youth of Denmark rose,
And Arthur's strength his deadly falchion drew.
Her own brave lord Ganora there might view,
As 'mid the meaner trees a kingly oak;
How fast the fire-sparks from his armour flew;
How from his courser's panting side the smoke;
How high he bare his targe, how rose at every stroke!

XXIII.

Around the king, behind him and before,
Red ran the tide of death, and dark the throng;
And Merlin there his dragon standard bore,
Scattering dismay the mailed ranks among;
A living standard, whose biforked tongue
Hiss'd with strange magic, and its brazen eye
Darted pernicious rays of poison strong;
Als were its threatful spires uplifted high,
And wings of molten brass outspread in air to fly.

XXIV.

Strange was it to behold the enchanter's mien
Whose robe of various colours wildly roll'd,
And naked limbs in battle seldom seen,
And magic girdle all of graven gold,
In uncouth wise his prophet frenzy told.
Swart with his visage, and his raven hair
Hung loose and long in many a tangled fold;
And his large eyeballs, with unearthly stare,
Flash'd on the withering host a wild portentous glare.

XXV.

Fast by that fiend-born sire was Gawain placed,
Gawain the gentlest of the knightly throng,
With ladies' love, and minstrel honour graced,
The good, the brave, the beautiful, the strong;
And, breathing fury, Modred spurr'd along,
Sir Modred, sternest of the table round,
Injurious chief, who reck'd nor right nor wrong;
Yet forward in his suzerain's service found,
And next to Arthur's self for princely lineage crown'd.

XXVI.

But who is he? the chief whose single might
Girt by the Saxon host in desperate ring,
With slender lance redeems the reeling fight,
While death and conquest poised on dubious wing
Hung o'er the strife his valour witnessing?
Cleft is his helmet, and his sanguine cheer
And beardless cheeks betoken manhood's spring,
Ah well-known glance, ah form to memory dear,
It is the nameless youth! it is the forestere!

XXVII.

Was it a dream? her unassured eye
Paused on the form awhile—awhile withdrew;
She chafes her lids their perfect sense to try;
It was no dream! alas, too well she knew
The locks of auburn and the eyes of blue,
And, her own work, the scarf and broider'd vest!
And her ears tingled, and a death-like dew
Through her cold marrow thrill'd and quivering breast,
And suffocating sobs the abortive shriek suppress.

XXVIII.

When overpast was that strong agony,
And doubt and fear resumed their blended reign,
She on that arras bent her frenzied eye,
And line retraced, and well known line again.
"His locks were auburn, these a darker grain,
Fair is yon knight, yet sure than him less fair,
Yon shield, yon crownet mark a princely strain,
And sterner seems that brow." Ah fruitless care!
That lip! those eyes! that scarf! his pictur'd self is there!

XXIX.

"And art thou he?" for o'er his conquering head
In Gothic letters all of silver bright,
That chieftain's woven name Ganora read,
"And art thou he, thy sovereign's darling knight,
The wise in court, the matchless in the fight,
Strength of our Logrian land in danger's hour!
Oh Lancelot! (if thus I read aright
Thy lordly style,) 'mid pomp, and wealth, and power
Full soon hast thou forgot thy humble village flower!"

XXX.

"Yet Arthur cull'd that flower!" (a female ire
Flush'd in her cheek, and sparkled in her eye)
"Yet Albion's lord could this poor form desire;
And thou shalt view thy rustic Emily
In pomp of queenly state enthroned high!
Then, Cadwal, shall thy soul new pangs endure,
And in each slighted charm new grace descry,
And, scorn'd in turn—Ah passion hard to cure!
Break, break my tempted heart while yet my will is pure."

XXXI.

Thus raved she long, till from her throbbing breast
Exhausted passion loos'd his iron sway;
And holier thoughts her struggling soul possest,
And that pure chalice with its saintly ray,
And that still chapel turned her heart to pray.
So prostrate at the marble altar's base,
With floating locks and folded hands she lay;
And moistening with her tears the sacred place,
Clung to the silver cross with Magdalen embrace.

XXXII.

So by that heavenly toil re-comforted,
She, slowly rising from the sacred ground,
Dried her moist eye, with streaming anguish red,
And those loose locks in decent fillet bound,
And cast, in matron guise, her mantle round,
And forth she went; yet ere the morrow's light,
She of her maidens fit occasion found
To ask the lineage of "that absent knight,
Who now in Albion's war fought for his suzerain's right.

XXXIII.

"He of the Lake, whose empty seat was placed
And in the hall his banner waving wide,
A golden hound with chequer'd collar graced,
And the broad field with seeming verdure dyed?"
To whom the young Ygwerna swift replied
With arched brows and finger pointing sly,
"Oh who shall dare to praise that chief of pride,
Who, when the jealous Gwendolen is nigh,
Whose proffer'd love he meets with so cold courtesy?"

XXXIV.

"Peevish Ygwerna!" Gwendolen rejoin'd,
"By forged tales to shroud thy secret care!
Who more than thou the myrtle branch has twined,
And ring'd with flowery wreath his auburn hair?
Ah wooing vainly spent! some absent fair
Has o'er the warrior hung her silken chain;
Witness the purple scarf he loves to wear,
Witness his wanderings o'er the nightly plain,
Witness Ygwerna's love and Lancelot's disdain!"

XXXV.

Ganora sigh'd; but all unmark'd the sigh
As Gwendolen pursued her eager word!
"Oh lady mine, long were the history
To reckon up the praise of that young lord,
In Logris and in distant Gaul ador'd,
And sprung from elder kings of Brutus' race;
But changeful fate, and war with ruthless sword
Could ancient Tribles' goodly towers deface,
And poppies wave the head in the tall banner's place.

XXXVI.

"When bloody Claudas sack'd the Armoric shore,
The sire of Launcelot its sceptre held,
For wealth renown'd, for virtuous wisdom more,
And the fair peace of honourable eld.
But the base rabble from his rule repell'd,
And ancient Ban, no longer prompt to bear
(As when at Carohaise, the foe he quell'd)
The conquering falchion and the pennon'd spear,
Fled from his dangerous throne to wood and desart drear.

XXXVII.

"There, wretched sire, by daily wrath pursued,
Himself, his infant heir, and beauteous dame,
A shelter seeking in the solitude,
To a wild cave with painful travel came,
Where toil and grief opprest his hoary frame:
A little space with arms to Heaven spread,
A little space, on cities wrapt in flame;
And ravaged fields, he gazed, but nothing said,
Then in his Helen's arms sank down his dying head.

XXXVIII.

"She, chafing his cold brows, and with her tears
Moistening in vain the breast was ever true,
Nor space, nor leisure found for other fears;
But when her much-loved lord deceased she knew,
All wildly frantic thro' the desart flew,
Reckless of him who, 'mid the bushes laid,
Her sleeping babe, a faery's pity drew;
Who haply wandering through the twilight glade
Stoop'd from her phantom steed, and home the prize convey'd.

XXXIX.

"Beneath the hollow waters is her home,
Upbuilt with arched waves of crystal cold,
Where never wight of mortal seed should come.
Yet did she there the beauteous infant hold,
And train'd in knightly lore and pastimes bold;
But luckless Helen, dame disconsolate,
When late her loss returning reason told,
Sought the sad shelter of a convent grate,
And wept with live-long grief her boy's untimely fate."

XL.

"Him, when his vigorous youth was ripe for war,
And downy cheek was cloth'd in darker shade,
On airy wheels and dragon-yoked car,
To Arthur's court his elfin nurse convey'd,
In polish'd arms of maiden-white array'd,
And silver shield as princely youth became;
Who since untam'd, unrivall'd, undismay'd
In tourney strife and war's illustrious game,
Has borne from every knight the foremost meed of fame."

XLI.

"All otherwise I deem," Ganora cried,
"Nor him account the best and bravest knight
Who, wrapt in sordid gain or warrior pride,
Is dead to ladies' pain and love's delight."
"Ah who," said Gwendolen, "shall read aright
The close-kept secret of a hero's love!
Yet some have said, in magic beauty bright,
His elfin dame has power his mind to move,
And urge his pensive steps along the twilight grove."

XLII.

A livid blush the queen's pale face o'erspread,
"Yet, yet aread, where is that faery's wan?"
"Ah who shall tell her haunt," the maiden said,
"Who in the desart water dwells alone,
Or under hollow hill or cavern'd stone?
Yet beauteous Derwent claims her chiefest grace."
Ganora heard, but answer made she none,
And with her kerchief shrouding close her face,
Broke from th' unfinish'd tale and sadly left the place.

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FRAGMENTS

OF

THE MASQUE OF GWENDOLEN.

FRAGMENTS

OF

THE MASQUE OF GWENDOLEN.

* * * *

Enter two Goblins *bearing a casket.*

GWENDOLEN.

What forms are these?

GOBLIN.

Spirits of nether earth
Are we, and servants to the mighty Merlin,
From whom we bear these treasures to his bride.
Or ere the raven twice hath flapt her wing
He will himself be here.

GWENDOLEN.

Good angels guard me!

Enter two Sylphs *and two* Sea Nymphs.

SONG.

Nymphs of air and ancient sea,
Bridal gifts we bring to thee!
Lo these plumes of rich device,
Pluck'd from birds of paradise!
Lo these drops of essence rare,
Shook from a wand'ring meteor's hair!
Nymphs of air and ancient sea,
Such the gifts we bring to thee!

Take these shells, approach them near,
And they shall murmur in thine ear
Tunes that lull the slumbering sea
More than mermaid's harmony!
Take these pearls, no diving-slave
Drags their like from ocean cave,—
Nymphs of air and ancient sea,
Such can only bring to thee.

Enter two Genii of Fire, *with a vase.*

FIRST GENIUS.

Loveliest of mortal mould! distant we kneel,

Lest our hot breath should mar thy snowy skin,
Or scorch thy raven locks! We are of fire
The swarthy ministers, whose active heat
Is as the soul of earth and sea and air;
Who sow the seeds of gold, who give the diamond
Its eye of flame, and wake the carbuncle
To rival day. Of such strange alchemy
We bring thee tokens; and before thy feet
Bow down our crisped heads, and in the dust
Abase our terrors!

* * * *
* * * *

MERLIN.

Am I proud, who lay
Mine empire at thy feet? All thou hast seen
Are but the least of wonders. Toiling fiends
Shall sweat to work thy bidding, and their claws
Rend from the greedy earth its buried treasure,
And drag the deep for thee. The sylphs of air
Shall fan thy slumber, and their viewless harps
Pour on thy waking ear strange melody.
The elfin nations, with fresh herbs and flowers,
Shall in thy chambers keep perennial spring;
And the wild mermaid sleek, with coral comb

Thy dark and perfumed tresses. Seek'st thou more?
More is in Merlin's power! Be thou my bride,
And I will place thee on a regal throne
Of solid adamant, hill above hill,
Ten furlongs high, to match whose altitude
Plinlimmon fails, and Idris' stony chair
Sinks like an infant's bauble; there, enshrin'd
A queen and goddess, shall the elements
Wait on thee, and the countless multitude
Of Genii worship thee supreme in hell!
I pause for thy reply.

GWENDOLEN.

This then it is:
Thy power I know not, but thine art I know
For most unholy, and thy person hateful!
I own my folly, with remorse I own it,
Which play'd with such a visitor; but mine ears
Drank in thy wisdom,—and it soothed my pride
To see the powers of magic tax'd for me,
And the strong features of a face like thine
Relaxing in my presence! This forgive me!
My last request! Nay look not thus on me,
Nor press my hand! I may not dally longer.

* * * *

MERLIN.

Ah, do not raise the fiend within my soul,
Nor arm, sweet petulance, against thyself
My worser nature! In this rugged breast
The heart which throbs is Etna's earthy fire,
Which, unprovok'd and slumbering in its strength,
Rejoiceth Ceres, and with fresher flowers
To Enna's valley lures back Proserpine:
But, if it burst its bounds, hath hellish mettle
Which is most dangerous! I was not made
To soothe a lady's scorn, or woo her lattice,
What time the cold moon on her garden bower
Flickers in silver whiteness, and the winds
Blend with mine amorous harp's sad lullaby.
My love or vengeance must be gratified.—
Wherefore, proud dame, I say to thee, Be wise!
In love unmatch'd, in hate unmatchable,
I have done that ere now which mine own eyes
Have wept to look upon. My Father's spirit
Is blent with mine, and schools me to such horrors!
Wherefore, I charge thee as thou lov'st thyself,
Be timely wise! One little moment more,
I feel the demon rush into my soul,
And prayer will then be vain! Be wise! Be wise!

GWENDOLEN.

Oh horror, horror! Oh for leprosy
To scathe this fatal form! oh that the veil
Wherewith I shroud me from thy dreaded glance,
Were some wild thicket, some brakê-tangled wood
Where this poor head might shelter,—where no foot
Of man approacheth; that myself were made
A thing of loathing and of natural horror,
Such as is pain to look on!—better so
Than thus to tempt thy wooing: take me, throw me
To the wild boar, or where the lioness
Seeks for her brindled young their human banquet;
Yea, rather marry me to death, and make
My bridal bed within the sepulchre,
Than bid me mount with thee thy guilty throne!

MERLIN.

Thy wish be on thine head, and thine own curse
Feed on thee till it waste thee! Exquisite maid;
Ev'n in the bitterness of my revenge
I love thy graceful passion! But my sire,
Whose flames now burn within me, goads my purpose
To wittier malice! Shroud thee in thy veil,
Oh my fair enemy;—for that withdrawn
Thy face shall never win a suitor more!

Hear, spirits, hear!— (*Thunder.*)
I fix on thee
Curses, curses, one, two, three!
Fouler than a grandame ape,
Be thy features and thy shape;
Be thy face, so fresh and fair,
Worse than those of furies are;
Be thy snowy forehead dark,
And rougher than the maple bark;
In the green wood range alone
Thy disastrous lot to moan;
Lion wild and bristly boar,
Let them fly thy face before;
And the wolves that round thee prowl,
More from fear than hunger howl;
As a thing most scorn'd and hated,
And with demons only mated,
Every kindly creature shun thee:
And this burden be upon thee,
Till a youth of form divine,
Sprung from Brutus' ancient line,
Of beauty careless, and delight,
Shall woo thee to the nuptial rite;
Shall his arms around thee twine,

Shall his warm lips press to thine,
And sign thee with the holy sign!

(*Thunder.* MERLIN *sinks.*)

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* * *

(GWENDOLEN *asleep as transformed by* MERLIN.
Three Fairies *strewing flowers and leaves over her.*

SONG.

Rest thee on this mossy pillow
'Till the morning light!
Softly wave this whispering willow
O'er thy bed to night!
Every mortal grief forsake thee
As our drowsy spells o'ertake thee,
Nought from blessed sleep awake thee
'Till the morning light!

Enter TITANIA.

TITANIA.

Spirits, well done! for not of ruthless mood
Are we, the rangers of the nightly wood.
Where found ye this sad maid?

FIRST FAIRY.

Down in yon dell
We found her, where the moon-beams brightest fell;

For Cynthia mark'd her with benignant eye,
And mourn'd, methought, a virgin's misery.
We mark'd her too, with what intense despair
She scatter'd on the winds her raven hair,
Invoking death: then with accurst intent
Of wilder madness, to the lake she went;
But, bending o'er its mirror, shriek'd to spy
In that wild glass her own deformity,
And fled apace. Anon, amid the brakes,
Like some pursued fawn a lair she makes,
And shrouding with her furry gown those eyes
Which not the curse of Merlin could disguise,
As at herself she trembled, 'till her grief
Found in a flood of gracious tears relief.

TITANIA.

Poor wretch! ye sooth'd her then?

FIRST FAIRY.

Her tears we dried,
And pluck'd the brambles from her bleeding side;
O'er her hot brain a grateful vapour threw,
And sprinkled every limb with drowsy dew;
Then bore her slumb'ring to this green retreat,
And with star-jelly cool'd her blister'd feet,

And scatter'd every flower of purple dye,
And fann'd her rest with owlet's plumery.

TITANIA.

Well have ye done! Sleep on, poor Gwendolen,
The hour of retribution is arrived,
And Merlin hath no longer power to harm.—

FIRST FAIRY.

Is Merlin dead?

TITANIA.

Ev'n now I heard the yell
Of ghastly merriment; in upper air
The fiends keep holiday. I knew their song
A song of triumph: "Merlin is no more!
Merlin, the mighty one! Haste, haste to meet him
Ye rulers of the damn'd, and open wide
Your everlasting gates, to entertain
The master of the spell! Such charms no more
Shall tax our labours till the final doom!"

FIRST FAIRY.

How died he? Say—

TITANIA.

By female wiles he fell.
She of the Lake, his elfin paramour,
Jealous of his late wanderings,—in a tomb,

(First having won by sugar'd blandishment
From his dark soul the unutterable name
Which all things fear in hell, in earth and heaven,)
Inclos'd the struggling wizard. Nine long nights
Within the rock the fairies heard him moan,
The tenth was silence!

FIRST FAIRY.

May the merciless
Such fate meet ever! But, our Gwendolen,
Is she now free?

TITANIA.

The fates their course must have,
And Merlin's spells have power beyond the grave.
But Heaven, and those bright stars whose golden eyes
Behold the link of mortal destinies,
An equal lot of weal and woe prepare
To Harlech's virgin and to Albion's heir.
For this I came, to shed a soft controul
Of Heavenly wisdom o'er her sleeping soul;
And bring to mind whate'er of secret lore
She from her wizard lover learnt before.
But soft, she stirs,—our potent pharmacy
Has roused her dream, and oped her sealed eye.
Vanish kind fays—our forms she must not spy!

(GWENDOLEN *awakes.*)

GWENDOLEN.

Oh sacred hour of retribution,
Foredoom'd to dry the wretch's tear,
And rectify this dark confusion,
Of earthly sin and shame and fear;
And art thou then a fond delusion
Around our slumber hovering near,
Of Heavenly bliss a blest infusion
Too holy to be tasted here?
Oh, in my dreams I feel them, see them!
The days of bliss return again,
As victor angels tread beneath them,
The snare of fiends, the rage of men!
And evermore a sweet delusion
Above my slumber hovers near;
And tells of holy retribution,
And chides my doubt and soothes my fear;
I wake—and all is dark and drear.
The oak wood rustles over head;
The aspen sheds its foliage sere
Upon my wild and dewy bed;
Before the melancholy blast
Autumnal clouds are driving fast;

For canopy of state I see
The white moon glimmering through the tree;
I tremble as with woman fear
The wolf's approaching howl I hear;
In sickening doubt I turn mine eyes
From mine own self thus hideous grown;
And, ranging, in this goblin guise,
The thorny brake, unseen unknown,
I curse my sleep, whose magic power
Hath mock'd with bliss my hopeless heart,
And trebly curse my waking hour,
Which bade that fancied bliss depart;
And doubt, so quick the changes seem,
If this or that were all a dream.
Alas! how know we which is true,
The night or day, the sun or shade,
The forms which glide in long review
Before our eyes in slumber laid,
Or those our waking scenes renew?
Was it a dream that Harlech's hall
Receiv'd my wandering steps again,
As throbb'd my heart at rapture's call,
More rapt'rous from remember'd pain!
On my cold cheek in joyful thrill,
My brother's tear, I feel it still;

And, closer to my heart than he,
The youth's warm kiss who set me free!
Was this a dream? or, dream I now,
Of mourning weeds and desert wild;
Of whistling wind in hawthorn bough;
Of form by magic curse defil'd?
Come pitying death, dissolve the strife,
—And wake me from the trance of life!
A footstep in the wood! an armed man,
And hither bound! Retire thee, Gwendolen.
Yet, what hast thou to fear? Thine alter'd form
Is safe from the worst danger, and thy life,
Not worth the keeping, mocks his cruelty.—
Yet must I hide me—lend me your shade kind boughs
To shade this hideous face from earth and Heaven!

* * * *

SCENE, *the Court.*

ARTHUR *on his throne,* LLEWELLIN *in chains,* Guards, &c. &c.

ARTHUR.

How wears the time?

KAY.

The sun hath well nigh scaled
The pinnacle of Heaven.

ARTHUR.

Oh say not so:—
Is it indeed so late?—Where art thou Gawain,
Too slow to save thy friend? Ah, cursed oath!
Which stops the mouth of mercy, and but leaves
A barren grief to after penitence—
That I might now recall thee! Yet again
Be it proclaimed,—if that mortal tongue
Can solve our oracle,—and solving save
Yon gallant gentleman,—our kingdom's power
Is tax'd for their reward. Still, still,—all still!
Oh good Llewellin, when the headsman's blow
Redeems mine oath, my hoary hairs shall follow
(Believe it) to the grave. Oh, that thy wrath
Had cool'd betimes, or mine. Pardon, oh pardon!
As I forgive thee thine unruly brow
Triumphant o'er mine age, thy words of fire
And looks of mutiny, such as no king
Can brook without resistance,—pardon thou
The rashness of mine oath, which sends thy youth
Untimely to the tomb.

LLEWELLIN.

My parting prayer
Waits on your silver locks; be brief, good king;

Dismiss a soul which on its tiptoe stands
Knocking at Heaven's high gates. I have met death
In uglier shapes before, nor find I now,
Save in this tardiness, his teeth or sting.
Have with you, headsman.

ARTHUR.

Stay I charge ye, stay!—
A noise—I hear it well,—a horse's tread
As one in speed—and hark that shout, O Heaven!
Run some of ye and learn.

(*Cry without.*)

Long live Earl Gawain!

* * * * *

ARTHUR.

Welcome brave nephew,
Now more than ever welcome; have ye sped?
Is mine oath cancell'd?—is the prisoner free?
Hath Merlin told his secret?

GAWAIN.

He hath borne
That secret to the land of secrecy,
Nor can Llewellin claim a further sentence
Than Heaven hath past on Merlin. O! my liege,
Strange things have chanced, which at fitting season

I shall unfold. Now to my chiefest care.
Unlock these rivets, jailor, for thy charge
By Arthur's oath is free;—Arthur hath sought
What women mostly crave;—my answer follows.
Power is their passion. From the lordly dame
To the brown maid that tends the harvest field,
They prize it most. Wherefore is pleasure scorn'd
But to increase their sway?—why riches lavished,
But as an argument of queenly state?
Wherefore is virtue scorn'd? why vice thought comely?
But for the pride of taming him whose wiles
Have ruin'd many,—why is beauty marr'd
By ceruse or by corset?—wherefore love
Led like a blithe and perfum'd sacrifice
To Phœbus' altar, but in hope to reign?—
Ye have mine answer.—

ARTHUR.

Loose Llewellin's chain!
Gawain, thou hast thine earldom. Valiant friends,
This day be peace to all. Let me embrace you
With penitent fondness. Ah! what ghastly spectre
Troubles our happiness?—Can this be human!
She kneels, she holds a ring—

GWENDOLEN.

A boon, a boon
From Arthur and from Gawain! What I am,
What I have done, he knows.—What he hath sworn,
This ring be witness.

GAWAIN.

I acknowledge all,
And nobody will repay thee. Come to-morrow,—
To-day,—this even,—only scare not now
This royal presence.

* * * *

GWENDOLEN.

I sav'd thy friend,
I brought thine earldom back; my wisdom sounded
The craft of Merlin; and the grateful Gawain
(For he was grateful then) sware by his sword,
This ring his sponsor,—to reward my pains
With whatsoe'er I ask'd. I ask it now,
Before the king—my hire, my righteous hire,
Such as a knight must pay.

GAWAIN.

Ask and receive!
I own my oath,—and though my colder blood
Thrills to its fountain at thy gaze, and nature

Forebodes of something monstrous in thy soul,
Which I may shrink to answer—I have sworn;
And bid me tame the brindled pard, or keep
Mine unarm'd vigil in a dragon's den,—
Be the king witness, and this table round,
I will perform thy bidding; speak and obtain.

GWENDOLEN.

Give me thyself,—be thou mine husband, Gawain!
What! scar'd already,—hast thou sworn in vain?
Am I so monstrous?—Oh, I feel I am!
Yet have I sav'd thy friend.

* * * *

* * * *

GAWAIN.

So we are married. Rule thou in my house,
Govern my treasure,—prank thee in my jewels;
All, all is thine!—for me, I mount my steed
And ramble forth to-night, an errant warrior,
To see thy face no more.—

GWENDOLEN.

Alas for me!
Is this a marriage?—thus did Gawain swear,
To mock me with himself,—to leave me thus,
His lawful partner, to the scoffs of men,

And the constructions of a peevish world,
Weak and defenceless, childless, husbandless?
Oh, my good lord,—shall it be said this face
Has robb'd my country of its bravest knight?
And shall the Saxon, and the ruthless Dane,
Triumphant in your absence, thank the foulness
Of Gawain's countess for their victory!
Far be such curse from me! If I am loath'd,
Beyond endurance loath'd,—command me hence,
And I forsake your roof;—I know my duty;
And your poor wife, from forth her wilderness,
Shall bless and pray for Gawain.

GAWAIN.

Nay, not so;
For I have sworn to shield thee; rest thee here,
And ev'n in absence shall mine eye behold
Thy comforts and thy safety; weep not, dame,
I am thy guardian, and will well discharge
A guardian's office. Friendship may be ours,
Thy form forbids not that. What—weeping still!
I will not leave thee;—with a brother's zeal
For thy past service done I will watch over thee.
Be of good courage,—come, one kiss of peace
To seal our bargain.——Hateful! horrible!

And dost thou cling around me, cursed fiend,
To drag me to perdition! Out, aroint!
For in God's name I charge thee set me free,
And by this holy sign!

GWENDOLEN.

Oh, bless'd be thou!—
Turn, Gawain, turn!—

(*Loud thunder.*)

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BLUE-BEARD.

A SERIO-COMIC ORIENTAL ROMANCE.

A Court-yard before FADLALLAH'S *House.*

FADLALLAH.

Good neighbour, be quiet!—my word is a law—
I have said that my daughter shall wed the Bashaw!

SELIM.

But, neighbour, your promise!

FADLALLAH.

My promise! go to!
With *him* must I break it to keep it with *you?*

SELIM.

You promis'd me first!

FADLALLAH.

But I promis'd him since!
And what saith the Koran? "Speak truth to thy prince!"

SELIM.

You swore by the Prophet!

FADLALLAH.

I tell thee, forbear!
In abundance of words is abundance of care!
And again saith the Koran, in Surah the third,
"Confine not thy neighbour too close to his word!"

SELIM.

Would you yield to this monster your Fatima's life?
Why, he eats every night for his supper a wife!

FADLALLAH.

Mere libellous nonsense! I tell thee, Selim,
I know nothing less like a monster than him!

AYESHAH.

Oh, father! but think on his whiskers of blue!

FADLALLAH.

I tell you, the man is as rich as a Jew!
I wish I could find such a husband for you!

SELIM.

Allow me, at least, to take leave of the maid!

FADLALLAH.

You may do as you please—I shall not be afraid.
No daughter of mine has a spirit so mean,
To prefer her kab-kabs to a gilt palankeen;

To trudge to the baths with no soul in her train,
And wrapp'd in a shawl from the wind and the rain,
When she might, if she pleas'd, on an elephant ride,
With trumpets before her and troops by her side,
And sweep through the streets like a lady of honour,
Dwarfs, negroes, and eunuchs attendant upon her.
Selim!—I once lov'd you. Be but a good boy,
I'll speak to the Bashaw to give you employ.
But my daughter 's affianc'd!

[*Exeunt* FADLALLAH *and* AYESHA.

SELIM.

Says Fatima so?

FATIMA.

I am but the slave of my father, you know.
I must do as he wills, or with you, my Selim,
A cottage were more than a palace with him!
But, alas, 'tis in vain! and, since love is denied,
I must fold my pale form in the mantle of pride,—
Must loll on my couch with an indolent mien,
Of a heart-chilling haram the heart-broken queen,
And trifle the time while my tyrant reposes,
With diamonds and arrack and attar of roses!

SELIM.

I cannot endure it! The Bashaw I'll meet;

I'll fling myself down in the dust at his feet.
I'll tell him our story.

FATIMA.

His heart is of steel!

SELIM.

By Allah! my dagger shall force him to feel!
I'll drag from his horse the oppressor, and then—

FATIMA.

A peasant! and fight with a leader of men!
You can but fall a victim to numbers, and I!—
I never will live to look on, when you die!
Farewell!—be resign'd—take this ring for a token;
So long as its stone is unblench'd and unbroken,
You may know that I live—that I'm well—that I bear
In peace and in patience the load of despair.—
But if once its smooth surface begins to decay,
And the tint of the ruby to vanish away,
You may learn that my life is in danger, and—pray!

SELIM.

Yet, yet there is hope! I have told you before,
My mother's an Arab, and born in Mount Hor:
Her kindred disown'd her for wedding a clown;
But my uncle the Shekh, as he pass'd by our town,
Half-famish'd, half-naked, hard press'd by the foe,

Was pleas'd for a moment his pride to forego,
To be fed, cloth'd, and shelter'd, as best we were able;
To be warm'd by our hearth, to be hid in our stable;
And to say, on the morrow, as grimly he smil'd;
He would "make me a man if I came to the wild!"
In less than three days I can reach his retreat;
I'll tell him my sorrows, fall down at his feet.
He hates Abou Malek!

FATIMA.

But what can he do,
Our tyrant so mighty, his people so few?
He may rifle a pilgrim, set fire to a village,
Or threaten the monks of Mount Sinai with pillage;—
But to cope with a Bashaw!

SELIM.

No matter, I'll try!

[*Martial music at a distance.*

FATIMA.

Good Heaven—they are here! if you value me, fly!

Enter FADLALLAH.

FADLALLAH.

In, into the house, silly girl!—By my beard,
This moment the sound of a trumpet I heard:
Would you stand in the court with no veil on your face,
When his highness, your husband, rides into the place?

In, in—get the clothes on he sent you this morning!
And, neighbour, kind neighbour, I give you fair warning,
If longer in sight of my door I survey you,
I'll speak to my son-in-law's worship to flay you!

[*Exeunt severally* FATIMA *and* SELIM.

ABOU MALEK (*speaking without*).

Sound, trumpets, a halt! My Albanians may wait,
Drawn up in two lines, from the bridge to the gate!
Let none dare to enter! (*Entering*).
Well, father-in-law.

FADLALLAH.

I hope that your highness will pardon the awe—
[*Hesitating.*
Unprepar'd as I am, unaccustom'd to view
The shadow of one so illustrious as you!
Oh, Lud! I'm afraid of those whiskers of blue! [*Aside.*
I could speak very well if I once made a start,
But 'tis gone from me clean what I'd gotten by heart.
Where was I?—Oh now— (*Aloud.*)
Will your highness be pleas'd—

ABOU MALEK.

Slave, infidel, hound! am I thus to be teas'd
With your bowing and cringing, and kneeling and talking,

Detaining me here from night until dawning?
Go, call out your daughter—'tis her that I seek,—
But you, if I let you, would chatter this week!

FADLALLAH (*aside*).

His highness is hasty.—I dare not complain,
But 'tis hard that my speech should be studied in vain.

ABOU MALEK.

What have I forgot?—I return to the gate
To give out some orders.—Your daughter may wait.

[*Exit.*

FADLALLAH.

He 's a Bashaw indeed! How I envy his state!
How noble his action!—" Your daughter may wait!"

Enter FATIMA *and* AYESHA.

Come, Fatima, girl, and give thanks on your knee
For a husband so kind, condescending, and free!
" Good father-in-law," said his highness to me,
" You speak like an angel, good father-in-law;"
He's the civilest gentleman ever I saw;
And, by the same token, will make me a Cadi,
So soon as my daughter comes out as his lady!—
What,—weeping, you fool? By the Caaba, I'd tear,
If it were not for rumpling that head-dress, your hair!

I'd make you come out by the head and the shoulder!
You are only too lucky!

AYESHA.

And that's what I told her!
I'm sure she has plenty to make her content.
Do look at the things which the Bashaw has sent!
Such silks and such kincobs, such collars of pearl!
She looks like a Peri far more than a girl.
And I, her poor bride-maid, by all am confess'd,
As sweetly, though not so expensively dress'd.
Come, keep up your spirits! do, Fatima, do!
I don't think his whiskers so frightfully blue!

Re-enter ABOU MALEK. *All kneel.*

All hail, Lord of Damascus!

ABOU MALEK.

Young woman, I come,
According to promise, to carry you home.
Your sister goes with you. Of course you are ready.—
Black eunuchs without! form a guard for your lady!—
Come kiss me! I like you!

FATIMA.

In mercy forbear!
Despise me, and fix your affections elsewhere!

FADLALLAH.

Perhaps, if your highness my girls would compare,
This other's as handsome.

ABOU MALEK.

But less to my taste.—
Come Fatima, rise from the ground—I'm in haste!
The affairs of the East on my leisure attend.—
Fadlallah! farewell! kiss with reverence the end
Of this worshipful finger, which, were the whim in it,
Might beckon your head from your shoulders this minute.

FATIMA.

O Bashaw! if pity e'er enter'd your breast!

ABOU MALEK.

You have reason, I trow, to be sadly distress'd!
The spouse of a Bashaw! mere maidenish stuff!
I like you—have bought you—will keep you, enough!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A large Hall or Staircase with many doors.

Music and Dancing heard without.

Enter Abou Malek, Fatima, Ayesha.

ABOU MALEK.

I hate all this nonsense!—these gardens of myrtle,
These long wedding suppers, how vastly absurd!
These verses comparing my spouse to a turtle!
I'm wed to a woman, and not to a bird!
I can gaze with delight on her person and graces,
And hope that the sequel fresh charms will disclose
But it bores me to hear such bombastical praises,—
No nightingale I to be gull'd with a rose!
Go—order the minstrels to silence their tabours!
Bid the dancing-girls pack up their rags and be gone!

AYESHA.

Lord sir! you'll offend all your kindred and neighbours;
The nach-girls and singers have scarcely begun!

I never can find an excuse that is clever—
They'll needs see your highness before they retire.

ABOU MALEK.

Go tell 'em I'm sick—have the plague—have a fever,
Say the sherbet is out!—say the Harem's on fire!

[*Exit* AYESHA, *lingeringly.*

I breathe at my ease now Ayesha is gone!
O born in a cottage, but fit for a throne!
You, perchance, think my manners are rough and austere?
But why do you tremble—my Houri, draw near!
I have secrets of moment to pour in your ear!
Twelve years have I languish'd a partner to meet,
Kind, beautiful, humble, domestic, discreet;
Twelve times have I hoped that my labour was sped;
Twelve times I have fail'd—for the rest, ask the dead!
Twelve damsels in turn—but alas! you have heard
The crime which has call'd down this curse on my head!
You have heard it?

FATIMA.

Your Highness I have—but I know
That slander still follows the mighty.

ABOU MALEK.

'Tis true!
Now learn the sad cause!—in my cradle when laid

My mother gave alms to a soothsaying maid,
A poor crazy wanderer in ruins that slept,
And her vigils with Gouls in the monument kept,
Till her soul, from the haunts of humanity driven,
Grew skill'd in the visions of Hell and of Heaven,
And her words of wild raving had power to unfold
Whatever the eyes of the Prophet behold :—
She stopt at our cottage, sate down by our door
(I care not who knows it—my parents were poor,
I rose by the sabre's adventurous law,
First robber, then rebel, and last a Bashaw) ;
But she, when relieved by our water and bread,
Took the babe in her arms, prest her lips to his head,
And—You mark me?

FATIMA.

Intently !

ABOU MALEK.

She shudder'd and, "thou !
Strange matters are written," she cried, "on thy brow!
High valour, high fortune, untimely o'erthrow !
Yet, warrior, no bow-string shall bring thee thy doom ;
No writ of the Sultan conduct to the tomb ;
Live, live Abou Malek ! fear'd, honour'd, carest,
Of the chiefs of the Koran the boldest and best ;

Fear no sabres that glisten, no bullets that fly,
Till—a bride's curiosity doom thee to die!"

FATIMA.

Strange doom!

ABOU MALEK.

Dost thou wonder that twelve I have tried,
Dost thou wonder that they who deceived me have died!
Let their fate be thy warning? Last hope of my life,
Be firm! and I make thee my queen and my wife!
Thou shalt rule o'er our heart, shalt rule o'er Damascus,
Whatever thou seek'st, thou hast only to ask us!
But first, to thy trial! take charge of my keys,
Wherever thou wilt, they admit thee with ease.
Range at will through my castle,—its wealth is thine own!
But yon south turret chamber must yet be unknown!
Do this, and be blest!—for three days we must part:
Be firm,—or my dagger must smoke in thy heart!
Farewell for three days!

FATIMA.

Oh, my Lord, I entreat,
Show grace to my weakness! I sink at your feet;
I will honour you, love you, obey you, adore!
All, all but this trial!

ABOU MALEK.

It must be!—no more! [*Exit.*

Enter AYESHA.

Thank Heaven he is off! I have heard your dispute—
He a Bashaw, indeed! A fantastic old brute.

FATIMA.

You heard it?

AYESHA.

I listen'd, my love, at the door—
I never have met such a monster before.
Kill a woman for peeping! why here's a to-do!
I wonder what's in that same chamber—Don't you?

FATIMA.

Oh talk not of prying!

AYESHA.

The Prophet forbid!
But—he never could know it, my dear, if we did.
And—now that I look, what a beautiful key!
Do, Fatima, trust it a moment with me. [*Snatching the key.*

FATIMA.

What, what are you doing?

[AYESHA *tries the key in the lock of the door.*

AYESHA.

I want to be sure
If this is the key which belongs to the door—
It fits I declare like a finger and glove!

FATIMA.

In mercy, return it!

AYESHA.

Return it, my love!
I have not yet *turn'd* it,—nor do I intend.
No, child, on my prudence you well may depend!
I would not for the world,—Oh, my stars! it is done!

[*The door flies open with a tremendous sound, several Skeletons seen within.*

The chamber is open, as sure as a gun,
And oh! what an object! See, Fatima, see!
Oh shut-to the door! turn the key, turn the key!
Run! Run for your life—Oh!

FATIMA.

[FATIMA *closes the door.*

Wretched girl! we're undone!
The key is all bloody!

AYESHA.

Run, Fatima, run!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A wild rocky Desert, without trees or vegetation: At a small distance a cluster of low black Tents.

Enter Selim *with a staff, scrip, and bottle for holding water.*

SELIM.

To think that my uncle takes pleasure to dwell
In a country whose heat the best spirit would quell;
'Tis true he's a thief, and of thieves the commander,
But his quarters would puzzle the best salamander.
A plague on these flints that have worn out my feet!
A plague on these rocks half calcined by the heat!
How dreadful these waterless vapours that make,
To torture the pilgrim, the farce of a lake!
Not a tree, not a spring has this wilderness in it.
My pulse beats two hundred and ten in a minute.
My tongue is on fire, and my brain in a muddle,
I would give all the world for a good draught of puddle!
Then, when one least thinks of it, comes the Simoom,
And these sands will supply me a couch and a tomb!
Or, who can be sure but some merciful Shekh,
For the sake of my garments, may twist off my neck?—

Oh dear! I'm afraid!—I've a mind to turn back,
But—I doubt that I never shall hit on the track—
And Fatima! Thou!—can I leave thee in thrall?
Cheer up!—a high spirit may scramble through all!—
And—hurrah—I have found them; dark perch'd on the sand
Like a cluster of ravens, the tents are at hand.
And, sure, that's my uncle——

Enter SHEKH.

SHEKH.

Stand, infidel stand!
Stand, slave, and deliver!

SELIM.

'Tis vastly distressing,
That he won't recollect me! Kind uncle, your blessing!

SHEKH.

Ha, rascal! who art thou?

SELIM.

Oh—look not so grim!
The son of your sister, your nephew, Selim!
Destroy not the seed of your father with fear!

SHEKH.

Selim, by the Prophet!—and what brings thee here?

Hast thou taken my counsel, and is it thy bent
To sojourn with us in the shade of the tent?
To cast in thy lot with thy friends, and to rear,
Dimly seen through the twilight, the long Arab spear?
To mark from some mountain where, patient and slow,
The rich-laden caravan circles below?
Then spring to thy courser, exulting and gay,
And swift as an eagle dart down on the prey!
Oh blithe are my pastimes on desert and down,
Far, far from the smoke and the noise of the town;
And calm my repose when the carpet is spread,
'Twixt the steed of my bosom, and the wife of my bed,
When camel-bells tinkle, and embers burn bright,
And the tent curtain flaps in the breezes of night!
Though poor my apparel, though scanty my fare,
A cake on the hearth, and a mantle of hair,
How sweet is that morsel, how light is that vest,
And how rich do I feel of this sabre possest!

SELIM.

This is charming, I own; in this tranquil retreat,
You've the blessings of hunger, of thirst and of heat,—
May you long time enjoy them; for me, when I'm bent
To taste of these pleasures, I'll visit your tent.

But now for protection, dear uncle, I sue—
You know the Bashaw of Damascus?

SHEKH.

I do.——

SELIM.

The monster has borne off my beautiful bride.

SHEKH.

He's perfectly right for himself to provide.

SELIM.

Is my uncle in earnest?

SHEKH.

I am, my Selim:
And, thou wilt do right to assassinate him!

SELIM.

By my beard! I intend it,—but how shall I do it?

SHEKH.

Oh just as thou wilt, so thou fairly goest through it.—
Thou mayst shoot him, or stab him, or beat out his brain.

SELIM.

But how to get at him?—your meaning explain.

SHEKH.

I have spoken!—and he who hath purpose to slay,
If he have but the courage, will find out the way!
If thou diest, I'll avenge thee.

SELIM.

Far rather defend me!
I hoped that the spears of Mount Hor would befriend me!
You have eaten our salt, have been warm'd at our fire,
And there flows in my veins of the blood of your sire.
To a castle in Hauran, if truth is in fame,
Abou Malek has borne my disconsolate dame.
The walls are not strong, and the garrison few.
What say you to singeing those whiskers of blue?
Will you aid my revenge?

SHEKH.

I don't care if I do.
First come to the tent, share my bread and my water,
And the moon of to-morrow shall light us to slaughter.

SELIM.

Oh pause not a moment!

SHEKH.

And why, my Selim?

SELIM.

The ring on my finger! its ruby grows dim!
She dies,—she is bleeding,—I see by the stone!
Oh haste, or I fly to her rescue alone!

SHEKH.

By my head—a brave youth! I will lend thee a steed,
And I and my people will help at thy need.

And woe to these Turks when the whirlwind of war
Is gather'd in clouds on the summit of Hor!
When the locusts of Maon are dark on the blast,
And the leopards of Arnon—

SELIM.

Oh haste! uncle, haste!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

An Apartment in Blue-Beard's *Castle.*

Fatima, Ayesha.

FATIMA.

In vain you console me,—too sure is my doom,
And the dews of to-morrow must weep o'er my tomb.
Enough! I forgive you! 'twas Azrael's decree,
That bloody my death and untimely should be.
Poor captives of fate! the entangled gazelle
May break through the snare of the hunter as well,
As we, with our wisdom, our cunning and wit,
Escape from the meshes by destiny knit!
Be at rest, I forgive you!

AYESHA.

Yet, yet we have space
To contrive our escape from this horrible place.
Two days have gleam'd sadly o'er dungeon and tower,
Since the Lord of Damascus set forth with his power.
One more must be wash'd from the tables of fate,
Ere the shade of his presence will darken the gate.
And Selim, by this time, must his uncle have met.
And, my dear injured sister!—I'd lay you a bet
That, or ever our tyrant returns to our door,
His way will be block'd by the bands of Mount Hor.

FATIMA.

Can Arabs contend with a warrior like him?
Oh better I die than endanger Selim!

AYESHA.

Yet, yet I have something to check your despair—
I have search'd through the south turret chamber, and there—

FATIMA.

Oh name not the turret—that desolate room
Where my wretched forerunners in folly and doom
Lie mouldering and green!

AYESHA.

I beheld with affright,

And horrid, most horrid indeed was the sight!
But I still persevered, for there prest on my mind
A suspicion of mystery lurking behind.
And at length I have found it; an aperture small
That leads to a stair in the bulk of the wall;
Beneath it a postern conceal'd, and I hope
That with me you will pack up your things and elope.

FATIMA.

No packing! no loitering! conduct me this minute!

AYESHA.

Law!—your train will be bloodied! allow me to pin it:
We have plenty of time. [*Looking through the door.*
Oh, confusion and sorrow!
The Bashaw has mistaken to-day for to-morrow,
He is now on the staircase.—Oh, would it might crumble—
I'd break my own neck to ensure him a tumble!

ABOU MALEK (*speaking without*).

Within there! what, slaves! are ye sleeping or dead?
If ye sleep till the morning your couch will be red!
Am I forced like a dog of the desert to wait,
No slaves at my stirrup, no guard at my gate,
And unhonour'd by sign or salute from the wall—
To sneak like a thief to my own castle hall?

Up, up to the ramparts! unlimber the swivels,
You will soon have a visit from Arabs or devils!
They are hard on my track!

AYESHA.

Recollect what I told you!
Cheer up! he must not in this anguish behold you;
Put him off for a while if he talks of the keys,
By the help of a kiss you may do it with ease.
But gain a few hours and, I'll wager my neck,
Some tidings will come of Selim and his Shekh.

[*To* ABOU MALEK *as he enters.*

Oh my lord! my dear brother! such sudden delight!
We never expected you home by to-night!

ABOU MALEK.

So, so, where's your sister?

AYESHA.

And as I was saying,
Your highness, we thought, in the city was staying;
So we fasten'd the gate, sent the servants to sleep,
Good hours we were always accustom'd to keep,
And we were just talking—

ABOU MALEK.

My curse on your head.
No doubt *you* were talking—

AYESHA.

... Of going to bed.

And—

ABOU MALEK.

Fatima! well may you boast of the charms
That bring back your husband so soon to your arms.
Three days I had promised—my heart could not wait,
And the second has seen me return to your gate.
Escaped from an ambush that threaten'd my life,
I come with delight to my home and my wife.
My wife and my queen! Yes—your trial is o'er,
And the Fiend of suspicion shall haunt me no more!
But what?—All in tears—in confusion!

FATIMA.

Great Sir,
Your return so unlook'd for, so sudden,—I fear——

ABOU MALEK.

Fear! what?

AYESHA.

That some sudden disaster or sickness
Is the cause, mighty Lord, of your singular quickness.
Then, you seem to be wearied, and I have a notion,
You had better retire with a nightcap and potion.

Then, the ambush you mention'd has thrill'd us with fear.
Who could be your foes?

ABOU MALEK.

From Mount Hor, or Mount Seir,
Some rascally Arabs—

AYESHA.

My love, do you hear? (*Aside to* FATIMA.)
(*Aloud.*)
And pray does your Highness suppose they are near?

ABOU MALEK.

Oh Prophet! great Prophet!—if ever I come
To bliss, I entreat let my Houri be dumb!
Give that clapper a holiday once in thy life.
But come thou to my bosom, my friend, and my wife!
(*To* FATIMA.)
Thy silence, thy gentleness, ever must please.
Alas—I forgot—you may give me the keys.

FATIMA.

The keys, my dread Lord?—give me time to prepare,
I have lost them, mislaid them—can't tell where they are.

ABOU MALEK.

You have lost them! mislaid them! oh ominous word!
The keys, in an instant!

FATIMA (*kneeling and covering her face.*)

Receive them, my Lord!

ABOU MALEK.

... (*After looking at the keys, he drops them.*)
And art thou detected, whom least I suspected!
Oh prophetess! prophetess! great was thy skill!

AYESHA (*flinging herself at his feet*).

It all was my doing?—mine, mine, be the ruin!
But do not, oh do not your Fatima kill?

ABOU MALEK (*turning away from* FATIMA).

I dare not behold thee,—should my arms once enfold thee,
My purpose, I feel, in a moment would cool.

AYESHA (*aside to* FATIMA.)

Yet, yet I would try him—with compliments ply him
A husband, well flatter'd, is always a fool.—

FATIMA.

Is pity so strange to a conqueror's bosom?
So slight an offence must such vengeance pursue?

AYESHA.

Was your father a wolf?—was your nurse an opossum,
That your heart does not melt her distresses to view?

FATIMA.

When first from the cot of my father you bore me,
I hoped for protection from peril and scorn.

ABOU MALEK.

Oh horror to see thée thus kneeling before me,
And kneeling in vain ! I have sworn ! I have sworn !

(*A great noise without, fire of musketry, shouts, &c.*)

By Heaven ! are these Arabs so close on my traces ?
Have the rascals such courage, such conduct and skill ?
For a moment I leave thee, 'twere bliss to reprieve thee,
But hope not, oh hope not to soften my will. [*Exit.*

AYESHA.

Thank our stars ! he is gone, and the castle's surrounded !
And—oh ! blessed accident, here are the keys !
I swear he shall keep us no longer impounded,
Make off !—we can get through the postern with ease.
Oh me ! come again.

Re-enter ABOU MALEK, *who catches* FATIMA—

AYESHA *escapes.*

ABOU MALEK.

What, ye fiends ! are ye flying ?
Have ye sold me to fall by the hands of Mount Hor ?

AYESHA (*without*).

Oh hasten to rescue a lady from dying !
Oh hasten Selim, I'm unbolting the door !

ABOU MALEK.

Is it thus? Oh I thank thee for giving me rest;
Thy treason has taken a load from my breast!
I can murther thee now without fear of relenting,
And fall, if my doom is to fall, unrepenting!
But live, while I print a last kiss on thy brow,
The last and the sweetest!

SELIM (*rushing in with a drawn sabre*).

Now, murderer, now!
Turn infidel Giaour!

ABOU MALEK.

Is the lion at bay!
Woe, woe to the hunter who stands in his way! [*Fight.*

ABOU MALEK.

Ha! Peasant! well fought! that last thrust was a raker,
And my business—will soon be—with Monkir—and Hakir. (*Falls.*)

Enter AYESHA *and* Arabs.

ABOU MALEK.

Oh prophetess! prophetess! well hast thou said!
And Fatima, fear not! kneel down by my head!
Believers—bear witness! my sins to atone
I make her my heiress—the castle's her own!

Forgive me! farewell!—I had more—but 'tis past,
The first of my wives whom I loved is—the last! [*Dies.*

SHEKH.

The Bashaw had a right to devise his estate.
But the Shekh of Mount Hor has a hold on his plate!

(*The* SHEKH, *and his* Attendants *are all loaded with booty.*)

FATIMA.

Alas, my Lord Shekh!—you can ne'er be repaid,
For your generous assistance!

SHEKH.

Pooh! fighting's my trade!
But Selim, in my mind, ere your union is hurried,
Abou Malek had better be handsomely buried.
Of weddings, poor man! he abundance has seen,
But 'tis always unlucky to marry *thirteen!*

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR ROWLAND HILL, K.B.

HILL! whose high daring with renew'd success
Hath cheer'd our tardy war, what time the cloud
Of expectation, dark and comfortless,
Hung on the mountains; and yon factious crowd
Blasphem'd their country's valour, babbling loud!
Then was thine arm reveal'd, to whose young might,
By Toulon's leaguer'd wall, the fiercest bow'd;
Whom Egypt honour'd, and the dubious fight
Of sad Corunna's winter, and more bright
Douro, and Talavera's gory bays;
Wise, modest, brave, in danger foremost found.—
So still, young warrior, may thy toil-earn'd praise,
With England's love and England's honour crown'd,
Gild with delight thy father's latter days!

LINES

SPOKEN IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,

ON LORD GRENVILLE'S INSTALLATION AS CHANCELLOR.

Ye viewless guardians of these sacred shades,
Dear dreams of early song, Aonian maids!—
And you, illustrious dead! whose spirits speak
In each warm flush that tints the student's cheek,
As, wearied with the world, he seeks again
The page of better times and greater men;
If with pure worship we your steps pursue,
And youth, and health, and rest forget for you,
(Whom most we serve, to whom our lamp burns bright
Through the long toils of not ingrateful night,)
Yet, yet be present!—Let the worldly train
Mock our cheap joys, and hate our useless strain:
Intent on freighted wealth, or proud to rear
The fleece Iberian or the pamper'd steer;—
Let sterner science with unwearied eye
Explore the circling spheres and map the sky;

His long-drawn mole let lordly commerce scan,
And of his iron arch the rainbow span:
Yet, while, in burning characters imprest,
The poet's lesson stamps the youthful breast;
Bids the rapt boy o'er suffering virtue bleed,
Adore a brave or bless a gentle deed,
And in warm feeling from the storied page
Arise the saint, the hero, or the sage;
Such be our toil!—Nor doubt we to explore
The thorny maze of dialectic lore,
To climb the chariot of the gods, or scan
The secret workings of the soul of man;
Upborne aloft on Plato's eagle flight,
Or the slow pinion of the Stagyrite.—
And, those grey spoils of Herculanean pride,
If aught of yet untasted sweets they hide;—
If Padua's sage be there, or art have power
To wake Menander from his secret bower.
Such be our toil!—Nor vain the labour proves,
Which Oxford honours, and which Grenville loves!
—On, eloquent and firm!—whose warning high
Rebuked the rising surge of anarchy,
When, like those brethren stars to seamen known,
In kindred splendour Pitt and Grenville shone;—

On in thy glorious course! not yet the wave
Has ceased to lash the shore, nor storm forgot to rave.
Go on! and oh, while adverse factions raise
To thy pure worth involuntary praise;
While Gambia's swarthy tribes thy mercies bless,
And from thy counsels date their happiness;
Say, (for thine Isis yet recals with pride
Thy youthful triumphs by her leafy side,)
Say, hast thou scorn'd, mid pomp, and wealth, and power,
The sober transports of a studious hour?—
No, statesman, no!—thy patriot fire was fed
From the warm embers of the mighty dead;
And thy strong spirit's patient grasp combined
The souls of ages in a single mind.—
—By arts like these, amidst a world of foes,
Eye of the earth, th' Athenian glory rose;—
Thus last and best of Romans, Brutus shone;—
Our Somers thus, and thus our Clarendon;
Such Cobham was;—such, Grenville, long be thou,
Our boast before,—our chief and champion now!—

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER,

DESIGNED FOR A TOMB IN A SEAPORT TOWN IN NORTH WALES.

SAILOR! if vigour nerve thy frame,
If to high deeds thy soul is strung,
Revere this stone that gives to fame
The brave, the virtuous, and the young!—

For manly beauty deck'd his form,
His bright eye beam'd with mental power;
Resistless as the winter storm,
Yet mild as summer's mildest shower.—

In war's hoarse rage, in ocean's strife,
For skill, for force, for mercy known;
Still prompt to shield a comrade's life,
And greatly careless of his own.—

Yet, youthful seaman, mourn not thou
The fate these artless lines recall:
No, Cambrian! no, be thine the vow,
Like him to live, like him to fall!—

But hast thou known a father's care,
Who sorrowing sent thee forth to sea;
Pour'd for thy weal th' unceasing prayer,
And thought the sleepless night on thee?—

Has e'er thy tender fancy flown,
When winds were strong and waves were high,
Where listening to the tempest's moan,
Thy sisters heav'd the anxious sigh?

Or in the darkest hour of dread,
'Mid war's wild din, and ocean's swell,
Hast mourn'd a hero brother dead,
And did that brother love thee well?—

Then pity those whose sorrows flow
In vain o'er Shipley's empty grave!—
—Sailor, thou weep'st:—indulge thy woe;
Such tears will not disgrace the brave!—

FRAGMENT ON ALCHEMY.

* * * * * * *

So fares the sage, whose mystic labours try
The thorny paths of fabled alchemy.
Time, toil, and prayer, to aid the work conspire,
And the keen jaws of dross-devouring fire.
In one dim pile discordant embers blaze,
And stars of adverse influence join their rays;
Till every rite perform'd, and labour sped,
When the clear furnace dawns with sacred red,
From forth the genial warmth and teeming mould,
The bright-wing'd radiance bursts of infant gold.

IMITATION OF A SONG,

SAID TO HAVE BEEN COMPOSED BY ROBERT DUKE OF NORMANDY, DURING HIS CONFINEMENT IN CARDIFF CASTLE, ADDRESSED TO AN OAK WHICH GREW IN AN ANCIENT ENCAMPMENT WITHIN SIGHT OF HIS WINDOWS.

Oak, that stately and alone
On the war-worn mound hast grown,
The blood of man thy sapling fed,
And dyed thy tender root in red;
Woe to the feast where foes combine,
Woe to the strife of words and wine!

Oak, thou hast sprung for many a year,
'Mid whisp'ring rye-grass tall and sear,
The coarse rank herb, which seems to show
That bones unbless'd are laid below;
Woe to the sword that hates its sheath,
Woe to th' unholy trade of death!

Oak, from the mountain's airy brow
Thou view'st the subject woods below,
And merchants hail the well-known tree,
Returning o'er the Severn sea.
Woe, woe to him whose birth is high,
For peril waits on royalty!

Now storms have bent thee to the ground,
And envious ivy clips thee round;
And shepherd hinds in wanton play
Have stripp'd thy needful bark away;
Woe to the man whose foes are strong,
Thrice woe to him who lives too long!

HONOUR ITS OWN REWARD.

SWELL, swell the shrill trumpet clear sounding afar,
Our sabres flash splendour around,
For freedom has summon'd her sons to the war,
Nor Britain has shrunk from the sound.

Let plunder's vile thirst the invaders inflame,
Let slaves for their wages be bold,
Shall valour the harvest of avarice claim?
Shall Britons be barter'd for gold?

No! free be our aid, independent our might,
Proud honour our guerdon alone;
Unhir'd be the hand that we raise in the fight,
The sword that we brandish our own.

Still all that we love to our thoughts shall succeed,
Their image each labour shall cheer,
For them we will conquer—for them we will bleed,
And our pay be a smile or a tear!

And oh! if returning triumphant we move,
Or sink on the land that we save,
Oh! blest by his country, his kindred, his love,
How vast the reward of the brave!

TRANSLATION OF

A FRAGMENT OF A DANISH SONG.

King Christian stood beside the mast,
In smoky night;
His falchion fell like hammer fast,
And brains and helms asunder brast;
Then sunk each hostile hull and mast
In smoky night;
Fly, fly! they shrieked—what mortal man
Can strive with Denmark's Christian
In fight?

Niels Juel raised a warrior cry,
"Now, now's the day!"
He hoisted up the red flag high,
And dashed amidst the enemy
With blow on blow, and cry on cry,
"Now, now's the day!"
And still they shrieked—"Fly, Sweden, fly!
When Juel comes, what strength shall try
The fray?"

* * * *

TRANSLATION

OF

AN INSCRIPTION ON A MONUMENT,

INTENDED TO PERPETUATE THE MEMORY OF THE FRIENDSHIP OF TWO PERSONS WHO WERE LIVING WHEN IT WAS WRITTEN.

"MAY every light-winged moment bear
A blessing to this noble pair.
Long may they love the rural ease
Of these fair scenes, and scenes like these;
The pine's dark shade, the mountain tall,
And the deep dashing water-fall.
And when each hallowed spirit flies
To seek a better paradise,
Beneath this turf their ashes dear
Shall drink their country's grateful tear;
In death alike and life possessing,
The rich man's love, the poor man's blessing."

VERSIFICATION

OF

THE SPEECH OF GEOORGIN TO BEYUN,

(FROM THE SHAH NAMEH.)

SEEST thou yon shelter'd vale of various dye,
Refreshing prospect to the warrior's eye?
Yon dusky grove, yon garden blooming fair,
The turf of velvet, and of musk the air?
Surcharged with sweets the languid river glides,
The lilies bending o'er its silver tides;
While through the copse in bashful beauty glows
The dark luxuriance of the lurking rose.
Now seen, now lost, amid the flowery maze,
With slender foot the nimble pheasant strays;
The ringdove's murmur lulls the cypress dell,
And richest notes of tranced Philomel.
Still, still the same, through every circling year,
Unwearied spring renews an Eden here.
And mark, my friend, where many a sylph-like maid
Weaves the lithe dance beneath the citron shade!

Where chief, of Touran's king the matchless child,
Beams like a sun-ray through this scented wild;
Sitara next, her sister, beauteous queen,
Than rose or fairest jasmine fairer seen;
And last, their Turkish maids, whose sleepy eyes
Laugh from beneath each envious veil's disguise;
Whose length of locks the coal-black musk disclose,
Their forms the cypress, and their cheeks the rose;
While on their sugar'd lips the grape's rich water glows.
How blest the traveller not forbid to stay
In such sweet bowers the scorching summer's day!
How fam'd the knight whose dauntless arm should bear
To great Khi-Kusroo's court a Turkish fair!

FROM THE MOALLAK'AH OF HARETH.

AND Asma! lovely sojourner! wilt thou forsake our land,
Forgetful of thy plighted vows on Shamma's glittering sand?
No more in Shoreb's rugged dell I see thee by my side,
No more in Katha's mead of green where vocal waters glide!
In Ayla and in Shobathan all lonely must I go,
And, therefore, sleep has fled my soul, and fast my sorrows flow!

Yet am I loved, and yet my eyes behold the beacon light,
Which Hinda kindles on her hill, to lure me through the night,

Broad as the dawn, from Akik's brow its ruddy embers shine,
But Hinda's heart may never meet an answering glow in mine!
And I must seek a nobler aid against consuming care,
Where all the brethren of my tribe the battle bow prepare.

My camel with the mother-bird in swiftness well may vie,
Tall as a tent, 'mid desert sands that rears her progeny,
That lists the murmur of the breeze, the hunter's lightest sound
With stealthy foot at twilight fall soft gliding o'er the ground;

But not the ostrich speed of fire my camel can excel,
Whose footstep leaves so light a mark we guess not where it fell;
Now up, now down, like wither'd leaves that flit before the wind,
On her I stem the burning noon that strikes the valiant blind.

Yes, we have heard an angry sound of danger from afar,
Our brother's bands of Tayleb's seed have braved us to the war;
The good and evil they confound, their words are fierce and fell,
"Their league," say they, "is with the tribe that in the desert dwell."
Their men of might have met by night, and as the day began,
A proud and a disdainful shout throughout their army ran,
And horses neighed, and camels screamed, and man cried out on man!

THE BOKE OF THE PURPLE FAUCON.

Icy commence le Romaunt du Grand Roye Pantagruelle.

YT is a kynge both fyne and felle,
That hyght Sir Claudyus Pantagruelle,—
The fynest and fellest, more or lesse,
Of alle the kynges in Heathenesse.
That Syre was Soudan of Surrye,
Of Œstrick and of Cappadocie,
His Eme was Lorde I understonde
Of all Cathaye and of Bœhman Londe.
LXX Dukes, that were soe wighte,
Served him by daie and by nighte.
Thereto he made him a lothely messe,
Everie morninge more or lesse,
A manne chylde of VII yere age,
Thereof he scethed hys pottage.
Everie knyghte who went that waye
His nose and ears was fayne to paye;

Le Royaume de Pantagruelle.

Comment Pantagruelle tenoyt bonne table, et fesoyt belle chere;

Sothely, as the Romaunts telle,
For the Dyner of Pantagruelle.
et estoyt digne roy. Yn all the londes of Ethiopeè
Was ne so worthy a kynge as hee.

¶ Ande it befelle upon a daye
Thys Pantagruelle hé went to playe
Comment il aimoyt la Royne Cycile. With his Ladye thatte was soe brighte,
Yn her bowre yn alle mennes syghte.
Thatte Ladye was hyghte Cycelee;
And thereto sange shee
Alle into Grekysh as she colde best,—
"Lambeth, Sadeck, Apocatest;"
Namely, "My love yf thou wouldest wynne
Bringe wyth thee a purple falcon ynne."

¶ Thatte laye made hym sadde and sowre,
Comment Pantagruelle estoyt mescontent. And careful came hee adowne the towre.
He layde his hedde upon a stone;
For sorrow hys lyfe was well nigh gone;
He sobbed amayne and sighed sore
"Alacke Cycile, for evermore."
Ses armures. Hys page he broughte him hys helmette,
Thatte was cleped Alphabet;

He donned hys bootes made of the skyn
Of Loup-garou and of Gobbelyn,
And hys hauberke that was soe harde
Ywoven wolle of spykenarde.
Virgile hadde made that cote-armure
With Maumetry fenced and guarded sure;
And Hypocras and Arystote
Had woven the rynges of thatte cote.
He tooke hys spere that was so strong,
Hys axe was sharpe, his sworde was long,
And thys the devyse upon his sheilde—
A red rose yn a greene fielde,
And under, yn language of Syrie,
"Belle rose que tu es jolye."

Li grannd magycien Virgile.

Ycy commence le II Chant du Bon Roy Pantagruelle.

Lysten Lordynges to the tale
Of Pantagruelle and hys travayle.
He through many a lande has gone,
Pantagruelle hymself alone;
Many a hyll most hyghe has clome,
Many a broade rivere has swome.

Ses Voyages.

He paste through Cathaye and Picardie,
Babylon, Scotland, and Italie;
And asked of alle as yt befelle,
But of no adventure herde he telle,
Tyl after manie a wearie daye,
Lyghtly he came to a foreste graye:
Manie an auncient oke dyd growe,
Doddered and frynged with mysletoe;
Manie an ashe of paly hue
Whyspered yn every breeze that blewe.

Li Serment de Pantagruelle.

Pantagruelle hath sworne by Mahoune,
Bye Termagaunt and by Abadoune,
Bye Venus, thatte was soe sterne and stronge,
And Apollin with hornes longe,
And other fiendes of Maumetrye,
That the ende of that foreste he would see.

Lysten Lordinges the soothe I tell:
Nothyng was true that here befelle,

La Forest enchantée.

But all the okes that flourished soe free,
Flourished only in grammarie;
In that same foreste nothing grewe
But broad and darke the boughes of yew.

Sothely I tell you and indede
There was many a wicked weede;
There was the wolf-bane greene and highe,
Whoso smelleth the same shall die,
And the long grasse wyth poyson mixed,
Adders coyled and hyssed betwixt.

Yn thatte same chace myghte noe man hear
Hunter or horn or hounde or deer;
Neyther dared yn thatte wood to goe
Coney or martin, or hare or doe.
Nor on the shawe the byrdes gay,
Starling, Cuckoo, or Popynjay;
But Gryphon fanged, and bristly boare,
Gnarred and fomed hys way before,
And the beeste who can falsely weepe,
Crocodilus, was here goode chepe;
Satyr, and Leopard, and Tygris,
Bloody Camelopardalys,
And every make of beastes bolde,
Nestled and roared in that their holde.
Dayes and nyghtes but only IV,
And Pantagruelle could ryde no more.

Hys shoulders were by hys helmet worne,
He was a wearye wyghte forlorne,
And hys cheeke thatte was soe redde,
Colde and darke as the beaten ledde.
Sa misére. Hys destriere might no further passe,
It lothed to taste that evyl grasse.
Heavy he clombe from offe hys steede,
Of hys lyfe he stoode in drede:
"Alacke, alacke, Cycelie,
Here I dye for love of thee!"
Forth through the thorny brake hee paste,
Tylle he came to a poole at laste;
And bye that poole of water clère
Satte a manne chylde of seven yere;
Clothed he was in scarlet and graine,
Cloth of silver and cordovaine;
As a field flower he was faire,
Seemed he was some Erle's heir,
And perchynge on hys wriste so free,
A purple Faucon there was to see.
Courteous hee turned hym to that Peere,
But Pantagruelle made sory cheare.
Highe and stately that boye hym bare,
And bade hym abyde hys Father there.

When the Father was there yn place,
Never had knyght so foul a face;
He was tusked as anie boare,
Brystly behind and eke before;
Lyons staring as they were wood,
Salvage bull that liveth on blood,
He was fylthy as any sowe,
Blacke and hairy as a black cowe;
All yn a holy priest's attyre,
Never was seene so fowle a syre.

* * * * *

WRITTEN AT BIRMINGHAM, DURING A SLEEPLESS NIGHT,

OCCASIONED BY A BALL BEING HELD IN THE SAME INN.

510 Ὦ πόποι ἦ μέγα πένθος ὁδοιπόρῳ ἔσσεται ἀνδρὶ,
Ὅσπερ ἐϋκτίμενόν ποτ' ἐπερχόμενος πτολίεθρον,
Ἢ κλεινὴν Λευκίην, ἢ Βίλστονα, ἢ Βρεμίχαμον

Proh Deos! certe magnus dolor peregrino erit viro,
Quicunque benehabitatam aliquando adveniens civitatem,
Aut nobilem Lyciam, aut Bilstonem, aut Bremichamum

NOTÆ.

V. 510. Ὁδοιπόρῳ ἀνδρί. Quis foret ille peregrinus non adhuc satis constat. Herculem Scholiastes, Thesea alii intelligunt. Non animadvertere scilicet boni interpretes de seipso Poetam hæc loqui, quem Poetam Iaspida fuisse Anglo-Phœnicem ipse suprà demonstravi: Excurs. i. v. 17. hujus libri. Et tamen cl. Turnebo Moses his versibus annui videtur: quam verè, judicent alii.

V. 512. Ubinam sit illa Lycia mihi hæret aqua. Lyciam Asiaticam faciunt vet. Schol. absurde: de Anglicanis enim civitatibus agitur, neque πτολίεθρον ista Lycia. Λεύκην Hemsterhusius legit, nullis annuentibus Codd. Nescio an a lupis nomen habens nunc etiam ore vernaculari *Wolverhampton* audit. De Bilstone et Bremichamo etiam in celeberrimo Jacobo Thomsono *Bremicham* invenimus:

——" Thy thund'ring pavement, Bremicham."

Χαλκόπολιν, φίλον οἶκον ἀγάνορος Ἡφαίστοιο·
Καὶ τότε δὴ μεγάλην ἐπιτηδεύουσιν ἑορτὴν
Τέκτονες ἄνθρωποι, μέγα πλούσιοι, οἷς μάλα πᾶσι
Χαλκὸν ἐνὶ μεγάροισι θεὸς καὶ χρυσὸν ἔδωκε·
Ἔνθ' ἄρα παννυχίοισι χοροῖς τέρπουσι φίλον κῆρ
Κοῦραι ἐΰζωναί τε, καὶ ἀνέρες εὐκονίεντες·

Æris-civitatem, charam domum ob virtutem-mirabilis Vulcani.

Et tunc quidem magnum cum-studio-parant festum

Fabri viri, multum divites, quibus valde omnibus

Æs in ædibus Deus (Vulcanus sc.) et aurum dedit:

Inde ergo per-totam-noctem-durantibus choris delectant suum cor

Virgines bene-cinctæ, et viri pulchro-modo-pulverulenti. [Sc. pulverosum habentes caput.

NOTÆ.

V. 514. Non hospitale (ut videtur) festum paravere Bremichamenses, exclusum enim fuisse advenam satis constat. Ergo Bonæ Deæ tunc agi sacra Clarkius existimat, falso, istiusmodi enim sacris omnes excludebantur viri, et tamen v. 518. *ἀνέρες εὐκονίεντες* invenimus. Ut obscœnæ essent istæ saltationes, monente Abrescio, vix crederem, etsi nudis mamillis exilique veste saltasse puellas ab omnibus fere accepimus. Talia vocant festa Galli "un bal paré," Anglice "An Assembly."

V. 518. *ἀνέρες εὐκονίεντες.* De Barbarico capitis ornatu tantum innotuit ut tritum fortasse et tenue argumentum videar aggressus; Ἀλλ' *ὅμως εἰρήσεται.* Noscant juniores quod inter plurimas Barbarorum gentes Hottentotas sc. et Caffros et Anglos mos

Σεισμὸς ὕπερθε ποδῶν γίνεται μέγας, εὖ γὰρ ἕκαστος
Σκιρτᾷ, πόλλ' ὕδων, κνίσση δ' εἰς οὐρανὸν ἥκει.
Ἐκ δὲ λύρων χέεται γλυκερὸν μέλος, ἠὲ συρίγγων.
Ἀλλ' ὁ ξεῖνος ἔνερθε καθίζεται ἀχνύμενος κῆρ
Δίφρῳ ἀεικελίῳ κλιθεὶς, κενεῇ τε τραπέζᾳ,
Χείλεσιν οὔτ' ἐπὶ δεῖπνον ἔχων, οὔτ' ὄμμασιν ὕπνον.
κ. τ. λ.

Motus sub pedibus fit magnus, bene vero unusquisque
Salit, multum sudans, odor vero nidoris ad cœlum ascendit.
Lyrarum vero effunditur dulcis sonus aut tibiarum—
Advena verò infra sedet dolore-affectus cor
Sedili inhonesto reclinans, vacuâque mensâ,
Labris neque cibum habens, nec oculis somnum, &c.

NOTÆ.

erat patrius lardo, nidore ursarum, et similibus, collineti crines, et deinde albo quodam pulvere conspergere et conserere. εὐκονίεντες, Gallicè, " bien poudré :" Anglice, " well powdered."

V. 522. Non in infernis regionibus, ut insomniavit bonus vir, Editor Glasguensis, ut inferiori camerâ, pedibusque saltantium subjectâ.

V. 524. Observandum est quam mirâ arte Poeta sui viatoris patrium innuit pudorem. Si nempe Scotus fuisset Hibernusve, mirum esset, ne innatâ fretus audaciâ, Anglice " sporting a face," cœnam sibi, et gratis, comparasset. Cum vero et Anglus sit, et ingenui pudoris puer, manet immotus μαινόμενός περ dum empto tardoque coquorum auxilio sibi cibus paratur. De Anglorum modestiâ vide cl. Marklandum in hunc locum.

TO R. W. HAY, ESQ.

ALL SOULS, 1807.

Zum Hoch-und wohlgeboren Herrn von Hay, des Collegium Christi graduatirtem Studente, des Kais: Russisch: Ordens des Bär und des Schlüsselblume Ritter, &c. &c. &c.

KOMM mein Freund, ich bitte, mit mir am Montag zu speisen,
Aber, ich muss dir sagen dass kein ausländisches Essen
Gebe ich dir; mit Schinken-Geschmack die säuere Kräuter,
Nicht die herrliche Fische, die kostbare Suppe des Sterlet,
Oder mit salzem Butter den Barsch, den wassergekochten.
Und, ach, leider des Armuths! den guten vortrefflichen Rheinwein
Hier bekommest du nicht aus grünen Gläser getrunken,
Und das dickes Bier, was liebt der durstige Deutscher!

Hier sind bloss Kartoffeln, und nur ein gewältiges *Beefsteak*,
Oder ein Schöpsenbraten, und ein Paar Küchlein mit Zunge,
Und ein Salat, und Englisches Bier, und Wasser von Schweppe,
Und Wallnüsse nach Tisch, mit röthlichem Wein von Oporto.
Also bleib ich indessen

Mit einer wahren Hochachtung,

Lieber Herr Hay,

Euer unterthänigster,

REGINALD HEBER.

Die Zeit ist halb sechs—die *Local* meine eigene Stube.

A FRAGMENT.

AFTER THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

And by that mansion's western side there stoode
An ancient bowre enwrapte in darkest shade
Of sacred elde, and wide-encircling woode;
Seemed it was for saintlye abbesse made.
Strong were the doors with yron barrs arraide
For fear of foe that them enharmen myghte,
Ne any durst that fort for to invade,
For by the wicket grate, bothe daye and nyghte,
A snowy gaurdian sate; of old that Bunny highte.

And all withinne were books of various lore,
St. Leon's toils, and Bible nothinge newe,
And needle-work, and artists' busie store
Of crumbling chalke, and tyntes of everie hue;

And on the ground, most terrible to view,
Dame Venus' mangled limbs were strewed around;
For soothe to tell, the goddess envyous grewe
When here she saw myght fairer forms be found,
And dash'd in pieces small her statue on the ground.

Such is that bowre, but who shall dare pourtraye
What sister fairies there their spells combine;
She, whose younge charms the rugged harte cold swaye
Of prelate olde, and never tamed divine.
She, limneresse of Spenser, (master mine,)
Angelic limneresse, in whose darke eye
Dothe wit's wilde glance and playful beauty shine
And she of shapeliest form and stature highe,
And meeke unconscious state and winning majestie.

TRANSLATION OF AN ODE OF KLOPSTOCK'S.

HE.

Ah Selma! if our love the fates should sever,
And bear thy spirit from the world below,
Then shall mine eyes be wet with tears for ever,
Each gloomy morn, each night of darker woe;
Each hour, that past so soon in thy embracing,
Each minute keenly felt shall force a tear;
The long, long months! the years so slowly pacing!
Which all were swift alike, and all were dear.

SHE.

My Selmar! ah, if from thy Selma parted,
Thy soul should first the paths of darkness tread,
Sad were my course, and short, and broken-hearted,
To weep those lonely days, that dismal bed!
Each hour that erst in converse sweet returning,
Shone with thy smile, or sparkled with thy tear;
Each lingering day should lengthen out my mourning,
The days that past so swiftly and so dear!

HE.

And did I promise, Selma, years of sorrow?
And canst thou linger only days behind?
Few minutes, few, be mine from fate to borrow,
Near thy pale cheek and breathless form reclin'd,
Press thy dead hand, and, wildly bending o'er thee,
Print one last kiss upon thy glazed eye

SHE.

Nay, Selmar, nay—I will not fall before thee;
That pang be mine; thou shalt not see me die;
Some few sad moments on thy death-bed lying,
By thy pale corpse my trembling frame shall be;
Gaze on thy altered form, then, inly sighing,
Sink on that breast, and wax as pale as thee."

SONG TO A SCOTCH AIR.

I LOVE the harp with silver sound,
That rings the festal hall around;
But sweetest of all
The strains which fall,
When twilight mirth with song is crown'd.

I love the bugle's warbling swell,
When echo answers from her cell;
But sweeter to me,
When I list to *thee*,
Who wak'st the northern lay so well.

THE RISING OF THE SUN.

TO A WELCH AIR.

WAKE! wake! wake to the hunting!
Wake ye, wake! the morning is nigh!
Chilly the breezes blow
Up from the sea below,
Chilly the twilight creeps over the sky!
Mark how fast the stars are fading!
Mark how wide the dawn is spreading!
Many a fallow deer
Feeds in the forest near;
Now is no time on the heather to lie!

Rise, rise! look on the ocean!
Rise ye, rise, and look on the sky!
Softly the vapours sweep
Over the level deep,
Softly the mists on the water-fall lie!
In the cloud red tints are glowing,
On the hill the black cock's crowing;
And through the welkin red,
See where he lifts his head,
(Forth to the hunting!) The sun's riding high!

SONG TO A WELCH AIR.

THE moon in silent brightness
Rides o'er the mountain brow,
The mist in fleecy whiteness
Has clad the vale below;
Above the woodbine bow'r
Dark waves our trysting-tree;
It is, it is the hour,
Oh come, my love, to me!

The dews of night have wet me
While wand'ring lonelily;
Thy father's bands beset me—
I only fear'd for thee.
I crept beneath thy tower,
I climb'd the ivy tree;
And blessed be the hour
That brings my love to me.

I left my chosen numbers
In yonder copse below;
Each warrior lightly slumbers,
His hand upon his bow:
From forth a tyrant's power
They wait to set thee free;
It is, it is the hour,—
Oh come, my love, to me!

INSCRIPTION

PROPOSED FOR THE VASE PRESENTED TO SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN, BY THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY OF DENBIGHSHIRE, AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE WAR IN 1815.

"Ask ye why around me twine
Tendrils of the Gascon vine?
Ask ye why, in martial pride,
Sculptured laurels deck my side,
Blended with that noble tree,
Badge of Albion's liberty?
Cambria me, for glory won
By the waves of broad Garonne,
Sends to greet her bravest son;

Prov'd beyond the western deep,
By rebel clans on Ulster's steep;
Prov'd, where first on Gallia's plain,
The banish'd lily bloom'd again;
And prov'd where ancient bounty calls
The traveller to his father's halls!
Nor marvel, then, that round me twine
The oak, the laurel, and the vine;
For thus was Cambria wont to see
Her Hirlas-horn of victory:
Nor Cambria e'er, in days of yore,
To worthier chief the Hirlas bore!"

TIMOUR'S COUNCILS.

EMIRS and Khâns in long array,
To Timour's council bent their way;
The lordly Tartar, vaunting high,
The Persian with dejected eye,
The vassal Russ, and, lured from far,
Circassia's mercenary war.
But one there came, uncall'd and last,
The spirit of the wintry blast!
He mark'd, while wrapt in mist he stood,
The purpos'd track of spoil and blood;
He marked, unmov'd by mortal woe,
That old man's eye of swarthy glow;
That restless soul, whose single pride
Was cause enough that millions died;
He, heard, he saw, till envy woke,
And thus the voice of thunder spoke:—
"And hop'st thou thus, in pride unfurl'd,
To bear those banners through the world?

Can time nor space thy toils defy?
Oh king, thy fellow-demon I!
Servants of Death, alike we sweep
The wasted earth, or shrinking deep.
And on the land, and o'er the wave,
We reap the harvest of the grave.
But thickest then that harvest lies,
And wildest sorrows rend the skies,
In darker cloud the vultures sail,
And richer carnage taints the gale,
And few the mourners that remain,
When winter leagues with Tamerlane!
But on, to work our lord's decree;
Then, tyrant, turn, and cope with me!
And learn, though far thy trophies shine,
How deadlier are my blasts than thine!
Nor cities burnt, nor blood of men,
Nor thine own pride shall warm thee then!
Forth to thy task! We meet again
On wild Chabanga's frozen plain!"

THE SPRING JOURNEY.

Oh! green was the corn as I rode on my way,
And bright were the dews on the blossoms of May,
And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold,
And the oak's tender leaf was of emerald and gold.

The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud,
Their chorus of rapture sung jovial and loud;
From the soft vernal sky, to the soft grassy ground,
There was beauty above me, beneath, and around.

The mild southern breeze brought a shower from the hill,
And yet though it left me all dropping and chill,
I felt a new pleasure, as onward I sped,
To gaze where the rainbow gleam'd broad over head.

Oh, such be life's journey, and such be our skill,
To lose in its blessings the sense of its ill;
Through sunshine and shower may our progress be even,
And our tears add a charm to the prospect of Heaven!

HAPPINESS.

ONE morning in the month of May
I wander'd o'er the hill;
Though nature all around was gay,
My heart was heavy still.

Can God, I thought, the good, the great,
These meaner creatures bless,
And yet deny our human state
The boon of happiness?

Tell me, ye woods, ye smiling plains,
Ye blessed birds around,
Where, in creation's wide domains,
Can perfect bliss be found?

The birds wild caroll'd over head,
The breeze around me blew,
And nature's awful chorus said,
No bliss for man she knew!

I question'd love, whose early ray
So heavenly bright appears;
And love, in answer, seem'd to say,
His light was dimm'd by tears.

I question'd friendship,—friendship mourn'd,
And thus her answer gave:
The friends whom fortune had not turn'd
Were vanish'd in the grave!

I ask'd of feeling,—if her skill
Could heal the wounded breast?
And found her sorrows streaming still,
For others' griefs distrest.

I ask'd if vice could bliss bestow?
Vice boasted loud and well:
But, fading from her pallid brow
The venom'd roses fell.

I question'd virtue,—virtue sigh'd,
No boon could she dispense;
Nor virtue was her name, she cried,
But humble penitence!

I question'd Death,—the grisly shade
Relax'd his brow severe;
And, "I am happiness," he said,
"If virtue guides thee here!"

ON HEAVENLY AND EARTHLY HOPE.

Reflected on the lake I love
To see the stars of evening glow,
So tranquil in the heavens above.
So restless in the wave below.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.

MAN'S PILGRIMAGE.

Oh for the morning gleam of youth, the half-unfolded flower,
That sparkles in the diamond dew of that serener hour,
What time the broad and level sun shone gaily o'er the sea,
And in the woods the birds awoke to songs of ecstacy.
The sun, that gilds the middle arch of man's maturer day,
Smites heavy on the pilgrim's head, who plods his dusty way;
The birds are fled to deeper shades—the dowy flowers are dried,
And hope, that with the day was born, before the day has died;
For who can promise to his soul a tranquil eventide?
Yes—though the dew will gleam anew—though from its western sky,
The sun will give as mild a ray as morning could supply—

Though from her tufted thorn again will sing the nightingale,
Yet little will the ear of age enjoy her tender tale;
And night will find us toiling on with joyless travail worn,
For day must pass, and night must come, before another morn.

SONG TO A WELCH AIR.

I MOURN not the forest whose verdure is dying;
I mourn not the summer whose beauty is o'er;
I weep for the hopes that for ever are flying;
I sigh for the worth that I slighted before;
And sigh to bethink me how vain is my sighing,
For love, once extinguish'd, is kindled no more.

The spring may return with his garland of flowers,
And wake to new rapture the bird on the tree;
The summer smile soft through his crystalline bowers;
The blessings of autumn wave brown o'er the lea;
The rock may be shaken—the dead may awaken,
But the friend of my bosom returns not to me.

CAROL FOR MAY-DAY.

QUEEN of fresh flowers,
Whom vernal stars obey,
Bring thy warm showers,
Bring thy genial ray.
In nature's greenest livery dr-st,
Descend on earth's expectant breast,
To earth and Heaven a welcome guest,
Thou merry month of May!

Mark how we meet thee
At dawn of dewy day!
Hark! how we greet thee
With our roundelay!
While all the goodly things that be
In earth, and air, and ample sea,
Are waking up to welcome thee,
Thou merry month of May!

Flocks on the mountains,
And birds upon their spray,
Tree, turf, and fountains,
All hold holyday;
And love, the life of living things,
Love waves his torch, love claps his wings,
And loud and wide thy praises sings,
Thou merry month of May!

TO ———.

When I was sick, how patiently thou sat'st beside my bed,
When I was faint, how lovingly thine arm upheld my head,
When I was wearied out with pain, perverse in misery,
How ready was thy watchful aid my wishes to supply!
And *thou* art sick, and *thou* art weak, and *thou* art rack'd with pain,
But cheerful still, untam'd of ill, does yet thy heart remain;
And have I nurs'd and tended thee since first thy griefs began?
Forgive, forgive, my ———, the selfishness of man!

BOW-MEETING SONG.

MERRY archers, come with me!
Come with me, come with me;
Merry archers, come with me,
To our tent beside the holly!
Summer gilds the smiling day,
Summer clothes the tufted spray,
Earth is green and Heaven is gay,
Wherefore should we not be jolly!
Merry archers, come &c.

Here is friendship, mirth is here,
Woodland music, woodland cheer,
And, with hope and blended fear,
Here is love's delightful folly.
Our life, alas! is fraught with care,
And mortals all must have their share,
But yet to-day we well may spare
From our load of melancholy.

Merry archers, come with me!
Come with me, come with me;
Merry archers, come with me,
To our tents beside the holly!

FAREWELL.

When eyes are beaming
What never tongue might tell;
When tears are streaming
From their crystal cell,
When hands are link'd that dread to part,
And heart is met by throbbing heart,
Oh bitter, bitter is the smart
Of them that bid farewell!

When hope is chidden
That fain of bliss would tell,
And love forbidden
In the breast to dwell,
When, fetter'd by a viewless chain
We turn and gaze and turn again,
Oh death were mercy to the pain
Of those that bid farewell!

PARODY OF LISTON'S "BEAUTIFUL MAID."

My fishmonger told me that soles were most dear:
I trembled to hear what he said,
For salmon and shrimps 'twas the wrong time of year,
So I pitch'd on a *Beautiful Maid.*
I brought home my beautiful maid,
"Here cook, dress this beautiful maid!
Come boil it, don't spoil it, but see it well done,
And I'll dine on my beautiful maid!"

But an ugly black cat—I speak it with grief,
My delicate tit-bit waylaid,
The cook turn'd her back, and the long-whisker'd thief
Ran away with my beautiful maid!
She claw'd up my beautiful maid!
She elop'd with my beautiful maid!
Oh pussy—you hussy, oh what have you done,
You've eat up my beautiful maid!

TRANSLATION

OF

AN INSCRIPTION RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN SAMOS.

(CLARKE'S TRAVELS.)

TURINNA, fam'd for every grace
Of learning and of ancient race,
Whom all the virtues did consent
With all their gifts to ornament,
When thrice nine little years are flown
Hath left her parents to bemoan
With bitter tears, the early dead
By whom their house is widowed.
For nought remains, now she is gone,
That love or hope may rest upon.
And she hath left her palace home
To sleep within the narrow tomb.
Yet may her race, or good men feign,
Revive from such distress again.

THE OUTWARD-BOUND SHIP.

As borne along with favouring gale
And streamers waving bright,
How gaily sweeps the glancing sail
O'er yonder sea of light!

With painted sides the vessel glides,
In seeming revelry;
And still we hear the sailor's cheer
Around the capstan tree.

Is sorrow there where all is fair,
Where all is outward glee?
Go, fool, to yonder mariner,
And he shall lesson thee!

Upon that deck walks tyrant sway
Wild as his conquer'd wave,
And murmuring hate that must obey;
The captain and his slave.

And pinching care is lurking there,
And dark ambition's swell,
And some that part with bursting heart
From objects loved too well;

And many a grief with gazing fed
On yonder distant shore,
And many a tear in secret shed
For friends beheld no more;

Yet sails the ship with streamers drest
And shouts of seeming glee:
Oh God! how loves the mortal breast
To hide its misery!

BOW-MEETING SONG.

Ye spirits of our Fathers,
The hardy, bold and free,
Who chas'd o'er Cressy's gory field
A fourfold enemy!
From us who love your sylvan game,
To you the song shall flow,
To the fame of your name
Who so bravely bent the bow.

'Twas merry then in England,
(Our ancient records tell,)
With Robin Hood and Little John,
Who dwelt by down and dell;
And yet we love the bold outlaw
Who brav'd a tyrant foe,
Whose cheer was the deer,
And his only friend the bow!

'Twas merry then in England
In autumn's dewy morn,
When echo started from her hill
To hear the bugle-horn.
And beauty, mirth, and warrior worth
In garb of green did go
The shade to invade
With the arrow and the bow.

Ye spirits of our Fathers!
Extend to us your care,
Among your children yet are found
The valiant and the fair!
'Tis merry yet in Old England
Full well her archers know,
And shame on their name
Who despise the British bow!

TO CHAUNCEY HARE TOWNSHEND,

ON HIS LINES PRAISING THE TRANQUILLITY OF A RIVER, WHILE THE SEA WAS HEARD ON THE NEIGHBOURING SHORE.

(See Townshend's Poems, p. 206.)

Oh Townshend! could'st thou linger where scarce a ripple play'd
Across the lily's glossy stem, or beneath the willow's shade,
And did that mighty chorus allure thy bark in vain,
The laughter of the dancing waves and music of the main?

The breeze may tell his story of soft and still delight,
As whisp'ring through the woodbine bower he fans the cheek of night,
But louder, blither, sings the wind, his carol wild and free,
When the harvest moon sails forth in pride above her subject sea.

I love to thread the little paths, the rushy banks between,
Where Tern, in dewy silence, creeps through the meadow green;
I love to mark the speckl'd trout beneath the sunbeam lie,
And skimming past, on filmy wing, the danger-courting fly.

I praise the darker shadows where, o'er the runnel lone,
The regal oak or swarthy pine their giant arms have thrown,
Or, from his couch of heather, where Skiddaw bends to view
The furrows of his rifted brow in Derwent's mirror blue.

But not that narrow stillness has equal charms for me,
With thy ten-thousand voices thou broad exulting sea,
Thy shining sands, thy rugged shores, thy breakers rolling bright,
And all thy dim horizon speck'd with sails of moving light.

Oft on thy wonders may I gaze, oft on thy waters ride,
Oft with no timid arm essay thy dark transparent tide,
Oft may thy sound be in my dreams, far inland though I be,
For health and hope are in thy song, thou deep full-voiced sea!

BOW-MEETING SONG.

By yon castle wall, 'mid the breezes of morning,
The genius of Cambria stray'd pensive and slow;
The oak-wreath was wither'd her tresses adorning,
And the wind through its leaves sigh'd its murmur of woe.
She gazed on her mountains with filial devotion,
She gazed on her Dee as he roll'd to the ocean,—
And, "Cambria! poor Cambria!" she cried with emotion,
"Thou yet hast thy country, thy harp, and thy bow!"

"Sweep on, thou proud stream, with thy billows all hoary;
As proudly my warriors have rush'd on the foe;
But feeble and faint is the sound of their glory,
For time, like thy tide, has its ebb and its flow.
Ev'n now, while I watch thee, thy beauties are fading;
The sands and the shallows thy course are invading;
Where the sail swept the surges the sea-bird is wading;
And thus hath it fared with the land of the bow!

" Smile, smile ye dear hills, 'mid your woods and your flowers,
Whose heather lies dark in the morn's dewy glow!
A time must await you of tempest and showers,
An autumn of mist, and a winter of snow!
For me, though the whirlwind has shiver'd and cleft me,
Of wealth and of empire the stranger bereft me,
Yet Saxon,—proud Saxon,—thy fury has left me
Worth, valour, and beauty, the harp and the bow!

" Ye towers, on whose rampire, all ruin'd and riven,
The wall-flower and woodbine so lavishly blow;
I have seen when your banner waved broad to the Heaven,
And kings found your faith a defence from the foe;
Oh loyal in grief, and in danger unshaken,
For ages still true, though for ages forsaken,
Yet, Cambria, thy heart may to gladness awaken,
Since thy monarch has smiled on the harp and the bow!"

ON CROSSING THE RANGE OF HIGH LAND BETWEEN STONE AND MARKET DRAYTON, JAN. 4, 1820.

DREAD inmate of the northern zone!
And hast thou left thine ancient throne
On Zemblà's hills of snow,
Thine arrowy sleet and icy shower
On us, unbroken to thy power,
With reckless hand to throw?

Enough for us thy milder sway,
The yellow mist, the shorten'd day,
The sun of fainter glow;
The frost which scarce our verdure felt,
And rarely seen, and but to melt
The wreath of transient snow.

I met thee once by Volga's tide,
Nor fear'd thy terrors to abide
On Valdai's sullen brow;
But little thought on English down
Thy darkest wrath and fiercest frown
So soon again to know.

Oh for my *schube's* accustom'd fold,
Which then, in ample bear-skin roll'd,
Defied thy dread career!
Oh for the cap of sable warm,
Which guarded then from pinching harm
My nose, and cheek, and ear!

Mine old *kibitka*, where art thou?
Gloves, boots, *peketch*,—I need ye now,—
Sold to a Lemberg Jew!
In single vest, on Ashley Heath,
My shrinking heart is cold as death,
And fingers ghastly blue!

BALLAD.

I.

"Oh, captain of the Moorish hold,
Unbar thy gates to me,
And I will give thee gems and gold,
To set Fernando free.
For I a sacred oath have plight
A pilgrim to remain,
Till I return with Lara's knight,
The noblest knight of Spain."

II.

"Fond Christian youth," the captain said,
"Thy suit is soon denied,
Fernando loves a Moorish maid,
And will with us abide.
Renounc'd is every Christian rite,
The turban he hath ta'en,
And Lara thus hath lost her knight,
The boldest knight of Spain."

III.

Pale, marble pale, the pilgrim turn'd,
A cold and deadly dye;
Then in his cheeks the blushes burn'd,
And anger in his eye.
(From forth his cowl a ringlet bright
Fell down of golden grain,)
" Base Moor! to slander Lara's knight,
The boldest knight of Spain!

IV.

" Go, look on Lugo's gory field!
Go look on Tayo's tide!
Can ye forget the red-cross shield,
That all your host defied?
Alhama's warriors turn'd to flight,
Granada's sultan slain,
Attest the worth of Lara's knight,
The boldest knight of Spain!"

V.

" By Allah, yea!" with eyes of fire
The lordly paynim said,
" Granada's sultan was my sire,
Who fell by Lara's blade;

And tho' thy gold were forty fold,
The ransom were but vain
To purchase back thy Christian knight,
The boldest knight of Spain."

VI.

" Ah, Moor! the life that once is shed
No vengeance can repay;
And who can number up the dead
That fall in battle fray?
Thyself in many a manly fight
Hast many a father slain;
Then rage not thus 'gainst Lara's knight,
The boldest knight of Spain."

VII.

" And who art thou, whose pilgrim vest
Thy beauties ill may shroud;
The locks of gold, the heaving breast,
A moon beneath a cloud?—
Wilt thou our Moorish creed recite,
And here with me remain?
He may depart,—that captive knight,
The conquer'd knight of Spain."

VIII.

" Ah, speak not so !" with voice of woe,
The shuddering stranger cried ;
" Another creed I may not know,
Nor live another's bride !
Fernando's wife may yield her life,
But not her honour stain,
To loose the bonds of Lara's knight,
The noblest knight of Spain !"

IX.

" And know'st thou, then, how hard a doom
Thy husband yet may bear ?
The fetter'd limbs, the living tomb,
The damp and noisome air ?
In lonely cave, and void of light,
To drag a helpless chain,
Thy pride condemns the Christian knight,
The prop and pride of Spain !"

X.

" Oh that within that dungeon's gloom
His sorrows I might share,
And cheer him in that living tomb,
With love, and hope, and prayer !

But still the faith I once have plight
Unbroken must remain,
And God will help the captive knight,
And plead the cause of Spain!"

XI.

"And deem'st thou from the Moorish hold
In safety to retire,
Whose locks outshine Arabia's gold,
Whose eyes the diamond's fire!"
She drew a poniard small and bright,
And spake in calm disdain,
"*He* taught me how, my Christian knight,
To guard the faith of Spain!"

XII.

The drawbridge falls! with loud alarm
The clashing portals fly!
She bar'd her breast, she rais'd her arms,
And knelt, in act to die!
But ah, the thrill of wild delight
That shot through every veir!
He stood before her,—Lara's knight,
The noblest knight of Spain!

SYMPATHY.

A KNIGHT and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

"Oh, never was knight such a sorrow that bore!"
"Oh, never was maid so deserted before!"
"From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for company!"

They search'd for an eddy that suited the deed,
But here was a bramble, and there was a weed;
"How tiresome it is!" said the fair with a sigh;
So they sat down to rest them in company.

They gaz'd on each other, the maid and the knight;
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height!
"One mournful embrace!" sobb'd the youth, "ere we
So kissing and crying kept company. [die!"

" Oh, had I but lov'd such an angel as you !"
" Oh, had but my swain been a quarter as true !"
" To miss such perfection how blinded was I !" ...
Sure now they were excellent company !

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear,
" The weather is cold for a watery bier ;
When summer returns we may easily die,
Till then let us sorrow in company."

LINES

WRITTEN TO A MARCH COMPOSED IN IMITATION OF A MILITARY BAND.

I SEE them on their winding way,
Above their ranks the moon-beams play,
And nearer yet, and yet more near,
The martial chorus strikes the ear.

They're lost and gone,—the moon is past,
The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast,
And fainter, fainter, fainter still,
The dim march warbles up the hill.

Again, again,—the pealing drum,
The clashing horn—they come! they come!
And lofty deeds and daring high,
Blend with their notes of victory.

Forth, forth, and meet them on their way,
The trampling hoof brooks no delay;
The thrilling fife, the pealing drum,
How late—but oh! how lov'd they come!

THE WELL OF OBLIVION.

SUGGESTED BY A STANZA IN THE ORLANDO INNAMORATO OF BOIARDO.

THERE is, they say, a secret well,
In Ardennes' forest grey,
Whose waters boast a numbing spell,
That memory must obey.

Who tastes the rill so cool and calm
In passion's wild distress,
Their breasts imbibe the sullen balm
Of deep forgetfulness.

And many a maid has sought the grove,
And bow'd beside the wave;
But few have borne to lose the love
That wore them to the grave.

No! by these tears, whose ceaseless smart
My reason chides in vain;
By all the secret of a heart
That never told its pain;

By all the walks that once were dear,
Beneath the green-wood bough;
By all the songs that sooth'd his ear
Who will not listen now;

By every dream of hope gone by
That haunts my slumber yet,—
A love-sick heart may long to die,
But never to forget!

THE ORACLE.

IMITATED FROM THE GREEK.

To Phœbus' shrine three youths of fame,
A wrestler, boxer, racer came,
And begg'd the Delphic god to say,
Which from the next Olympic game
Should bear the envied wreath away?
And thus the Oracle decided:—
"Be victors all, brave youths, this day,
Each in your several arts!—*provided*
That none outstrip the racers' feet,
None at his trade the boxer beat,
None in the dust the wrestler lay!"

TO A WELCH AIR;

"COD'AD YR HYLOD."

WHY that neck of marble whiteness,
Why that hair of sunny brightness,
Form of perfect mold,
Why those fringed eyelids screening
Lights of love and liquid meaning,
While the heart is cold?

Shame on her whose pride or malice
With a lover's anguish dallies,
Scorn our scatter'd reason rallies,
Thou shalt mourn thy tyrant sallies,
Ere that thou art old—young Alice,
Ere that thou art old!

THE GROUND SWELL.

How soft the shades of evening creep
O'er yonder dewy lea,
Where balmy winds have lull'd to sleep
The tenants of the tree.
No wandering breeze is here to sweep,
In shadowy ripple o'er the deep,
Yet swells the heaving sea!

How calm the sky! rest, ocean, rest,
From storm and ruffle free,
Calm as the image on thy breast
Of her that governs thee!
And yet beneath the moon's mild reign
Thy broad breast heaves as one in pain,
Thou dark and silent sea.

There are whom fortune vainly woes
With all her pageantry,
Whom every flattering bliss pursues,
Yet still they fare like thee;
The spell is laid within their mind,
Least wretched then when most resigned,
Their hearts throb silently!

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

TAKE here the tender harp again,
O Muse! which thou hast lent to me;
I wake no more the joyous strain
To youthful love or social glee.

Forgive the weak and sickly shell
That could so ill my soul express;
What most I wished I durst not tell
And chose my themes from idleness.

Oft when I told of peace and pleasure,
I marked the hostile sabre shine;
And water, doled in scanty measure,
I drank, who wont to sing of wine.

Might peace, might love's auspicious fire
But gild at last my closing day,
Then Goddess, then return the lyre
To wake perhaps a loftier lay.

BOW-MEETING SONG.

We find it well observ'd by an ancient learned Rabbin,
The man was raving mad who first to sea would go,
Who would change the tented field for the quarter-deck and cabin,
And the songs of blooming beauty for a Yo! heave oh!
Yet since your bard is bent to try
The fervours of an eastern sky,
And where, across the tepid main, Arabian breezes blow,
While yet the northern gale
Fans his cheek and swells his sail,
Accept his latest tribute to the British bow!

Dear scenes of unrepented joy, our nature's best physician,
Can all Golconda's glittering mines so pure a bliss bestow?
Oh deem not that for sordid gold he left you, or ambition,
Or shall e'er forget your peaceful charms 'mid India's brightest glow!
Oft, oft, will he be telling
Of the glades of Nant-y-bellin,
Of the lilies and the roses that in Gwersylt blow,
Oft, oft recall the snow-white wall of yonder ancient dwelling,
Whose lords, in Saxon Edwin's days, so nobly bent the bow!

Oh when the dog-star rides on high, how oft shall memory wander
Where yonder oaks their aged arms 'mid blended poplars throw;
And hollies join their glossy shade, and the brook with cool meander
Steals, like a silver snake, through the copse below!
Where many a mild and matron grace
Adorn the mother's gentle face,

And * * * * in beauteous garland blow,
And proved in many a martial fray
Their sire holds sylvan holiday,
And flings his well worn sword away
To bend the British bow!

The bard is gone, and other bards shall wake the call of pleasure
That prompts to beauty's lip the smile, and lends her cheek its glow,
And strike the sylvan lyre to a louder, livelier measure,
And wear the oaken wreath, which he must now forego!
But yet, though many a sweeter song
Shall float th' applauding tent along,
And many a friendly health to the Sons of Genius flow,
Forget not *them*, who, doomed to part,
Will keep engraven on their heart
The sons and the daughters of the British bow!

FROM THE GULISTAN.

INSCRIPTION OVER THE ARCHED ALCOVE OF FERIDOON'S HALL.

Brother! know the world deceiveth!
Trust on Him who safely giveth!
Fix not on the world thy trust,
She feeds us—but she turns to dust,
And the bare earth or kingly throne
Alike may serve to die upon!

FROM THE GULISTAN.

The man who leaveth life behind,
May well and boldly speak his mind:
Where flight is none from battle field,
We blithely snatch the sword and shield;
Where hope is past, and hate is strong,
The wretch's tongue is sharp and long;
Myself have seen, in wild despair,
The feeble cat the mastiff tear.

FROM THE GULISTAN.

Who the silent man can prize,
If a fool he be or wise?
Yet, though lonely seem the wood,
Therein may lurk the beast of blood.
Often bashful looks conceal
Tongue of fire and heart of steel.
And deem not thou, in forest grey,
Every dappled skin thy prey;
Lest thou rouse, with luckless spear,
The tiger for the fallow deer!

IMITATION OF AN ODE BY KOODRUT.

Ambition's voice was in my ear, she whisper'd yesterday,
"How goodly is the land of Room, how wide the Russian sway!
How blest to conquer either realm, and dwell through life to come,
Lull'd by the harp's melodious string, cheer'd by the northern drum!"

But Wisdom heard; "Oh youth," she said, "in passion's fetter tied,

O come and see a sight with me shall cure thee of thy pride!"

She led me to a lonely dell, a sad and shady ground,

Where many an ancient sepulchre gleam'd in the moonshine round.

And "Here Secunder sleeps," she cried; "this is his rival's stone;

And here the mighty chief reclines who rear'd the Median throne.

Enquire of these, doth ought of all their ancient pomp remain

Save late regret and bitter tears for ever and in vain?

Return, return, and in thy heart engraven keep my lore;

The lesser wealth, the lighter load,—small blame betides the poor."

TRANSLATION OF A SONNET,

BY THE LATE NAWAB OF OUDE, ASUF UD DOWLA.

In those eyes that glisten as in pity for my pain,
Are they gems, or only dew drops? Can they, will they long remain?

Why the strength of tyrant beauty thus, with seeming ruth, restrain?
Better breathe my last before thee, than in lingering grief remain.

To yon planet, Fate has given every month to wax and wane;
And—thy world of blushing brightness,—can it, will it long remain?

Asuf! why in mournful numbers, of thine absence thus complain,
Chance had joined us, chance has parted!—nought on earth can long remain.

In the world may'st thou, beloved! live exempt from grief and pain.
On my lips the breath is fleeting—can it, will it long remain?

LINES ADDRESSED TO MRS. HEBER.

If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fail
In green Bengala's palmy grove
Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gaily would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still,
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry mead,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor wild Malwah detain;
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright they say,
Across the dark blue sea,
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee!

AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

Our task is done! on Gunga's breast
The sun is sinking down to rest;
And, moored beneath the tamarind bough,
Our bark has found its harbour now.
With furled sail and painted side
Behold the tiny frigate ride.
Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
The Moslem's savoury supper steams;
While all apart, beneath the wood,
The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.

Come walk with me the jungle through.
If yonder hunter told us true,
Far off, in desert dank and rude,
The tiger holds its solitude;

Nor (taught by recent harm to shun
The thunders of the English gun)
A dreadful guest but rarely seen,
Returns to scare the village green.
Come boldly on! no venom'd snake
Can shelter in so cool a brake.
Child of the Sun! he loves to lie
'Midst Nature's embers, parch'd and dry,
Where o'er some tower in ruin laid,
The peepul spreads its haunted shade;
Or round a tomb his scales to wreathe
Fit warder in the gate of Death.
Come on! yet pause! Behold us now
Beneath the bamboo's arched bough,
Where, gemming oft that sacred gloom
Glows the geranium's scarlet bloom*,
And winds our path through many a bower
Of fragrant tree and giant flower;
The ceiba's crimson pomp displayed
O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
And dusk anana's prickly glade;

* A shrub whose deep scarlet flowers very much resemble the geranium, and thence called the Indian geranium.

While o'er the brake, so wild and fair
The betel waves his crest in air.
With pendant train and rushing wings
Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs;
And he, the bird of hundred dyes*,
Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.
So rich a shade, so green a sod
Our English fairies never trod!
Yet who in Indian bowers has stood,
But thought on England's "good green wood!"
And bless'd, beneath the palmy shade,
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade.
And breath'd a prayer, (how oft in vain!)
To gaze upon her oaks again?
A truce to thought,—the jackall's cry
Resounds like sylvan revelry;
And through the trees yon failing ray
Will scantly serve to guide our way.
Yet mark, as fade the upper skies,
Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes.
Before, beside us, and above,
The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,

* The Mucharunga.

Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring
The darkness of the copse exploring,
While to this cooler air confest,
The broad Dhatura bares her breast,
Of fragrant scent and virgin white,
A pearl around the locks of night!
Still as we pass, in softened hum
Along the breezy alleys come
The village song, the horn, the drum.
Still as we pass, from bush and briar,
The shrill Cigala strikes his lyre;
And, what is she whose liquid strain
Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane?
I know that soul-entrancing swell,
It is—it must be—Philomel!
Enough, enough, the rustling trees
Announce a shower upon the breeze,
The flashes of the summer sky
Assume a deeper, ruddier dye;
Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,
From forth our cabin sheds its beam;
And we must early sleep, to find
Betimes the morning's healthy wind.

But oh! with thankful hearts confess
E'en here there may be happiness;
And He, the bounteous Sire, has given
His peace on earth,—his hope of Heaven!

CARMEN SÆCULARE,

A PRIZE POEM,

RECITED AT OXFORD, 1801.

FELICES Britonum curas, atque addita vitæ
Commoda, et inventas artes, bellique triumphos,
Expediam: Vos, Angliacæ clarissima gentis
Lumina, queis mundi rerumque arcana retexit
Ipsa volens Natura; et vos, qui martia passi
Vulnera, pro patria justis cecidistis in armis,
Magnanimi heroes! vestras date floribus urnas
Spargere, nec nostræ conamina temnite musæ!

Sit mihi fas audita loqui, sit facta referre,
Tardaque bis denis volventia tempora lustris
Respicere; humanæ licet æquora turbida vitæ
Musa gemat circumspectans, secumque revolvat
Mœsta hominum scelera, et parvo sub pectore fluctus
Irarum ingentes, et corda oblita futuri.

Inde graves nasci luctus, et bella per orbem,
Et diræ passim cædes, et mille doloris,
Mille mali facies, fuso Discordia crine
Funeream accendens tædam, insatiata cruore
Vindicta, et desolatas bacchata per urbes
Ambitio, et Culpæ merito comes addita Pœna.

Nam Pater omnipotens ignotis legibus orbem
Temperat, et denso noctis velatus amictu,
Sceptra tenet, nobis, credo, neque machina rerum
Tota patet, certive arcana volumina fati.

Haud tamen, haud nostrum est rerum alte exquirere causas;
Tantum adeo aversamur opus, magis acta referre,
Et patriam aggredimur laudem, vocat altior armis,
Altior ingenio Brittannia, sæcla parentum
Exsuperans fama, et majoribus inclyta cœptis.

Depictas alii voces, Cadmeïa signa*;
Et Batavum† curas, calami quæ tædia primum,

* Letters, which are generally believed to have been introduced into Europe by Cadmus.

† The discovery of printing (however the fraud of John Faustus may have transferred a part of the praise to Mentz) appears to belong to Holland.

Et scriptæ docuêre moras odisse tabellæ;
Mirando ductas alii magnete carinas,
Nitratosque ignes celebrent, imitataque Divûm
Fulmina, vim quorum contra nihil ipsa valeret
Lorica Æacidæ, aut clypei septemplicis orbes;
At cœli docuisse vias, quo concita motu
Sydera agant certa noctûrnas lege choreas;
Qui cursus anni; quo sol moderamine flectat
Errantes stellas, medii ad prætoria mundi
Regius ipse sedens; coëundi quanta cupido,
Ordine quæque suo teneat; quo turbidus æstu
Invadat terram fluctus, fugiatque vicissim,
Luna, tuum comitatus iter; quæ splendida lucis
Materies; septemque Iris trahat unde colores;
Laus erit hæc saltem, nostroque hæc gloria sæclo.

Quanquam etenim haud nostris illuxit prima diebus
Vis animi, Newtone, tui, et felicior ætas
Ingenii eximios jactet nascentis honores;
Sed vidisse tamen, sed et audivisse docentem
Te, decus O patriæ! Naturæ magne sacerdos!
Contigit huic sæclo, et circumflevisse sepulchrum.

Nec vero, interea, nobis non utilis unda*,
Suppositis flammis modicoque accensa calore,
Mirum adeo tulit auxilium, stat turris ad auras,
Sulfurea nebula, et fumosis cincta tenebris;
Pendet abhinc vastamque extrudit in aëra molem
Ferratis trabibus centumque innexa catenis
Machina, quin subtus calefacta sævit aquæ vis
Alta petens, gelidam tecti de culmine nympham
Quæ simul accepit gremio, condensa residit,
Desertumque super spatium et vacua atria linquit,
Nec mora,—præcipiti tendens in inania cursu,
Irruit, et portam obstantem circumfluus æther
Deprimit, hinc motu alterno surgitque caditque
Libra ingens, molesque graves impostaque temnit
Pondera; quin tali humentis penetralia terræ
Auxilio ingredimur qua divitis ima metalli
Vena latet, tali domitum molimine ferrum
In varias cogit formas, fingitque premendo
Malleus; at veniet tempus, cum viribus illis
Adverso tardas urgebit flumine cymbas
Navita, et obstantes scindet sine remige fluctus.

* The steam-engine.

Sed neque nos ignota latent tua tenuia regna*,
Aura levis! quantos ibi nostri mira triumphos
Vis tulit ingenii! lustratam navibus æthram,
Littoribus longe patriis terraque relicta,
Vidimus, et magni superantes mœnia mundi
Icarias homines ausos contemnere pœnas.

Quin et scire datur quo crebris ignibus aër †
Innocuum micet, ardentem quo fulminis alam
Ducat docta manus, certoque in tramite flammam
Dirigat; agnosco hæc nostris concessa diebus
Arcana, et longos proavis ignota per annos!
Nonne vides! nimborum inter cœlique tumultus,
Præscripto celeres concurrunt ordine flammæ,
Porrigit excelsum qua ferrea virga tridentem
Servatrix; tutis assurgunt templa columnis
Interea, regumque domus atque aurea tecta.

Hinc etiam variis aptat medicamina morbis‡
Naturæ expertus sapiens, renovatque trementum

* Though the balloon itself be a French invention, yet the discoveries which gave rise to it are most of them British.

† The conductor. ‡ Electricity.

Corpora fracta senum, et tristi languentia nocte
Lumina; jam vitreo circumvolvente cylindro
Igneus exsiluit vigor, et penetrabilis artus
Percurrit calor, et venis se immiscuit imis.

Quid referam servata undis, ereptaque letho *
Corpora, cum sævis Acherontis faucibus hæsit
Eluctans anima, et vultus et livida circum
Tempora diriguit concreto flumine sanguis?

Atque ea dum in patrio molimina tanta movemus
Rite solo, interea haud segnes aliena per arva
Insequimur famam, meritosque augemus honores.
Vos fortunati! primum quibus ausa carina
Spernere cæruleos fines, et limina rerum
Antiqua, et magno nova quærere littora ponto!
Talibus incœptis olim tua flumina, Amazon,
Inventique Cubæ scopuli, Gyanæque† paludes,
Visaque thuriferis ‡ pulcherrima Florida pratis.

* The Humane Society.

† So is Guiana written by Fracastorius.

‡ According to the Spanish voyagers, Florida was so called from the odour which filled the air on the approach of the ships to land.

Non tamen Hesperius ductor *, non classis Ibera,
Non quos bellipotens emisit Lisboa nautæ,
Laudibus Angliaci certent ducis, ille sonantes
Annyanis † scopulos inter, glaciataque ponti
Claustra viam tenuit, non illum terruit Arctos
Parrhasis, atque suis Boreas sævissimus oris.
Nec minus immites fluctus et littora vidit
Australi vicina polo, qua frigida pandit
Cæruleos Maloïna ‡ sinus, atque altera nostris
Subjecta imperiis, terrarumque ultima Thule §.
Quem non dira fames auri, non impia duxit
Ambitio, aut sævæ fallax pietatis imago;
Sed patriæ divinus amor; sed vivida virtus
Impulit, et meritæ laudis generosa cupido.

Nec lustrare vias tantum tractusque latentes
Æquoris audaces jussit Brittannia puppes;
Scilicet oceani imperium invictumque tridentem
Classe virisque potens, tenet, æternumque tenebit
Illa, maris regina; en! Plata sonantibus undis,

* Columbus.

† The Japanese name for the Straits of Behring.

‡ The Spanish name for Falkland's Islands.

§ So called by Captain Cook, as being the most southern known land.

Ultimus, en, Daonas*, et fulvæ Tigris arena
Fundit opes varias, prædæque assueta Malaya
Submisso nostras veneratur acinace leges.
Quid tantum memorem imperium, quid subdita regna
Æthiopum, primoque rubentia littora sole,
Et quibus assiduo curru jam lenior oris
Effundit fessæ tandem vis sera diei?
Nobis, quos rapido scindit Laurentius amne
Felices parent campi, et qua plurima Ganges
Regna lavat, positis armis conterrita pacem
Birma petit, gens dura virûm petière Marattæ,
Quid Javæ referam montes, quid saxa Mysoræ?
Quæque nimis tepido consurgis proxima soli,
Taprobane, lætasque tuas, Caffraria, vites?
Tuque etiam immeritis Gallorum erepta catenis,
Anglorum læto fluitantia signa triumpho
Vidisti tandem, Melite! tuque, inclyta Calpe!
Firma manes, nostris dudum decorata tropæis,
Quæ rupe Herculea, quæ milite tuta Britanno
Hispanûmque minas et inania despicis arma.
Interea, quæcunque viam tenuere per undas,
(Sæva licet nostro minitetur Gallia regno,

* The river of Ava.

Et conjuratis Europæ ferveat armis)
Submittunt humiles nobis vexilla carinæ.

Nec tamen has tantum meruit Brittannia laudes,
Magna armis,—major pictate;—hinc Ille * remotos
(Ille, decus nostrum, et meritæ pars optima famæ)
Lustravit populos, et dissita regna tyrannûm,
Panderet ut mœstas arces invitaque Phœbo
Limina, quâ nigris late sonuere cavernis
Assidui gemitus et iniqui pondera ferri.

Hinc etiam Lybico † consurgunt littore turres,
Nostræque incultis monstrantur gentibus artes,
Hesperidum scopulos ultra et deserta Saharæ
Fœda situ: nec longa dies, cum servus iniqua
Vincula rumpat ovans, et pictas Gambia puppes
Et nova arenosis miretur mœnia ripis!

O patria! O felix nimium! seu pace volentes
Alma regas populos et justa lege feroces
Arbitra compescas, seu belli tela corusces
Fulminea metuenda manu; tu, maxima, ponto,
Tu circumfusis victrix, dominaberis undis!

* Howard. † Sierra Leone.

Cincta etenim patria frondentia tempora quercu
Te comitem adjunxit, nostroque in littore sedem
Aurea Libertas posuit, non illa furentes
Sueta animos, cœcique incendere pectora vulgi;
Qualis Sarmaticos olim bacchata per agros
Effera,—sanguinea,—aut qualem nunc Gallia plorat
Maternis sparsam lacrymis et cæde suorum:—
At populis, Alurede, tuis quæ candida primum
Illuxit, cœli soboles, quæ sæva Britannûm
Frænavit corda et torvis metuenda tyrannis
Jura dedit, longos illinc deducta per annos
Imperia, et trino concordia fœdere regna.

Marlburios testor cineres, effusaque Galli
Agmina (cum luctu pallens Lodoicus et ira,
Undique disjectas acies fœdataque flevit
Lilia, vix media demum securus in urbe,)
Quid Libertatis potuit divinitus ardens
Flamma, quid invicti testor potuere Britanni!

Nec jam magnorum proles oblita parentum
Nascimur; haud adeo divinus pectoris ardor,
Martiaque edormit virtus;—Tua flumina, Nile,
Testor, quasque Tagus dives devòlvit arenas!

Scilicet et fractas vidisti, Texela *, classes,
Et spes abruptas, atque irrita tela tuorum!
Quid referam claras victrici classe calendas,
Qua viridem Armoricam inter Dumnoniaque arva
Hesperio resonant Uxantia littora fluctu?

Cum spreto malesana Deo totumque per orbem
Gallia, cœca, furens, cunctas sibi subdere gentes
Sperabat, solioque sacros detrudere Reges,
Reppulit ipsa suo venientem littore pestem
Anglia, et his saltem vetuit consistere terris.
Ergo inter medias Europæ illæsa ruinas
Constitit, haud rerum tantis labefacta procellis,
Devictos inter populos, et diruta late
Imperia: has coluit Pietas conterrita sedes,
Has antiqua Fides;—atque, O, ni tristia fati
Jura vetent, orbis primum cohibere tyrannos
Nostrum erit, eversoque iterum succurrere sæclo.

* Sic D'Anville.

NOTES.

NOTES ON "PALESTINE."

P. 3, l. 16.

Folds his dank wing.

ALLUDING to the usual manner in which sleep is represented in ancient statues. See also Pindar, Pyth. I. v. 16, 17. "*κνώσσων ὑγρὸν νῶτον αἰωρεῖ.*"

P. 4, l. 1.

Ye warrior sons of Heaven.

Authorities for these celestial warriors may be found, Josh. v. 13. 2 Kings vi. 2. 2 Macc. v. 3. Ibid. xi. Joseph. Ed. Huds. vi. p. 1282. et alibi passim.

P. 4, l. 4.

Sion's towery steep.

It is scarcely necessary to mention the lofty site of Jerusalem. "The hill of God is a high hill, even a high hill as the hill of Bashan."

P. 4, l. 10.

Mysterious harpings.

See Sandys, and other travellers into Asia.

P. 4, l. 17.

Then should my Muse.

Common practice, and the authority of Milton, seem sufficient to justify using this term as a personification of poetry.

P. 4, l. 24.

Thy house is left unto thee desolate.

Matt. xxiii. 38.

P. 5, l. 5.

The seer.

Moses.

P. 5, l. 10.

Almotana's tide.

Almotana is the Oriental name for the Dead Sea, as Ardeni is for Jordan.

P. 5, l. 14.

The robber riots, or the hermit prays.

The mountains of Palestine are full of caverns, which are generally occupied in one or other of the methods here mentioned. Vide Sandys, Maundrell, and Calmet, passim.

P. 5, l. 18.

Those stormy seats the warrior Druses hold.

The untameable spirit, feodal customs, and affection for Europeans, which distinguish this extraordinary race, who boast themselves to be a remnant of the Crusaders, are well described in Pagés. The account of their celebrated Emir, Facciardini, in Sandys, is also very interesting. Puget de S. Pierre compiled a small volume on their history; Paris, 1763. 12mo.

P. 5, l. 23.

Teach their pale despot's waning moon to fear.

"The Turkish sultans, whose moon seems fast approaching to its wane." Sir W. Jones's first Disc. to the Asiatic Society.

P. 6, l. 8.

Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold.

The gold of the Tyrians chiefly came from Portugal, which was probably their Tarshish.

P. 6, l. 14.

And unrestrain'd the generous vintage flows.

In the southern parts of Palestine the inhabitants reap their corn green, as they are not sure that it will ever be allowed to come to maturity. The oppression to which the cultivators of vineyards are subject throughout the Ottoman empire is well known.

P. 7, l. 2.

Arabia's parent.

Hagar.

P. 7, l. 11.

The guarded fountains shine.

The watering-places are generally beset with Arabs, who exact toll from all comers. See Harmer and Pagés.

P. 7, l. 12.

Thy tents, Nebaioth, rise, and Kedar, thine!

See Ammianus Marcellinus, lib. xiv. p. 43. Ed. Vales.

P. 7, l. 17.

Nor spare the hoary head, nor bid your eye
Revere the sacred smile of infancy.

"Thine eye shall not spare them."

P. 7, l. 22.

Smokes on Samaria's mount her scanty sacrifice.

A miserable remnant of Samaritan worship still exists on Mount Gerizim. Maundrell relates his conversation with the high priest.

P. 8, l. 8.

And refluent Jordan sought his trembling source.

Psalm cxiv.

P. 8, l. 11.

To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,
And raise from earth Thy long-neglected vine!

See Psalm lxxx. 8—14.

P. 9, l. 6.

The harness'd Amorite.

Joshua x.

P. 9, l. 18.

Or serve his altar with unhallow'd fire.

Alluding to the fate of Nadab and Abihu.

P. 10, l. 2.

The mighty master of the ivory throne.

Solomon. Ophir is by most geographers placed in the Aurea Chersonesus. See Tavernier and Raleigh.

P. 10, l. 8.

Through nature's mazes wander'd unconfined.

The Arabian mythology respecting Solomon is in itself so fascinating, is so illustrative of the present state of the country, and on the whole so agreeable to Scripture, that it was judged improper to omit all mention of it, though its wildness might have operated as an objection to making it a principal object in the poem.

P. 10, l. 16.

And Tadmor thus, and Syrian Balbec rose.

Palmyra ("Tadmor in the Desert") was really built by Solomon, (1 Kings ix. 2 Chron. viii.) and universal tradition marks him out, with great probability, as the founder of Balbec. Estakhar is also attributed to him by the Arabs. See the romance of Vathek, and the various Travels into the East, more particularly Chardin's, in which, after a minute and interesting description of the majestic

ruins of Estakhar, or Persepolis, the ancient capital of Persia, an account follows of the wild local traditions just alluded to. Vol. ii. p. 190. Ed. Amst. 1735, 4to. Vide also Sale's Koran; D'Herbelot, Bibl. Orient. (article Solimon Ben Daoud;) and the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, passim.

P. 10, l. 20.

Houseless Santon.

It is well known that the Santons are real or affected madmen, pretending to extraordinary sanctity, who wander about the country, sleeping in caves or ruins.

P. 11, l. 2.

How lovely were thy tents, O Israel!

Numbers xxiv. 5.

P. 11, l. 3.

For thee his ivory load Behemoth bore.

Behemoth is sometimes supposed to mean the elephant, in which sense it is here used.

P. 11, l. 4.

And far Sofala teem'd with golden ore.

An African port to the south of Bab-el-mandeb, celebrated for gold mines.

P. 11, l. 14.

The Temple rear'd its everlasting gate.

Psalm xxiv. 7.

P. 11, l. 15.

No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung.

"There was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron, heard in the house while it was in building." 1 Kings vi. 7.

P. 11, l. 20.

View'd the descending flame, and bless'd the present God.

"And when all the children of Israel saw how the fire came down, and the glory of the Lord upon the house, they bowed themselves with their faces to the ground upon the pavement, and worshipped." 2 Chron. vii. 3.

P. 11, l. 22.

Beat o'er her soul the billows of the proud.

Psalm cxxiv. 4.

P. 13, l. 20.

Weep for your country, for your children weep!

Luke xxiii. 27, 28.

P. 14, l. 8.

And the pale parent drank her children's gore.

Joseph vi. p. 1275. Ed. Huds.

P. 14, last line.

The stoic tyrant's philosophic pride.

The Roman notions of humanity cannot have been very exalted when they ascribed so large a share to Titus. For the horrible details of his conduct during the siege of Jerusalem and after its capture, the reader is referred to Josephus. When we learn that so many captives were crucified, that διὰ τὸ πλῆθος χώρα τε ἐνελείπετο τοῖς σταυροῖς καὶ σταυροὶ τοῖς σώμασιν; and that after all was over, in cold blood and merriment, he celebrated his brother's birth-day with similar sacrifices; we can hardly doubt as to the nature of that untold crime, which disturbed the dying moments of "the darling of the human race." After all, the cruelties of this man are probably softened in the high priest's narrative. The fall of Jerusalem nearly resembles that of Zaragoza, but it is a Morla who tells the tale.

P. 16, l. 1.

Yon pompous shrine.

The Temple of the sepulchre.

P. 16. l. 2.

And bade the rock with Parian marble shine.

See Coto[illegible] p. 179; and from him Sandys.

P. 16, l. 6.

The British queen.

St. Helena, who was, according to Camden, born at Colchester, See also Howel's Hist. of the World.

P. 16, l. 10.

And pale Byzantium fear'd Medina's sword.

The invasions of the civilised parts of Asia by the Arabian and Turkish Mahometans.

P. 16, l. 14.

The wandering hermit waked the storm of war.

Peter the Hermit. The world has been so long accustomed to hear the Crusades considered as the height of frenzy and injustice, that to undertake their defence might be perhaps a hazardous task. We must, however, recollect, that had it not been for these extraordinary exertions of generous courage, the whole of Europe would perhaps have fallen, and Christianity been buried in the ruins. It was not, as Voltaire has falsely or weakly asserted, a conspiracy of robbers; it was not an unprovoked attack on a distant and inoffensive nation; it was a blow aimed at the heart of a most powerful and active enemy. Had not the Christian kingdoms of Asia been established as a check to the Mahometans, Italy, and the scanty remnant of Christianity in Spain, must again have fallen into their power, and France herself have needed all the heroism and good fortune of a Charles Martel to deliver her from subjugation.

P. 16, l. 19, 20.

While beardless youths and tender maids assume
The weighty morion and the glancing plume.

See Vertot, Hist. Chev. de Malthe, liv. i.

P. 16, last line.

Tabaria's stream.

Tabaria (a corruption of Tiberias) is the name used for the Sea of Galilee in the old romances.

P. 17, l. 6.

By northern Brenn or Scythian Timur led.

Brennus, and Tamerlane.

P. 17, l. 9.

There Gaul's proud knights with boastful mien advance.

The insolence of the French nobles twice caused the ruin of the army; once by refusing to serve under Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and again by reproaching the English with cowardice in St. Louis's expedition to Egypt. See Knolles's History of the Turks.

P. 17. l. 10.

Form the long line.

The line (*combat à-la-haie*), according to Sir Walter Raleigh, was characteristic of French tactics; as the column (*herse*) was of the English. The English at Créci were drawn up thirty deep.

P. 17, l. 20.

Whose giant force Britannia's armies led.

All the British nations served under the same banner.

Sono gl' Inglesi sagittarii, ed hanno
Gente con lor, ch' è più vicina al polo,

Questi da l'alte selve irsuti manda
La divisa dal mondo, ultima Irlanda.
Tasso, Gerusal. lib. i. 44.

Ireland and Scotland, it is scarcely necessary to observe, were synonymous.

P. 17, l. 23.

Lords of the biting axe and beamy spear.

The axe of Richard was very famous. See Warton's Hist. of Ancient Poetry.

P. 19, l. 12.

And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords away.

Psalm ii. 3. cvii. 16.

P. 19, l. 13.

Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring.

"I will multiply the fruit of the tree, and the increase of the field, that ye shall receive no more the reproach of famine among the heathen."—"And they shall say, This land that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden," &c. Ezek. xxxvi.

P. 19, l. 21.

Courts the bright vision of descending power.

"That great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God." Rev. xxi. 10.

P. 19, l. 22.

Tells every gate, and measures every tower.

Ezekiel xl.

P. 20, l. 1.

And who is He? the vast, the awful form.

Revelation x.

P. 20, l. 10.

Lo! thrones arise, and every saint is there.

Revelation, xx.

P. 20, l. 14.

God is their temple, and the Lamb their light.

"And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Rev. xxi. 22.

P. 20, l. 18.

And the dry bones be warm with life again.

"Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones, Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live.—Then he said unto me, Son of man, these bones are the whole house of Israel." Ezek. xxxvii.

NOTES ON "EUROPE."

P. 23, l. 6.

In Dresden's grove the dewy cool I sought.

The opening lines of this poem were really composed in the situation (the Park of Dresden), and under the influence of the feelings which they attempt to describe. The disastrous issue of King Frederick's campaign took away from the author all inclination to continue them, and they remained neglected till the hopes of Europe were again revived by the illustrious efforts of the Spanish people.

P. 24, l. 10.

Pratzen's hill.

The hill of Pratzen was the point most obstinately contested in the great battle which has taken its name from the neighbouring town of Austerlitz; and here the most dreadful slaughter took place, both of French and Russians. The author had, a few weeks before he wrote the above, visited every part of this celebrated field.

P. 24, l. 16.

And, red with slaughter, Freedom's humbled crest.

It is necessary perhaps to mention, that, by freedom, in this and in other passages of the present poem, political liberty is understood, in opposition to the usurpation of any single European state. In the particular instance of Spain, however, it is a hope which the author has not yet seen reason to abandon, that a struggle so nobly maintained by popular energy, must terminate in the establishment not only of national independence, but of civil and religious liberty.

P. 25, l. 3.

Gallia's vaunting train.

The confidence and shameful luxury of the French nobles, during the Seven Years' War, are very sarcastically noticed by Templeman.

P. 28, l. 12.

Where youthful Lewis led.

Prince Lewis Ferdinand of Prussia, who fell gloriously with almost the whole of his regiment.

P. 28, l. 15.

By her whose chasms, &c.

The Queen of Prussia; beautiful, unfortunate, and unsubdued by the severest reverses.

P. 29, l. 2.

The covering cherub, &c.

"Thou art the anointed cherub that coverest."—Addressed to Tyre, by Ezekiel, xxviii. 14.

P. 33, last line.

Inez' grave.

Inez de Castro, the beloved mistress of the Infant Don Pedro, son of Alphonso IV. King of Portugal, and stabbed by the orders, and, according to Camoëns, in the presence of that monarch. A fountain near Coimbra, the scene of their loves and misfortunes, is still pointed out by tradition, and called Amores.—De la Clede, Hist. de Portugalle, 4to. tom. i. page 282—7; and Camoëns' Lusiad, canto 3, stanza cxxxv.

P. 34, l. 1, 2.

——Who dared the first withstand
The Moslem wasters of their bleeding land.

The Asturians, who under Pelagius first opposed the career of Mahometan success.

P. 34, l. 4.

Thy spear-encircled crown, Asturia.

"La couronne de fer de Dom Pélage,—cette couronne si simple mais si glorieuse, dont chaque fleuron est formé du fer d'une lance arrachée aux Chevaliers Maures que ce héros avoit fait tomber sous ses coups." Roman de Dom Ursino le Navarin, Tressan, tom. ix. 52.

P. 35, l. 2.

Rude, ancient lays of Spain's heroic time.

See the two elegant specimens given by Bishop Percy in his Reliques; and the more accurate translations of Mr. Rodd, in his Civil Wars of Granada.

P. 35, l. 3.

Him in Xeres' carnage fearless found.

The Gothic monarchy in Spain was overthrown by the Mussulmans at the battle of Xeres, the Christian army being defeated with dreadful slaughter, and the death of their king, the unhappy and licentious Roderigo. Pelagius assembled the small band of those fugitives who despised submission, amid the mountains of the Asturias, under the name of King of Oviedo.

P. 35, l. 5.

Of that chaste king, &c.

Alonso, surnamed the Chaste, with ample reason, if we believe his historians: who defeated, according to the Spanish romances, and the graver authority of Mariana, the whole force of Charlemagne and the twelve peers of France, at Roncesvalles. Bertrand del Carpio, the son of Alonso's sister, Ximena, was his general; and according to Don Quixote (no incompetent authority on such a subject), put the celebrated Orlando to the same death as Hercules inflicted on Antæus. His reason was, that the nephew of Charlemagne was enchanted, and, like Achilles, only vulnerable in the heel, to guard which he wore always iron shoes.—See

Mariana, l. vii. c. xi.; Don Quixote, book i. c. i.; and the notes on Mr. Southey's Chronicle of the Cid; a work replete with powerful description, and knowledge of ancient history and manners, and which adds a new wreath to one, who "nullum fere scribendi genus intactum reliquit, nullum quod tetigit non ornavit."

P. 35, l. 7.

Chiefest him who rear'd his banner tall, &c.

Rodrigo Diaz, of Biva, surnamed the Cid by the Moors.—See Mr. Southey's Chronicle.

P. 35, l. 14.

Red Buraba's field, and Lugo—

Buraba and Lugo were renowned scenes of Spanish victories over the Moors, in the reigns of Bermudo, or, as his name is Latinized, Veremundus, and Alonso the Chaste. Of Lugo the British have since obtained a melancholy knowledge

P. 35, l. 20.

Tlascala.

An extensive district of Mexico: its inhabitants were the first Indians who submitted to the Spaniards under Cortez.

P. 36, l. 3.

Her captive king.

Francis I. taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia.

P. 36, l. 13.

Yon Bætic skies.

Andalusia forms a part of the ancient Hispania Bætica.

P. 37, l. 18.

Roncesvalles' vale.

See the former note on Alonso the Chaste.

P. 38, l. 18.

The poised balance trembling still with fate.

This line is imitated from one in Mr. Roscoe's spirited verses on the commencement of the French revolution.

P. 39, l. 2.

Numbers numberless

"He look'd and saw what numbers numberless."

MILTON, Paradise Regained.

P. 39, l. 20.

The Saguntum.

The ancient siege of Saguntum has been now rivalled by Zaragoza. The author is happy to refer his readers to the interesting narrative of his friend, Mr. Vaughan.

P. 40, l. 2.

Bethulia's matron.

Judith.

P. 40, l. 12.

Who treads the wine-press of the world alone.

"I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with me, for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury."—Isaiah lxiii. 3.

NOTES

ON

"THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA."

P. 45, l. 10.

Siwah. Oasis.—Sennaar. Meroe.

P. 45, l. 14.

Shangalla.

The black tribes, whom Bruce considers as the aboriginal Nubians, are so called. For their gigantic stature, and their custom of ornamenting themselves and their houses with the spoils of the elephant, see the account he gives of the person and residence of one of their chiefs, whom he visited on his departure from Ras el Feel.

P. 45, l. 19.

Emeralds.

The emerald, or whatever the ancients dignified by the name of smaragdus, is said to have been found in great quantities in the mountain now called Gebel Zumrud (the mount of emeralds).

P. 48, l. 15.

Elim's well.

It is interesting to observe with what pleasure and minuteness Moses, amid the Arabian wilderness, enumerates the "twelve wells of water," and the "threescore and ten palm-trees," of Elim.

NOTES

ON

THE TRANSLATIONS OF PINDAR.

P. 151, l. 19.

The fourth, with that tormented three.

The three were Sisyphus, Tityus, and Ixion. The author of the Odyssey, or, at least, of that passage which describes the punishments of Tantalus, assigns him an eternity of hunger, thirst, and disappointment. Which of these opinions is most ancient, is neither very easy nor very material to decide. The impending rock of Pindar is perhaps a less appropriate, but surely a more picturesque mode of punishment.

P. 152, l. 14.

Car-borne Pisa's royal maid.

Œnomaus king of Pisa had promised his daughter, the heiress of his states, in marriage to any warrior who should excel him in the chariot-race, on condition, however, that the candidates should stake their lives on the issue. Thirteen had essayed and perished before Pelops.

P. 154, l. 17.

Sleeps beneath the piled ground.

Like all other very early tombs, the monument of Pelops was a barrow or earthen mound. I know not whether it may still be traced. The spot is very accurately pointed out, and such works are not easily obliterated.

P. 155, l. 17.

God, who beholdeth thee and all thy deeds.

The solemnity of this prayer contrasted with its object, that Hiero might again succeed in the chariot-race, is ridiculous to modern ears. I do not indeed believe that the Olympic and other games had so much importance attached to them by the statesmen and warriors of Greece, as is pretended by the sophists of later ages; but where the manners are most simple, public exhibitions, it should be remembered, are always most highly estimated, and religious prejudice combined with the ostentation of wealth to give distinction to the Olympic contests.

P. 157, l. 11.

The flower of no ignoble race.

Theron was a descendant of Œdipus, and consequently of Cadmus. His family had, through a long line of ancestors, been remarkable, both in Greece and Sicily, for misfortune; and he was himself unpopular with his subjects and engaged in civil war. Allusions to these circumstances often occur in the present ode.

P. 162, l. 4.

———*He whom none may name.*

In the original τις, "a certain nameless person." The ancients were often scrupulous about pronouncing the names of their gods, particularly those who presided over the region of future hopes and fears; a scruple corresponding with the Rabbinical notions of the ineffable Word. The pictures which follow present a striking discrepancy to the mythology of Homer, and of the general herd of Grecian poets, whose Zeus is as far inferior to the one supreme divinity of Pindar, as the religion of Pindar himself falls short of the clearness and majesty of revelation. The connexion of these Eleusinian doctrines with those of Hindûstan is in many points sufficiently striking. Southey and Pindar might seem to have drunk at the same source.

P. 163, last line.

Nor Jove has Thetis' prayer denied.

I know not why, except for his brutality to the body of Hector, Achilles is admitted with so much difficulty into the islands of the blessed. That this was considered in the time of Pindar as sufficient to exclude him without particular intercession, shows at least that a great advance had been made in moral feeling since the days of Homer.

P. 164, l. 16, 17.

——Train'd in study's formal hour,
There are who hate the minstrel's power.

It was not likely that Pindar's peculiarities should escape criticism, nor was his temper such as to bear it with a very even mind. He treats his rivals and assailants with at least a sufficient portion of disdain, as servile adherents to rule, and mere students without genius. Some of their sarcasms passed, however, into proverbs. Διος Κορινθος, an expression in ridicule of Pindar's perpetual recurrence to mythology and antiquities, is preserved in the Phædon; while his occasional mention of himself and his own necessities is parodied by Aristophanes. I cannot but hope, however, that the usual conduct of Pindar himself was less obtrusive and importunate than that of the Dithyrambic poet who introduces him on the festival of Nephelococcygia, like the Gaelic bard in "Christ's Kirk o' the Green."

P. 167, l. 11, 12.

Whose sapling root from Scythian down
And Ister's fount Alcides bare.

There seems to have been in all countries a disposition to place a region of peculiar happiness and fertility among inaccessible mountains, and at the source of their principal rivers. Perhaps indeed the Mount Meru of Hindûstan, the blameless Ethiopians at the head of the Nile, and the happy Hyperborean regions at

the source of the Ister, are only copies of the garden and river of God in Eden. Some truth is undoubtedly mixed with the tradition here preserved by Pindar. The olive was not indigenous in Greece, and its first specimens were planted near Pisa. That they ascribed its introduction to their universal hero Hercules, and derived its stock from the land of the blessed, need not be wondered at by those who know the importance of such a present. The Hyperborean or Atlantic region, which continually receded in proportion as Europe was explored, still seems to have kept its ground in the fancies of the vulgar, under the names of the island of St. Brandan, of Flath Inpis, or the fortunate land of Cockayne, till the discovery of America peopled the western ocean with something less illusive.

P. 169, l. 4.

Old Atlas' daughter hallowed.

Taygeta.

P. 172, l. 19, 20.

To Lemnos' laughing dames of yore
Such was the proof Ernicus bore.

Ernicus was one of the Argonauts, who distinguished himself in the games celebrated at Lemnos by its hospitable queen Hypsipile, as victor in the foot-race of men clothed in armour. He was prematurely grey-headed, and therefore derided by the Lemnian women before he had given this proof of his vigour. It is not impossible that Psaumis had the same singularity of appearance.

There is a sort of playfulness in this ode, which would make us suspect that Pindar had no very sincere respect for the character of Psaumis. Perhaps he gave offence by it; for the following poem to the same champion is in a very different style.

P. 175, l. 5.

Rearing her goodly towers on high.

Camarina had been lately destroyed by fire, and rebuilt in a great measure by the liberality of Psaumis.

P. 178, l. 12, 13.

Such praise as good Adrastus bore
To him, the prophet chief——

The prophet chief is Amphiaraus, who was swallowed up by the Earth before the attack of Polynices and his allies on Thebes, either because the gods determined to rescue his virtues from the stain of that odious conflict; or, according to the sagacious Lydgate, because, being a sorceror and a pagan "byshoppe," the time of his compact was expired, and the infernal powers laid claim to him.

P. 179, l. 12, 13.

Then yoke the mules of winged pace,
And, Phintis, climb the car with me.

Agesias had been victor in the Apene or chariot drawn by mules: Phintis was, probably, his charioteer.

P. 180, l. 18, 19.

And flung the silver clasp away
That rudely prest her heaving side.

I venture in the present instance to translate "καλπις," a clasp, because it was undoubtedly used for the stud or buckle to a horse's bit, as "καλπάζειν" signifies to run by a horse's side, holding the bridle. The "κάλυξ," too, appended to the belt of Hercules, which he left with his Scythian mistress, should seem, from the manner in which Herodotus mentions it, to have been a clasp or stud; nor can I in the present passage understand why the pregnant Evadne should encumber herself with a water-pot, or why the water-pot and zone should be mentioned as laid aside at the same time. But the round and cup-like form of an antique clasp may well account for such names being applied to it.

P. 184, l. 5.

Cool Cyllene's height of snow.

Cyllene was a mountain in Arcadia, dedicated to Mercury.

P. 185, l. 1, 2.

Then, minstrel! bid thy chorus rise
To Juno, queen of deities.

Such passages as this appear to prove, first, that the Odes of Pindar, instead of being danced and chaunted by a chorus of hired musicians and actors, in the absurd and impossible manner pretended by the later Grecian writers (whose ignorance respecting their own antiquities is in many instances apparent,) were recited by the poet himself sitting, (his iron chair was long reserved at Delphos,) and accompanied by one or more musicians, such as the Theban Æneas whom he here compliments. Secondly, what will account at once for the inequalities of his style and the rapidity of his transitions, we may infer that the Dircæan swan was, often at least, an "improvvisatore." I know not the origin of the Bœotian agnomen of swine. In later times we find their region called "verrecum patria."

P. 186, l. 2.

Mark with no envious ear a subject praise.

Either the poet was led by his vanity to ascribe a greater consequence to his verses than they really possessed, when he supposes that the praise of Agesias may move his sovereign to jealousy; or we may infer from this little circumstance, that the importance attached to the Olympic prize has not been so greatly overrated by poets and antiquaries, and that it was indeed "a gift more valuable than a hundred trophies."

NOTES

TO

THE "MORTE D'ARTHUR."

P. 192, l. 11.

Not that his hand a five-fold sceptre bore.

KING ARTHUR, according to his historian, Sir Thomas Malory, reigned in Britain about the beginning of the sixth century; he conquered Ireland, France, Denmark, and Norway, and was victorious in several expeditions against the Saracens, many of whom he forcibly converted to Christianity. He instituted the order of the Round Table made by Merlin "in token of the roundness of the world." Hist. of Prince Arthur, Part II. chap. 50.

Traditionary traces of king Arthur, of the loves of his queen Guenever (or Ganora) and Sir Lancelot, with the adventures of the Knights of the Round Table, are still to be found in Wales, and in parts of Shropshire.

P. 201, l. 16, 17.

And Carados, whose lady's loyalty
The mantle gain'd and horn of silver bright.

Sir Carados was the only Knight of the Round Table who possessed a wife of fidelity sufficient to enable her to wear the enchanted mantle, and to wind the horn brought by a fairy to King Arthur's court.

P. 207, l. 2.

And sweet the faery bowl of magic power.

Sir Tristan, being wounded in battle with Sir Marhaus of Ireland, who had unjustly demanded *truage* from his uncle Sir Mark of Cornwall, was carried to Ireland, and there nursed by La beale Isonde (or Yseult), daughter to the king of that island. Some time after, Sir Mark, who was jealous of his nephew, sent him, on what was considered a dangerous embassage, to demand Isonde in marriage of her father. Sir Tristan successfully accomplished his mission, and set off with his uncle's destined bride to return to Cornwall. On their voyage they unfortunately drank of a love potion prepared by Isonde's mother to be given to Sir Mark on their wedding day. The consequence was, "that by that their drink they loved each other so well as that their love never departed from them for weal or woe." Hist. of Prince Arthur, Part I. chap. 24.

P. 212, l. 3.

A queen, a queen, must feed the funeral fire.

Queen Guenever (or Ganora) was twice brought to the stake for treason, towards the latter end of Arthur's reign, and twice delivered by Sir Lancelot du Lac, who, on the second occasion, carried her off to his castle of Joyous Gard. Thither Arthur pursued her, and, though Lancelot tried to persuade him to "take his queen into his good grace, for that she was both fair and just and true," he would not receive her again till, after the shedding of much knightly blood, the pope issued a bull, "commanding him upon pain of interdicting of all England, that he take his queen, dame Guenever, to him again, and accord with Sir Lancelot." Hist. of Prince Arthur, Part II. chap. 154.

On Arthur's death, Guenever retired into a nunnery at Almesbury, and Lancelot into a hermitage near Glastonbury.

P. 224, l. 16.

Lilith! fell Lilith!

The Jews have a tradition that, before the creation of Eve, Adam was married to an aërial being named Lilith; to revenge his deserting her for an earthly rival, she is supposed to hover round the habitation of new-married persons, showering down imprecations on their heads. The attendants on the bride spend the night in going round the house and uttering loud screams to frighten her away.

P. 234, l. 10—12.

Have we not heard how shepherd Gyges bare,
By like deceit, from old Candaule's bed,
In naked beauty seen, the Lydian fair.

It is related of Gyges that he descended into the earth, where he discovered a large horse made of brass; and within it the body of a man of gigantic stature, on whose finger was a brass ring. This ring possessed the power of making its wearer invisible, and with its assistance he gained access into the palace, murdered the king, whose throne he afterwards usurped, and married the queen.

P. 256, l. 16.

The three-times hallow'd Grayle.

The Grayle or Sancgreal, according to the original romance, was a vessel of gold, said to contain some of the blood of our Saviour, carried about by a fair maiden; besides its healing virtues, it possessed the property, into whatever castle it was brought, of "fulfilling the hall with great odours, and every knight had such meat and drink as he best loved in the world." It was invisible, as well as the damsel who bore it, to all but the "perfect man." The Knights of the Round Table made a quest to find it out; but Sir Galahad, son of Sir Lancelot, was the only one of sufficient

purity of life to be allowed to see it; after which "he kneeled down and made his prayers, and then suddenly his soul departed unto Jesus Christ, and a great multitude of angels bare his soul up to heaven, that his two fellows might behold it; also his two fellows saw come down from heaven a hand, but they saw not the body, and then it came right to the vessel and took it, and so bare it up to heaven. Sithence was there never no man so hardy for to say that he had seen the Sanegreal." Hist. of Prince Arthur, Part II. c. 103.

P. 259, l. 15.

Vain-glorious Ryence!

Ryence was sovereign of NorthWales; he overcame eleven valiant kings in battle, and caused their beards to be sewn on the edges of his mantle, in token of their doing him homage; he then sent a messenger for king Arthur's beard. "For king Ryance had perfected a mantle with the kings' beards, and there lacked for one place of the mantle, wherefore he sent for his beard, or else he would enter into his lands, and burn and slay, and never leave till he have thy head and beard." But Arthur was little accustomed to be taken by the beard, and returned an angry answer; on which Ryence prepared to enter Britain with a large army, when he was himself defeated by the brothers Balin and Balan. Hist. of Prince Arthur.—Ed.

NOTE

ON

"LINES ON LORD GRENVILLE'S INSTALLATION."

P. 328, l. 1.

Ye viewless guardians of these sacred shades.

THESE lines were spoken (as is the custom of the University on the installation of a new chancellor) by a young nobleman, whose diffidence induced him to content himself with the composition of another. Of this diffidence his friends have reason to complain, as it suppressed some elegant lines of his own on the same occasion.

NOTE

ON

"AN EPITAPH ON A YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER."

P. 331, l. 4.

The brave, the virtuous, and the young.

CAPTAIN CONWAY SHIPLEY, third son to the dean of St Asaph, perished in an attempt to cut out an enemy's vessel from the Tagus with the boats of his Majesty's frigate La Nymphe, April 22, 1808, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, and after nearly sixteen years of active service; distinguished by every quality both of heart and head which could adorn a man or an officer. Admiral Charles Cotton, and the captains of his fleet, have since erected a monument to his memory in the neighbourhood of Fort St. [illegible].

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